WEEK ENDING JULY 7, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"R-r-r-right hand - sal-oot!"

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Six to Sixty

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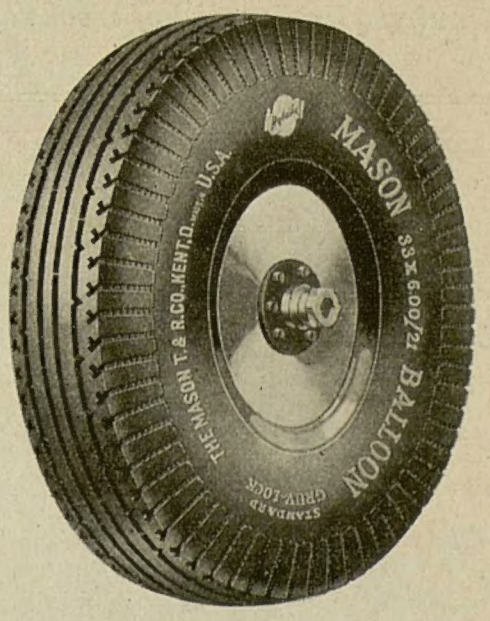

MASON TIRE & RUBBER CO. . KENT, OHIO

MASON *Hylastic* BALLOONS

JULY 7, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 NO. 27

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

A BOOK REVIEW

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY: Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Barse & Hopkins, New York, and sixteen other publishers; 46 to 125 pages; without illustrations and elaborately illustrated; 25 cents to $10; paper, board, vellum, leather, and silk bound.

Rather old fashioned in style, yet ingenious in its method of conveying the impression of truth to the reader, Edward Everett Hale's story deserves a position among the Ten Best Stories of the year—every year.

It is a story every American and every person with a home, a family, and a native land should read.

At this time, when pacifists, reds, and internationalists are attempting to uproot the deepest seated emotion of mankind, the love of home, Dr. Hale's story naturally will be attacked as propaganda.

Well, it is a book that should be read by every person who loves wife and family, loves his home and his country; and LIBERTY, desiring to have millions of Americans and adopted Americans read it, takes pleasure in recommending it to their attention.

The tale is simply told. Stylists and the hypercritical may charge that it is old fashioned, at times stilted, and that at times it borders on what a hard-boiled generation calls hokum. It *is* old fashioned; as old fashioned as honour, spelled with the *u*, as love of home, and as high patriotism.

It is a simple tale of Philip Nolan, a lieutenant in the American army, young, hero worshiping, dazzled by the elegance of Aaron Burr, who, on court-martial, leaped to his feet and shouted:

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again."

The shocked court-martial sentenced him to have his wish—and for more than fifty years he never saw or heard of the United States.

The handling of the tale is adroit. Dr. Hale has succeeded in bringing in the names of many of the old ships and of the famous old commanders in the American navy, leaving with the reader the impression that Philip Nolan was aboard their vessels, yet always so as to foil any of the curious who might seek in the naval records some trace of THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

LIBERTY wants every American to read this book. It is perhaps the finest and most inspiring lesson in Americanism ever written.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY appears certain to be a best seller.

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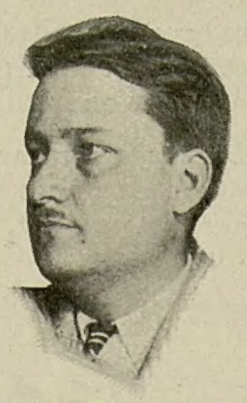

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

I Learn to Fly, an amateur's adventure in the air, by

Richard Carroll

Just Passing Through, a story of war and a girl, by

Norman S. Hall

July 7, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 27

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W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

W. A. Sheaffer

The advertiser's original plates, used in one of the Sheaffer advertisements in LIBERTY, have been used again for this reproduction. The paper is of the same grade, made exclusively for LIBERTY—11 pounds heavier than the paper used by the Saturday Evening Post. Paper *does* make a *difference.*

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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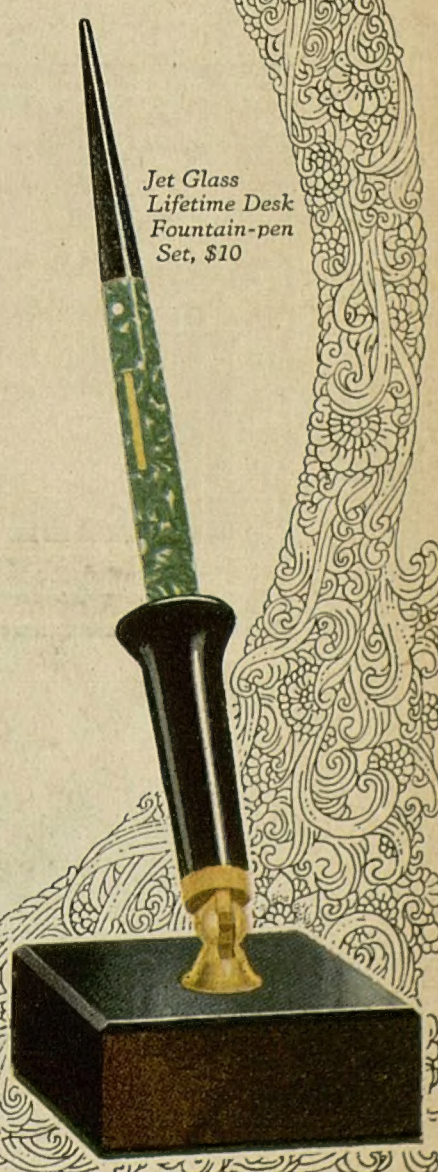

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OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President

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3 million — it must be good — eaten every day

CURTISS Baby Ruth 5¢ — America's Favorite Candy

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In dainty slices—the popular guest candy of today

WHAT IS BABY RUTH MADE OF—

Delicious, imported chocolate, crisp with sweet, meaty peanuts (just the roughage your system needs), delightfully chewy caramel, creamy fudge... and everything nice

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BABY RUTH IS SOLD BY OVER A MILLION CANDY DEALERS

Tremendous sales assure its freshness everywhere

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The TIGER Looks at the Post-War World

A Portrait of Clemenceau in 1928

By

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 17 minutes 56 seconds.)

"A PARLIAMENT of peace changes nothing!" exclaimed Clemenceau with quiet fury. "International leagues do not obliterate international rivalries."

Upon his head the man who dictated the Peace Treaty of Versailles, overruling both Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson, wore somewhat coquettishly the famous Greek cap, classically "flapped," with which he is always depicted.

Clemenceau's stature is slight. In spite of the almost ferocious energy that one still suspects in his frame, he did not at first look like a tiger. In his lighter manner he seemed *Puck* at the age of a hundred; in his more serious moods, when the cap sat awry, there were touches and traits of *King Lear*.

"More than ten years ago," I remarked, "America entered the war. What is your view of the present state of the world in general and of France in particular?"

Imps seemed to leap from Clemenceau's eyes.

"Conditions will be satisfactory as long as the present balance of power on the continent of Europe remains. If that balance be upset by any revival of German imperialism, Europe will have another general war."

"Will it be possible for diplomacy or philosophy to abolish war?"

"No."

"What is the supreme lesson of the war for you, for France, for the world?"

"History repeats itself. Man should prevent history from repeating itself. Peace is made by the biggest battalions! Peace is the creation of the strongest power! Our 'statesmen' have secured, with much expenditure of words, the admission of Germany into the so-called League of Nations. There her pledges will have the same value as those by which she guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, only in the end to violate it openly without even seeking the ordinary resource of lying pretexts."

"But," I remarked, "you disarmed Germany at Versailles. The German Republic is defenseless, an island surrounded by a sea of arms."

"If my advice had been followed," he snarled, "there would be *permanent* peace."

Precisely as it was said of Gladstone that he was the grand old man, it might be said of Clemenceau that he is the sardonic patriarch. The oddness and bluntness of his manner suggests that satirical Dean Swift who gave Gulliver's Travels to the nursery and to the university.

The beginning of our interview was not auspicious.

When I called on him in his simple house in Paris at 9:30, the appointed hour, his manservant conducted me into the library. The Tiger entered quietly, almost stealthily, with catlike tread.

"What is it? What's the matter?" were his first words.

I explained my mission.

"I am very happy to see you, but I will not be interviewed."

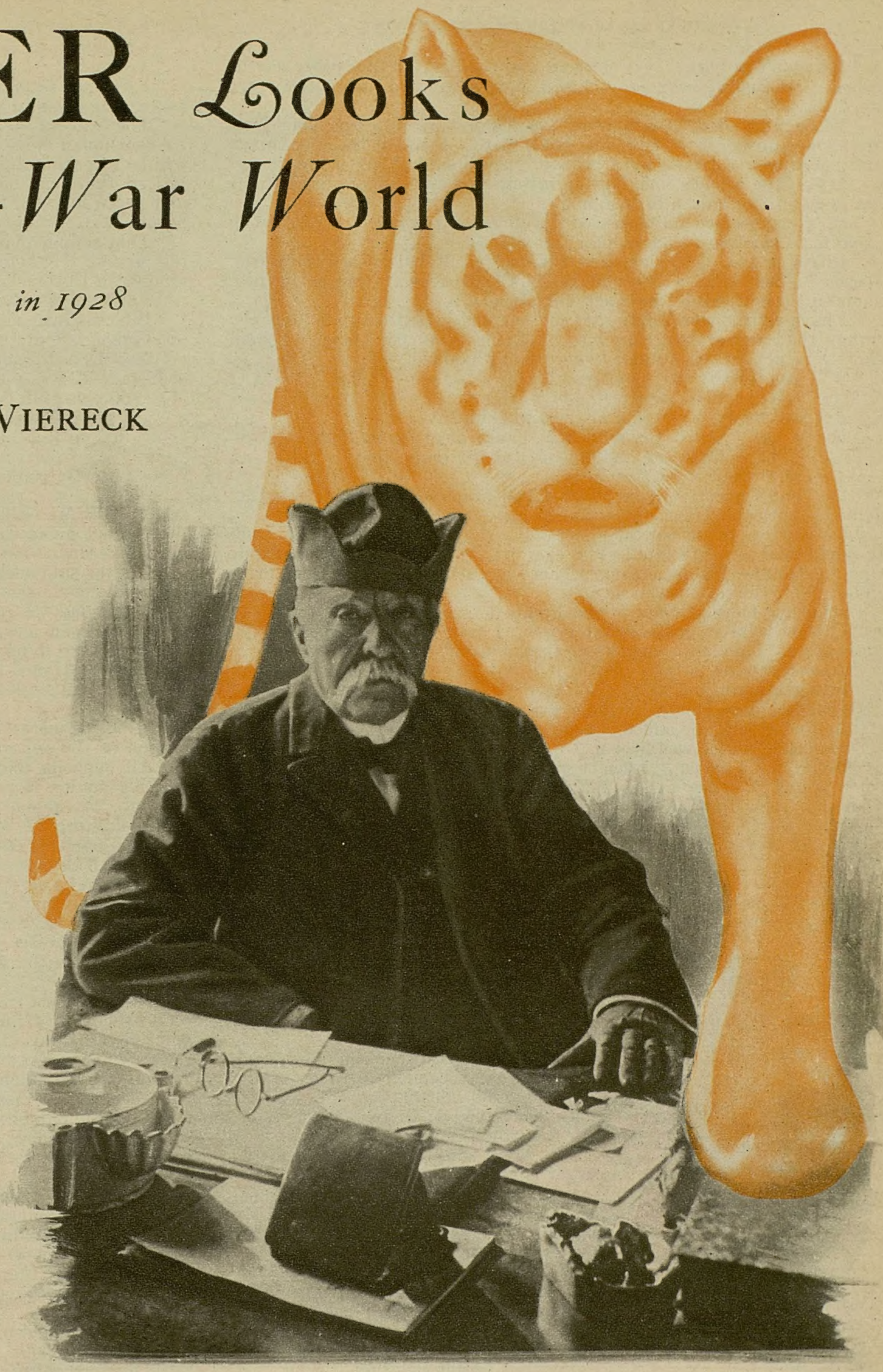


Photo by Manuel, Paris

Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, who now looks with the philosopher's eyes upon the world he swayed as a statesman.

"M. Clemenceau," I interrupted, "you yourself made the condition that I should obtain the consent of your American publishers. 'If they were willing'—such was the message I received from you—'you would talk to me at length on your philosophy of life.' I procured the consent by cable. I am here at your invitation—"

"You must forgive me," the Tiger replied somewhat petulantly, "but I cannot depart from my principle."

I subsequently learned that it was Clemenceau's favorite trick to embarrass his interviewers. He makes startling statements, which he subsequently repudiates. The convenience with which the Tiger forgets an occasion is probably one of the reasons responsible for the nervous strain at Versailles and the breakdown of President Wilson.

"M. Clemenceau," I replied, "this interview has been arranged by a mutual friend." I mentioned the name of the friend.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TIGER LOOKS AT THE POST-WAR WORLD
Continued from page seven]

"Why isn't he here?" Clemenceau snapped back. "The other day he brought me one of your countrymen, who afterward misquoted every word I said."

"To be misquoted," I remarked, "is the destiny of great men. They are always misquoted. That's no misfortune. Some of the best things attributed to great men were probably never said at all—at least, not by them. The world's imagination invents the appropriate word if the hero's own imagination fails him."

The Tiger seemed unimpressed. But he considered it necessary to explain his aloofness from human contact.

"I hate no one. I love no one. I harbor no ill will toward the world. Maybe"—there was a dry chuckle in Clemenceau's voice as he pronounced these words—"no good will, either.

"I have retired completely. At my age one is entitled to do only the things that amuse one. My stay in Paris is almost ended. I shall shortly return to the Vendée, where I am happy."

"Will you write your memoirs?"

"No!" He shouted the word.

"Are you happy when you are not working?"

"Happiness! What is happiness? I take pleasure in simple things. It delights me to be in life and out of it at the same time."

We were getting along famously.

I took out a questionnaire which I had prepared for my intellectual dalliance with the Tiger. He scanned my questions.

"I would love to answer them, not only for your sake, but for my own. It would be a pleasing intellectual exercise. But principle is principle. One must stand for something. There is nothing in life except principle. No, I cannot answer them."

I made one more attempt to change his determination.

"I do not want an ordinary interview. I have no use for conventional journalism. I am not a journalist; I am a poet."

Clemenceau rose.

"I congratulate you."

He made a deep bow, with the grave dignity of a raven.

"As for myself," he added, "I am a positivist, not a poet."

Once more the ice was broken.

"Will you," I asked, "inscribe your book for me?" The two huge paper-bound volumes of Au Soir de la Pensee (In the Evening of Thought) were bulging out of my brief case.

"With pleasure," he said, somewhat mollified, and he began to write in a hand betraying no tremor of age. I think he used an ancient goose quill.

I LOOKED around the room. It was evidently his workroom. There were reproductions of Greek scenes, a statue or two, and books in all languages. Clemenceau's English diction is perfect, but his inflection betrays the Latin.

Keystone photo

Von Bethmann-Hollweg, German wartime Chancellor.

"I read a little in your book before I wrote to you," I remarked, "but it is a hard nut to crack."

"At least," Clemenceau answered, "I don't use the endless words of the German philosophers."

He continued to write.

"Are you German?" he asked.

"Aha!" I said to myself. "Now the Tiger is ready to spring."

"I am an American of German descent. I was born in Munich. My mother is from San Francisco. My father was born in Berlin."

Clemenceau looked up.

"The Germans are a great people," he said. "I admire their achievements in art, in literature, in organization. Who wouldn't? Yes, they are great; but—I cannot forget Belgium."

I took the bull by the horns, explaining the German attitude. Perhaps no one in recent years had dared to speak with such frankness to the Tiger.

"The Germans hold that Belgium had forfeited her neutrality before the war. They were convinced that France and England would march through Belgium first, if they didn't."

"But why," he insisted, "did she make a treaty? Bethmann-Hollweg himself admitted that Germany committed a wrong."

I urged military necessity. Clemenceau listened patiently.

"When a nation's existence hangs in the balance," I added, "safety is more important than treaties."

"Ah," Clemenceau replied, suddenly veering around, "I too do not believe in treaties. But then, why have them?"

"The Kaiser," I ventured to interrupt, "told me that Bethmann-Hollweg's speech apologizing for the invasion of Belgium was made without his authorization. The Chancellor was misled by the desire to play up to liberal sentiment. Bethmann-Hollweg should have insisted that Belgium compelled the invasion by joining the iron ring forged by King Edward to smother the Germans."

"The Kaiser?" Clemenceau asked. "You know him?"

"Yes," I replied. "I was his guest on several occasions."

"I cannot forgive him," Clemenceau remarked.

"You mean you consider him responsible for the war?"

"I was not referring to that. I mean I never forgave him for going away. He should not have gone away."

"The Kaiser," I said, "explained to me with his own mouth his fateful decision of November 11, 1918. He said to himself: 'If I stay, there will be a continuation of the war at the front, and civic strife at home. If I go, there will be an honorable peace, based on the Fourteen Points, and peace at home!' He determined to sacrifice himself to save his people."

"That sounds plausible. Nevertheless, I do not believe it of William the Second. He is too pompous. He was hated by everyone. He had no friends in Europe."

"For that you must blame, in part, his cousin, King Edward."

"Why," Clemenceau suddenly remarked, firing his question like a machine gun, "did he survive his empire? Why does he live?"

"Napoleon did not commit suicide," I replied. "Suicide would have been regarded as a confession of guilt. He lives to combat the legend of Germany's guilt."

"On the guilt question," Clemenceau retorted with a snarl, "don't you think our mind is made up? I know who started the war, if anyone knows."

He lapsed into silence.

"M. CLEMENCEAU," I remarked, "did you say at the time when you made the Peace Treaty of Versailles: 'There are twenty million Germans too many'?"

"I never said such a thing. I am old enough to tell the truth. It is one of the privileges of age. Nothing I say can harm me any more."

"I am glad," I remarked, "that you did not make that statement. It seemed to me a cruel and callous thing to say at a time when German children were dying like flies as a result of the inhuman starvation blockade, continued for a year after the Armistice."

Clemenceau smiled grimly. Once more he was the Tiger rather than *Puck*.

"Which is more dangerous, the vague idealism of men like Woodrow Wilson or the opportunism of men like Lloyd George?"

"All depends upon the man. A nebulous idealism fostered by a positive genius is better than a positive opportunism in the mood of *Hamlet*. We should study the circumstances in which each was placed before deciding anything. History is filled with characters who essayed to play a part for which their temperaments unfitted them. There is a time for all things. Hence there may be a time to be an idealist as well as a time to be an opportunist."

"Is it true that you said you had a pretty tough job trying to make peace, sitting between one man who thought he was Napoleon Bonaparte and another who imagined he was the Messiah?"

U. & U. photo

King Edward (left) with the former Kaiser in Berlin.

"I did say it," Clemenceau replied, grinning amusedly to himself.

"And did you say that Wilson was too much for you, because he issued fourteen commandments, whereas the good God contented himself with ten?"

Again the pleased smile. Clemenceau loves his *bon mots*. Again the Tiger was submerged in *Puck*. Suddenly Clemenceau's mind reverted to Germany.

"I really did not make the remark about the Germans," he reiterated. "German literature was a great formative influence in my life."

"Did you know," I interjected, "that Mussolini not only reads Nietzsche, but that he wrote an essay on Klopstock, a poet so dull that not one in a million Germans has the patience to wade through his works?"

"Klopstock?" Clemenceau repeated. "I have not read Klopstock. But I translated every line of Goethe's Faust."

"In verse?" I questioned.

"Yes."

"Did you publish your translation?"

"No. I"—he emphasized the personal pronoun grimly—"make no claim to being a poet. I am a materialist."

"When did you translate Faust?"

"As a young man, in America, with my teacher, an old lady who taught me German. I could not do it today. I have forgotten my German."

"Did you forget it at Versailles?"

No answer. I did not pursue the subject.

"Do you consider," I asked, "Goethe's Faust the greatest of all poems?"

"It is one of the greatest."

"Who is the greatest poet?"

"Shakespeare is the greatest of all poets. He overwhelms me. He is overtowering. But I certainly honor Johann Wolfgang.

"Shakespeare," Clemenceau continued, "was not only a great poet, but a great personality. He embraced the world."

"What a pity," I remarked, "that we know so little about his life."

"What do you mean?"

"Everything seems to be veiled in mystery. We don't know the identity of the *Dark Lady* and the *Fair Lad* of the Sonnets. We know nothing of Shakespeare's love affairs."

"Why should we?" Clemenceau replied, with a delightful Gallic smile. "We are too busy with our own." Then, more seriously, he added: "It is the work that matters, not the man."

The supreme human achievement, to Clemenceau at eighty-seven, is neither statesmanship nor literature, but philosophy. Clemenceau has given much thought to the problem of life and death.

"Can you," I asked, "summarize in a phrase what is the ultimate happiness?"

"The ultimate happiness," and here Clemenceau chuckled, "is not to be bothered."

"And what," I asked, "is the supreme human achievement?"

"To be a philosopher."

Clemenceau takes his place with philosophers. One of the masters of French politics, he also is one of the masters of French thought. Clemenceau is the incarnation of philosophy in its skeptical mood! He looks the part.

Take the bust of Socrates, imagine the beard swept away, substitute a cap for the flowing hair, and the result is Clemenceau. The illustration is apt; for the philosophy of Clemenceau, like that of Socrates, is a confession that he knows nothing, or rather that he knows that he knows nothing.

His hands habitually grip one another in his lap or on his desk as he leans forward. There is scrutiny and there is suspicion in that lined face. The neck is sinewy but firm. The ears are prominent but fine. The brows are shaggy but well arched. The lips are forever describing angles—moving, unfolding, shutting, as if he means to make a sensation with a sentence, but thinks better of it. The nose is fit for such a grim countenance.

The chin is strong, well outlined, prone to an upward movement when he is delivering himself of an opinion in determined, even ringing tones. It is the same voice with which he upset ministries in the Chamber of Deputies, the voice in which he crushed all opposition with his epigrams.

He emphasizes a word now and then with a flourish of his hand—a long, thin, bony hand, opening and closing to reveal fine fluted fingers.

HIS movements are so quick, his ironical courtesy is so charming, his vivacity so overwhelming that I could not resist the question:

"How do you keep yourself so young? Are you interested in the attempts of Steinach and Voronoff to prolong human life?"

Clemenceau snarled something that may have been either approval or disapproval.

Perhaps my question was unfair, for it is rumored that another operation performed many years ago, which unintentionally produced the Steinach effect, is said to account for his astonishing vitality.

The Tiger knows the value of silence. In this case silence prevailed.

"Is not life too short to be worth living?" I asked.

"It depends upon how you define life," Clemenceau growled. "In the light of my own experience I have not found life too short to be worth living. It might easily be too long to be worth living. Life is no longer worth living when one has exhausted its possibilities."

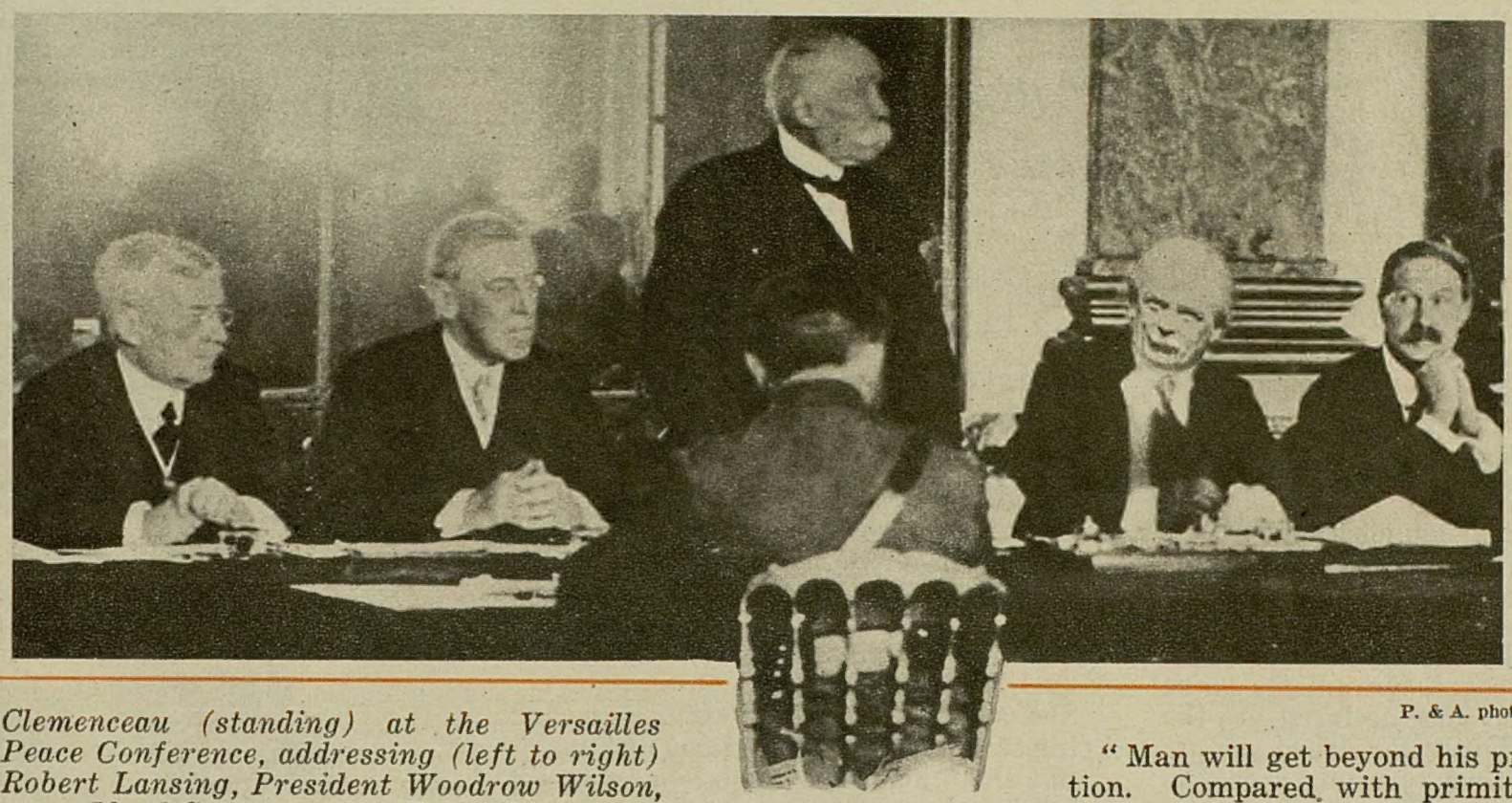
"Do you believe that modern science will be able to prolong life appreciably?"

"Yes."

"To what do you ascribe your own extraordinary youthfulness?"

"I write, I read, I exercise, I eat simply. That is the secret of youth," he remarked. "Moderation, exercise, work are my daily companions."

"Do you believe with Bernard Shaw that man will live three hundred years eventually?"



P. & A. photo

Clemenceau (standing) at the Versailles Peace Conference, addressing (left to right) Robert Lansing, President Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, and A. Bonar Law.

"That," Clemenceau replied, shaking his head impatiently, "involves a prediction about the future of humanity; and all predictions about the future of humanity are liable to be falsified by the introduction of the element of the unforeseen. Granting that the element of the unforeseen does not upset the inference, it may be said that a time can be envisaged when the life of man will be prolonged very much beyond what we now think possible."

"Do you think that life can teach us more in three hundred years than in eighty?"

"That depends upon the intelligence of the individual. Life might teach some individuals nothing in a thousand years."

"Do you believe in the evolution of the superman, or do you believe that humanity will eventually be supplanted by another species: ants, sea animals, et cetera?"

"Man will never be supplanted by anything inferior to himself. And there is nothing earthly that is higher than the human being. Assuming that life on our planet in its highest manifestations will always be that of human beings, and since human beings seem progressive, it follows that our race must go on indefinitely unless a catastrophe of cosmic proportions should obliterate it.

"Man will get beyond his present stage of evolution. Compared with primitive man, is not the human being of today a superman?"

"As a psychologist and a philosopher," I ventured, "what is your attitude toward psychoanalysis?"

Clemenceau looked at me without comprehension.

"What do you think of Freud?"

He repeated the name, which, however, seemed to mean nothing to him.

"Who is he?" the Tiger roared. "Has he written a book?"

I renewed my questioning along more familiar channels.

"Who is the greatest philosopher?"

"Plato." The reply was instantaneous.

"The greatest statesman?"

"Cæsar."

"The greatest soldier?"

"Napoleon."

"Who is your favorite author?"

"My favorite author today may not be my favorite author tomorrow."

Clemenceau likes to be amused. Authorship is one of his amusements.

BY temperament a man of books, destiny made him a man of action. He longed for the solitude of his study at a time when he had to guide the destinies of a nation. His manner is that of a man who confronts his intellectual inferiors. He has always had the courage of his opinions. He has never hesitated or feared to throw them into the teeth of a disedified world.

He is one of the men, perhaps the very one, to whom Briand pointed when he proclaimed in that immortal speech of his: "You have put out the lights of heaven!" For Clemenceau is telling the world that those lights do not shine.

"Is it possible to pierce the veil behind which the world spirit hides itself?" I asked.

"However deaf, however mute it seems, the world," Clemenceau replied, "permits a piercing of its mysteries. This is what I try to explain in my book."

I looked at the two volumes.

"It certainly is inspiring to think that it is possible to write such a book at eighty-seven. Will you," I added, "mark for me some passages which you yourself regard as the most illuminating?"

"Why don't you read the book yourself?"

Glaring at me ferociously, Clemenceau seized a paper knife and pointed to several passages in his book. They reveal how Clemenceau, denying both God and Devil, optimism and pessimism, reconciles himself to the universe.

I sat dumfounded before this unsuspected Clemenceau, this new Clemenceau rising rosily and freshly out of the old Clemenceau.

The bell rang, announcing another guest.

I had spent an hour with Clemenceau.

Did he know that he had given me more than an interview? Had he deliberately bared his heart to me? Had he been playing with me as a tiger cat with a mouse?

THE END

Slightly SHOPWORN

The Story of a Girl Who Almost Missed Romance

By NEVIS SHANE

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 29 minutes 48 seconds.)

SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN.

The sign, small and unobtrusively lettered, as became a sign in the conservative show window of a foremost couturière, stared insolently back at Jael.

She turned her eyes—the loveliest eyes in New York, Peter Stuyvesant, tyrannical czar of the society columns, had once declared—to the little silver hat, but faintly tarnished, on its slender painted stick; then to a misty chiffon dance frock, its folds but a trifle more limp than fashion demanded—then back again, reluctantly, rebelliously, to that insolent little sign:

SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN.

Jael did not go into the shop. She needed a new frock, a fresh evening wrap, silk knickers—needed them at a reduction—but she turned and went back to Fifth Avenue. On the corner of Fifty-seventh Street she hesitated, then walked slowly southward.

Twenty-six was Jael that spring morning. Twenty-six and very smart. Twenty-six and very talented. Twenty-six and very beautiful. Twenty-six and—very hopeless.

She decided to go over to Sherry's for luncheon. There were certain to be several luncheon parties on—parties she easily could crash.

She crashed Nina Clarke's.

Nina said carelessly: "If you haven't anything better to do—"

And Jael returned carelessly: "I have—but I'm too lazy to do it."

There! She had, at least, scored that point. She knew Nina hated her. Why not? She herself despised Nina.

It was after 6 when Stan Coleman dropped her before the narrow apartment building in East Forty-eighth Street.

He retained her hand. She didn't mind very much.

"Let's make it a night, Jael—dinner, a show, and some dancing later."

She considered. A blank evening faced her. But she said carelessly: "Sorry, old dear, but it can't possibly be done. A previous engagement—"

It wouldn't do to let Stanford Stephen Coleman think he could date her up so casually. She let her wide eyes rest lazily on his dark, much too good looking face.

"What d'you say? If you'd rather, I'll make it a party—round up the bunch."

That would be a tactical point in her favor—to have the crowd think Stan Coleman was still rushing her, giving parties for her amusement.

She weakened, but not too precipitately. "I really shouldn't—it's dinner and bridge, and you know what the Haverills are—absolute fanatics."

The Haverills were also among the wealthiest and most exclusive families of Gotham. A clever touch, that.

Coleman said: "My God! What a prospect! It's really a chivalrous act for me to rescue you. And I don't commit a chivalrous act very often."

Jael believed him.

She said: "All right—but it means being scratched from the Haverills' list!"

She thought: "Oh, God, some day I'll surely laugh when I say things like that!"

Coleman's shrug implicated that nothing better could possibly happen to her.

He said: "Righto! You're a darlin'. Eight o'clock it is."

Jael let herself into the tiny apartment. Her mother was still absent—that desperate bridge!

Within the narrow ivory and rose confines of her own room she stood tensely for a long moment in the middle of the four by six Persian, her eyes bitter with introspection.

Bluff! Always! Never a moment's escape from it. Even in the morning to the futile little maid: "Leave the post on my desk, Fanny—it bores me."

Bored her! When she wanted to scream at sight of those discreetly blank envelopes whose interiors yielded nothing but bills—bills—bills.

A continuous, heartbreaking fight to keep one's balance even on the fringe of that desert called Society.

It was different with the Nina Clarkes. They knew where they stood. So did everyone else. The Nina Clarkes had fathers whose names were listed in Bradstreet and Dun's, grandmothers whose opera parties and tiaras had been famous in the nineties, aunts who had married into Burke's Peerage, cousins who kept careless, extravagant little cottages at Southampton or Palm Beach, Lake Placid or Great Barrington.

BUT nobody really knew about Jael. Of course, they knew her mother had been née Galbraith, and her father had been related to the Governor of Alabama. And Jael, after young years spent in the bleak dreariness of French *pensionnats*, had gone to Hounslow. That was Mrs. Dexter's almost superhuman master stroke. For Hounslow was the School to go to—with a capital S.

But the third year she was out, her mother, thin lipped and haggard eyed, put it to her plainly. Marriage. Someone to support her (and Mrs. Dexter) in the magnificent manner to which they were *not* accustomed.

"With your looks and ability—" said her mother significantly.

At first these sessions had only made Jael resentful and uneasy. Later they left her physically sick and filled with a sort of cold terror.

She tried to tell her mother that the men she knew married—if at all—girls either as well off or wealthier than themselves—daughters of influential men, sisters of college chums and club intimates.

Of course there were a few. It wouldn't be quite fair to say Jael had not had proposals. But they came from boys who sold bonds, or insurance, or real estate, or smart cars. Marriage with them would have meant an even smaller apartment than the one in East Forty-eighth Street.

Once or twice Jael had had the chance at a real fortune.

The Breckenridge heir—soft, fat, bald at thirty; but shrewd and hard. He rushed Jael. He liked to take her on moonlight drives—liked the slim roundness of her body in his arms, the cool sweetness of her mouth. But after six months Jael had realized he was not to be captured.

She dropped him crudely, insolently. And he went about saying little things that left their imprint on the consciousness of those who heard them.

After that there was a bleak interval of college boys, canny divorcés, an occasional tired

She said savagely: "You make me sick—the whole bunch of you makes me sick."

business man. Then, one evening, Stan Coleman, back from his divorce in Paris.

It was nearly a year, now, that she and Stan had been playing about together. The suggestion that he was mad about her, only waiting for his divorce to become absolute, was easily maintained. Stan could be counted on to make open love to her in public places.

Jael shivered and, going over to the single window, closed it swiftly. Yet the evening without was as warm as midsummer.

She heard her mother speak to Fanny: "Just a cold bite, Fanny, on a tray."

She came into Jael's room, and, taking off her fawn colored suède gloves, rolled them into a tight ball, then unrolled them carefully.

"Rotten luck—as usual," she said in a jerky voice. "I signed for a hundred and thirty."

Jael said nothing. What was there to say?

Mrs. Dexter took off her hat and pushed the dark, sleek hair from her forehead. She was a fashionably thin, beautifully groomed woman who could easily have passed for Jael's sister.

Jael sometimes wondered why, if it was so easy, her mother didn't marry money herself.

Mrs. Dexter said: "Where've you been? What are you doing this evening?"

They were the questions she had regularly greeted Jael with for eight years.

Jael said: "I met Stan after lunching with Nina—he's taking me to dinner and a show."

Mrs. Dexter looked at Jael thoughtfully. "What are you going to do about him, Jael?"

JAEL'S face twitched. "What can I do about him?"

"Marry him," said her mother briefly.

Jael's eyes narrowed. "How? Get him drunk and carry him off to some crooked Connecticut justice?"

"Why not?" said Mrs. Dexter, and went out.

A typical meeting between them—when they did meet!

The same questions, the same insinuations, the same evasions. But with a different meaning today. Today had opened her eyes. A tiny sign had been the eyewash: SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN.

That was what she, Jael Dexter, was! Twenty-six—and slightly shopworn. A little tarnished, a little soiled, a little crumpled from constant handling.

She buried her face in suddenly quivering hands. But she did not cry. She was a Hounslow product, and she had no dramatic gestures, no vulgar outlets of emotion.

When Coleman arrived she was playing the piano.

She said without rising: "Hullo, Stan—there's a cocktail with dividends waiting."

He kissed her lightly on the top of her smooth head.

"Beautiful thing," he murmured; "what's it made with, lemon juice or grapefruit?"

THEY dined at the Colony. On their way they picked up Gloria Bascom and her husband.

"Jimmy's tight," said Gloria, laughing.

Jimmy was always tight. Gloria always laughed at it. Her laugh, through practice, was almost convincing.

At the restaurant they were given a special table. The others drifted in casually—Jeanne and Malcolm Gordon, Leila Brant and her fiancé young Abbott, then, last, Nina Clarke and the social lion of the season, Lord Geoffrey Ketten.

As usual, they arrived at the play, which was the sensation of the theatrical year, in time to see at least half of the last act.

Later they tried three night clubs before finally deciding on Oklahoma Annie's.

Jael danced with Coleman. He held her too closely and once he kissed her left eyebrow.

Jael closed her eyes. She opened them again to find herself gazing into the eyes of a man sitting at a little table on the edge of the dance space.

She felt a sudden hot surge within her. A strange, dark, tense looking man who, seeing her but fleetingly, fell immediately in love with her.

Romance! Ridiculous, soppy romance—like they ladled out in the movies.

Oh, fool—fool!

Back at their table, Coleman said: "Hullo—isn't that Gayne Haverill over at that table?"

Everybody looked — everybody but Jael. She was lighting a cigarette.

Nina Clarke squealed: "Merciful Lucifer, don't tell me that dark archangel was begotten by a Haverill!"

"And how!" chuckled Jimmy.

"Oh, shut *up*," said his wife tensely.

Jael thought cynically: "She'll run over to Paris very shortly—"

And then only did she follow the gaze of the others.

And then she went suddenly cold all over.

"I'll go fetch him over," said Coleman, and left the table.

Not the slightest flicker of expression crossed Haverill's face when he was introduced to Jael. "Charmed." She nodded.

Lord Ketten and Haverill had met in India. They discussed, when the din permitted, politics, health conditions, and the future of that country.

Jael listened. She knew this Haverill must be the famous wandering nephew of those Haverills whose dinner she supposedly had scorned that evening. Scorned!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN]
[Continued from page eleven]

Once only she spoke. It was then that Haverill, for the first time, really looked at her. And she saw the gleam in his eyes—the gleam that had been in them when he had watched her on the dance floor.

An hour later the party was exactly what everyone, from long experience, expected it to be.

Only Haverill and Jael remained coldly sober, conventionally impersonal. They talked desultorily, but he did not ask her to dance. She wondered why. Most men, even if but casually interested in her, desired to hold her in their arms.

A number was on—Oklahoma Annie's Dixie Darlings. They wore flowing chiffon over bare powdered bodies, and they were supposed to be maidens tending the fire of Venus' temple.

"Vestal virgins," offered young Abbott, with ludicrous gravity. "Myth-mythology is full of vestal virgins—"

Jimmy succeeded in opening one eye completely.

"Virgins," said he, puzzled. "Virgins—wha'n'I's a virgin?"

"A virgin," Coleman told him, "is something you find in a dictionary."

Something snapped inside Jael's brain. She jumped up, overturning her glass of water into Nina's expensive lap.

She said savagely: "You make me sick—the whole bunch of you makes me sick—" And, turning, she walked blindly in and out of the crowded tables toward the entrance.

He overtook her at the door. Her wrap was over his arm and he put it about her shaking shoulders.

"I'll take you home," he said briefly, and led the way down the stairs, out into the street.

In the car, he said: "Where to?"

She told him. Then she lay back, her eyes tightly closed over the rising tears.

Before her apartment, she spoke for the first time. She said: "I'm not sorry, only insomuch as it spoiled your evening."

He smiled faintly. And she dimly realized it was the first time she had seen him smile. This was a grim man.

He said briefly: "You didn't spoil my evening—it was spoiled long before then. Good night."

And he was gone. Without a word. Not even a casual, conventional little speech, not even a mention of ever seeing her again.

IT was early, not quite 10, when her telephone rang the next morning.

She sat up in bed, wide awake because she had not been asleep.

"Stan," she thought coldly—and said "Hello" into the mouthpiece.

"Hello. Miss Dexter?" came a voice so low she could scarcely catch it. But not so low—never so low—that she could mistake it!

"Miss Dexter speaking," she said, and told herself sharply: "For God's sake, don't make an ass of yourself!"

"This is Gayne Haverill. I wondered if you'd care to drive down to Long Island, after last night. It's a marvelous day and I'll show you a pair of the prettiest polo fillies you've ever laid eyes upon."

Funny—how dreams sometime come true!

He was driving a low, powerful roadster.

He said, as she came out to him: "You do not deserve to look as radiant as you do this morning," and smiled. And Jael wondered how she had ever thought him a grim man.

But their drive over the bridge, through Flushing and its environs, was made almost in silence. A quiet man, anyway.

She said finally, desperately: "You have very little to say."

"Not from want of appreciation."

"Of the sky?"

The sky was a blue raiment, cloud embroidered.

"And you."

Her eyes deepened. It was easier after that. But even then it startled her—the abruptness with which he said it—said:

"Why, in God's name, do you play around with those people?"

She said in a low voice: "Because they are my sort."

"Do you really wish me to believe that?"

Jael felt his eyes on her. For a moment she realized the pulse in her throat.

She said quickly: "No—no, I don't. But it's true, nevertheless."

He laughed shortly. "Don't be ridiculous."

"I'm not being ridiculous—only trying to be honest. I don't try very often. I've found it doesn't pay."

He slowed the car down, saying slowly: "Jael, are you trying to convince me, or yourself, of your hardness?"

She replied, with an effort: "Not you—oh, not you."

THAT was April. Then May. And June—part of June.

In July, Jael received an invitation from Gloria Bascom to visit her at Glen Cove. It came as a godsend.

It was nearly a month since Jael had seen Haverill. And on that occasion he had been abstracted—casual. Jael knew the signs. She had felt a terrible ache near her heart; but she had smiled, talked inconsequential chatter.

But her mind, frantic with pain, had searched the dark corners of her memory for the reason. Not tired of her so quickly! Her intelligence argued against that. There had been no familiarities to, bromidically, breed contempt — no strain of daily meetings to squeeze dry her charm—no actions that could have—

No liberties on his part, perhaps, but what about those others? At the country clubs, at week-end parties, at the polo matches — everywhere, always, men who knew her, had known her, so well: "Jael, I see you have what men leave home for." "Jael, do you remember that wild night at Barney's?" Or they would put their hand on her knee—or kiss her hair while dancing—and laugh when she pulled them up: "Great Scott, Jael, why so highbrow all of a sudden?"

No, not tired—his eyes still narrowed to hide their gleam when he looked at her—but disgusted. That was it.

When they had parted, he had said briefly: "I'm going away for a time. I'll ring you up when I return."

And since then not a line, not a word from him. And she was too proud, too desperate, to make inquiries.

Well, there was Stan. The unexpected competition of Haverill had stimulated his lazy ardor. He gave Jael a rush that left her weary and her mother palpitant.

"Jael, for Heaven's sake don't let this chance go by! I can just hold out till autumn. Jael, give me your word of honor—"

One morning, soon after Jael's removal to the Bascoms', a special delivery letter came for her. It was from Coleman and read:

DEAR JAEL: Bored to desperation with myself and New York. Would like to arrange a party over this week-end up at Huntsley if you can come. Will ask the Tuttles and several others. Let me know if you can make it. I shall be no end grateful. STAN.

On the whole, Jael was pleased. Gloria Bascom's laugh was wearing razor thin.

She wired her acceptance and told him to call for her Friday afternoon at the Plaza, where she had a luncheon engagement.

It was nearly 4 when she got away and found Coleman slumped down in his roadster in Fifty-eighth Street. He was inclined to moodiness, and as they sped through the park he said:

"It's awfully good of you, Jael, to take pity on my condition, and I ought to be happy over it. But, somehow, I'm not. I can't feel contented. I must be in love."

WHEN the flannel-clad old justice opened his front door upon them, Gayne was whispering: "Dearest, this is the first kiss you've ever given me."

"Well, it's not a cause for depression, is it?"

"How do you know *what* it is? The original little hard-hearted, touch-me-not Hannah, you!" he scoffed.

If only she were! If it were only true! If only she weren't slightly shopworn!

She said: "Don't rag me. I'm in a filthy mood."

She would be—when she needed all her charm, all her cleverness to bait him on.

"What does your mood matter, when you look as you do?" said Coleman. "But, seriously, Jael, can't you see I'm in love? Where on earth is your intuition? A woman is *always* supposed to know when a man is in love with her by means of intuition."

"All right," agreed Jael. "But you needn't tell the entire Bronx."

She was in a perverse mood—fencing him off like that, when for once he wanted to be serious. But he seemed to enjoy it.

"You little devil," he whispered.

He wasn't, thought Jael, the least bit original.

They were in the Parkway before he returned to the topic of love.

"Have you ever been in love, Jael?"

She felt herself flush resentfully. He was

being a little too persistent without being sufficiently definite.

"Not for publication," she returned curtly, and added, to change the subject: "Have the others gone ahead or are they arriving just in time for dinner?"

"Coming up in Tuttle's car," he replied, and went on: "Jael, are you in love?"

What possessed him? Some demoniacal intuition of the truth—that she was in love with Gayne?

"I'll send you an engraved announcement when I am," she promised.

He laughed, and his voice seemed to carry a faint thread of mockery. He had interpreted her words to mean an engagement! And he was laughing at her. She wanted suddenly to strike him.

HUNTSLEY lay deep in the hills of Westchester, and it was growing dusk when they arrived at the house. Coleman led the way to the library, while a footman carried Jael's bag upstairs. They found they were the first to arrive.

A manservant brought Martinis and caviar canapés. Another drew together the heavy drapes at the window and turned on several lamps about the big pleasant room. Then they both withdrew, closing the door with almost ostentatious softness behind them.

Jael looked up from her seat with faint surprise—looked up to see Coleman quietly turn the key in the lock.

He said nothing, only stood there looking at her.

She said in a clipped voice: "Why did you do that?"

"Jael!" said Coleman. "Jael—dearest!"

And before she could realize his intention he was at her side and had dragged her up out of the chair into his arms.

"Stan—don't be ridiculous!" But his lips sealed hers.

Well, if he wanted a little amorous scene without interruption— She let him kiss her.

But he did not let her go immediately. His hold of her only tightened and he said in rapid, husky undertones:

"I tell you, Jael, I'm mad about you! I love everything about you. I want you. I must have you. It's almost an insanity. You'd never have thought that from my careless manner, would you? But I'm a damned good actor. Only I'm tired of the play now—I want you to know—"

Then he was in love with her! As she was with Gayne— Oh, God, the bitter humor of it! The thought of Gayne suddenly filled her whole being with a bitter-sweet longing.

Indistinctly Coleman's words reached her consciousness:

"I'll give you everything—motors, jewels, accounts in every shop. And no one need suspect—you can give it out your mother made a killing in Wall Street. I'll arrange it—"

And interpretation came pouring down upon Jael.

"How dare you!" she gasped wrathfully. "How dare you—you *swine!*"

Her defense was not in the least ladylike.

"Now will you let me go!" she gritted through clenched teeth. And her delicately tinted nails tore a long, jagged wound from below the left eye to the point of his chin.

He cried out sharply and let her go so abruptly she staggered back against the heavy table.

"You hell-cat!" he groaned out, his hand pressed tightly to the bleeding scratch.

"There's no fit return compliment I can make you," said Jael, so quietly that even she was startled. "Now open that door before the others get here or—"

"What others?" demanded Coleman brutally—and stood there looking at her, a maddening little smile on his lips.

She understood so easily it surprised her—the hurried invitation, the solitary motor ride, the empty house, the discreet servants, Coleman's behavior, the entire situation.

She did not even flick an eyelid. She merely said: "And you actually thought you could get away with a thing—like this!"

He continued to smile maddeningly. "Why not?"

For a moment she was afraid to speak, afraid she would lash out at him, cursing him, destroying the poor remaining shreds of her self-respect.

She said finally: "You must have been insane to attempt an outrage of this sort."

He looked at her, still smiling.

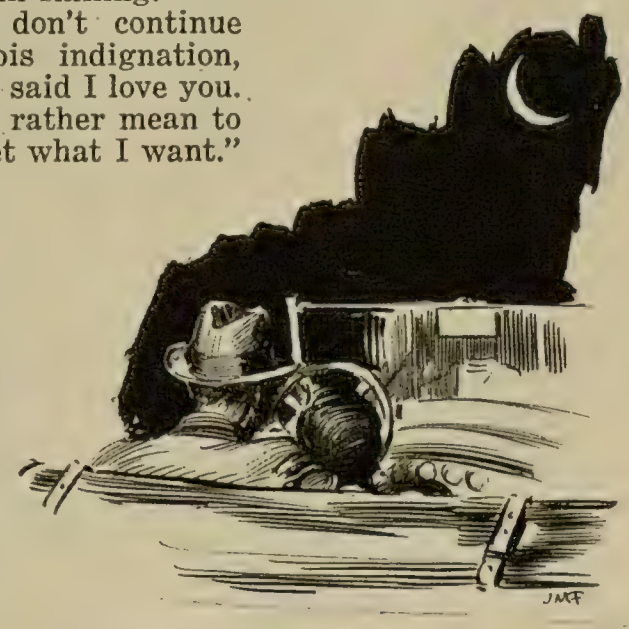
"For God's sake, don't continue that note of bourgeois indignation, Jael. It doesn't go. I said I love you. Well, I still do—and I rather mean to have you. I usually get what I want."

He made a step toward her. She did not move.

She said quietly, deeply: "You'll never get me—for I'm giving you now the engraved announcement I promised you."

He stared at her through narrow lids. "You mean you love someone else?"

She nodded mutely.



A dull flush crept over Coleman's face; his mouth twisted into an ugly line.

And in the question he flung at her he flashed his whole conception of the relations of men and women upon her.

"Then why in hell," said he, "have you led me on? Oh, yes, you have!"—as she made a sudden movement with her hands. "You've laid your face against mine as we've danced, invited advances with your eyes. You've accepted my invitations, taken my gifts, monopolized my time, permitted me liberties. You've driven over miles of deserted countryside with me at unheard-of hours of the morning. You've allowed my arm about you, permitted petting, slept against my shoulder during many of those drives. And because I did not take advantage of those liberties then was due to *my* discretion—not to yours," he finished brutally.

Jael did not flinch. She could take, standing up, punishment that was due her.

She only said in a clear, low voice:

"I recognize my part in the affair. I am ashamed of it. Now will you unlock that door and order a car to take me back to town?"

"I will not!" said Coleman. "Instead, I'm going to kiss you—"

Said Jael determinedly: "Oh, no, you're not!"

He moved toward her. She put the table between them, and as she did so her eyes caught the subdued glitter of a heavy bronze paper weight. Her fingers closed over it automatically.

She said slowly, distinctly: "If you move one step nearer to me, I'll smash this weight into your contemptible face."

"Then, by God, smash it!" cried Coleman, and sprang.

Jael let it go at him. Coleman ducked, and the missile struck a bookcase with a sickening crash of splintering glass.

Coleman caught her. "I'll make you pay for that! I'll make you everlastingly sorry—"

There was a second splintering sound behind them—the heavy sound of smashed, tough wood.

Jael saw Coleman fall heavily—saw him yanked to his feet, only to be crashed horribly up against the opposite wall. He clung there for a moment, then sank slowly into a frighteningly inert heap.

"Pick up your wrap and get out of this room," said Haverill to Jael. "Get out of here!"

His voice was as low as the wind that rides before a storm.

She said: "Gayne, you aren't going to kill him!"

He didn't answer, but threw her coat around her, thrust her gloves into her cold hands.

She went swiftly out of the room, through the hall, into the warm, sweet night beyond the doorway.

IT wasn't until they were well on their way toward town that she asked quietly: "How did you know? What made you come?"

He pressed his foot against the accelerator, and they shot forward at a terrific speed.

"The simple process of deduction," he returned curtly. And she felt her face flame at his tone. "I telephoned the Bascoms this afternoon and asked for you. I got Gloria instead. She told me you had gone to Huntsley for a week-end party.

"Had she let it go at that, it would have ended there. But she gave me the superfluous information that the party consisted of Coleman, you, young Abbott and the Brant girl, and the Tuttles for chaperons. As it happened, I knew the Tuttles were on a yachting cruise with my aunt, and young Abbott and Leila were having tea at a table within my vision from the club telephone.

"When I rang off, I confirmed my suspicions by asking Abbott where he was staying over the week-end. He and Leila were guests of the Livingstons. So there was very little sleuthing to be done on my part.

"I simply got my car and drove across Long Island, through New York, and up into Westchester as quickly as ninety horse power and traffic would permit me."

The terse, cold voice ceased abruptly.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN
Continued from page thirteen]

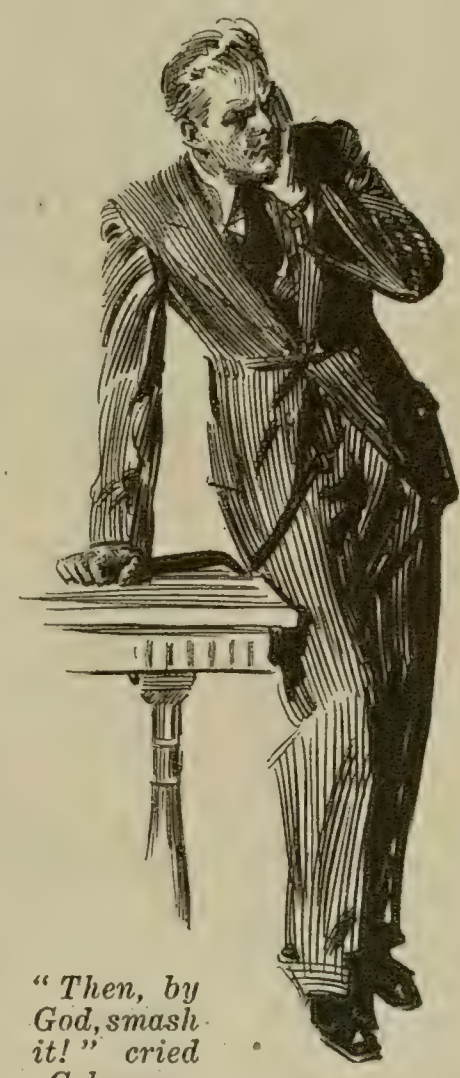
Jael said slowly: "Didn't it occur to you I might—might be a party to the deception?"

And Haverill said: "It did—but I wanted to be certain."

The pain within Jael was so sharp she almost cried out.

She said swiftly: "Surely not you—nor anyone—could possibly think I came up here—alone—with the intention of—of—"

Haverill said briefly: "If you mean you were tricked into coming, I believe that. But your inculpability in the matter is doubtful."



"Then, by God, smash it!" cried Coleman.

Jael was very still for a long moment. Then: "You mean—"

"I mean that you are as much—if not more—to blame than Coleman. He is a man who makes no pretensions to virtue — an admitted sensualist. You are not a child. You are well born, supposedly well bred, supposedly that which one calls a lady. But your actions and your manners at times rival those of a demimondaine. That people—men particularly — don't bother to discriminate between your inner virtues and your outward manifestations of laxity is not to be too severely criticized."

A second bitter self-revelation came to Jael. And she received it calmly, gallantly, head up and eyes unwavering.

He did not ask her where she wished to go. He took her home. At the door, he took her hand and held it, lightly at first, then more tightly as he spoke.

"Jael, child," said he quietly, "I didn't mean to hurt you so cruelly—to be so harsh. God knows, I'm no one to pass judgment on the behavior of my fellow men. But you—it's different with you, Jael. I can't bear to see you waste your precious youth and sweet loveliness in stupid, demoralizing pleasure—playing with fire—seeing how close to the flame you can fly without getting your lovely wings singed—"

He looked down at her with a sudden, unexpected bitterness. He said abruptly:

"Jael, will you tell me—really tell me—why you went with Coleman to his house—knowing, as you must have known, the type of man that he is?"

And Jael replied very slowly, very evenly: "I went because I thought—I hoped—he might propose to me."

And when he had dropped her hand, turned, and gone out of the door, she stood for a long moment very still there in the tiny hall of her apartment.

Jael had started to earn back her self-respect.

SHE saw his feet first. Heavy, custom-made, square-toed Oxfords, richly brown from many polishings . . . planted squarely before her counter.

"Well," said he, "are you glad I've found you?"

She looked at him mutely.

Odd, how suddenly, unexpectedly natural it seemed—his standing there before her, tall, lithely built, breath-takingly handsome.

He hadn't forgotten. He had searched and found her—in the ladies' lingerie department.

He said in a low voice: "Jael, what made you do it? What are you doing here—"

And she said quietly: "Earning back my self-respect, Gayne. Earning it eight hours a day at twenty dollars a week."

He looked away from her, stared long at an unoffending pink camisole. Then he said: "I think I understood from the very first. I came back a few days later; but you were gone—the apartment closed—"

She said irrelevantly: "Mother packed up and sailed the next day for Europe when I told her. I've never let her know where I am."

The fine, dark rock of his face shattered itself into pieces of a smile.

"The society columns said that Mrs. Lowell Dexter and her daughter Jael had sailed for an extended trip abroad. I didn't believe you had gone."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

He said swiftly: "Jael, I know what you're thinking. Don't."

She shook her head. "No, I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking—how nice it is to see you again."

He looked at her hands—narrow little hands, never still.

"In that case," he said, "why don't you prove it by having dinner with me—along the shore road somewhere—some place cool and quiet? I have my car outside the Thirty-fourth Street entrance," he went on quickly. "You can't miss it. I'll wait for you there."

And he was gone.

"What size, madam? I'm sorry, but the largest we carry is forty-six. We will have to order one special. Very well. I am sorry."

"Sir? No, sir. The next aisle to your right."

She had a sudden, insane desire to scream and scream—yes—no—yes—no—

Five more minutes to closing time. Yes—no—yes—no—

She was finally out on the hot, crowded pavement, oddly surprised to find herself hurrying.

The car was well down the block, sandwiched in between a delivery truck and a city refuse wagon.

"I'm late," she said breathlessly, as he opened the door for her. "I'm always late. They never make up their minds till it's past closing."

He threw the car into reverse, backed, shifted gears, turned out into the clanging, hooting traffic of the street.

"That is a common failing with most of us," he said a block later.

She wondered dimly what he meant.

THEY found a remote inn overlooking the Sound.

Jael was too weary to order, so he did it for her, and relieved her of the burden of small talk. He told her, for the first time, all about himself—his restless wanderings, his search of the world.

Once she said dreamily: "I should love to lie just once on my back in the desert, gazing up at the stars . . ."

"I'll take you to Coney Island," he promised. "There's at least sand there, and the stars."

She laughed; but it hurt her to do so.

She began to tell him about the store, her boarding house in West Sixty-fourth Street. She had a delicate wit, an incorrigible sense of humor. She needed that sense of humor.

It was 11 o'clock when they finally left the restaurant.

On the Post Road, Haverill did not turn the car toward town. She was exquisitely glad. The night was too beautiful to shut out, to leave outside a breathless coop of a room on an air shaft.

They drove on and on. She lay back, eyes closed, relaxed against the cool leather of the cushion.

Perhaps tomorrow he would go—perhaps forever. Or, if he did not, the terrible wound within her would be opened again with the scalpel of his erratic presence.

But tonight she would not think—would neither regret nor fear. She would just feel.

The car had stopped. She opened her eyes and saw that they were before a ramshackle old building that had a light burning in the roof of its tipsy veranda.

She stared at that light, blinking.

Haverill said suddenly: "Jael—"

And she looked up at him—looked up to see his face but an inch above her own.

Jael let it go at him.

She waited tensely.

He said swiftly, swiftly: "Oh, Jael—Jael! I love you so—I love you! I loved you that night in that filthy dive. I loved you every long, torturing moment since. But I was like those people in the shop, Jael—I almost waited till it was too late."

She whispered then: "Oh, my dear, why did you?"

"Because I felt I loved an illusion—the illusion of what you *could* be, Jael—not what you were. The illusion of a gallant girl, as lovely within as she was without—not the beautiful shell of a pleasure-mad, calloused little mollusk of society."

Jael said: "I was all that, Gayne—"

But he denied it.

"No—not really, Jael. The glimpses you gave me of your hidden self at times would leave me breathless. Then, almost simultaneously, you would turn and strike me across the heart. I could have killed Coleman!"

"You almost did," said Jael.

He took her hands and held them—their palms to his mouth.

He said against them:

"And you—did you know, Jael, I wanted to beat—yes, beat you that night? But the next day, when I came to, three hundred miles from New York, I knew that even if I killed you after, I had to have you first—"

She took her hands back from him.

She said in a tired voice:

"Gayne, take me home. I want to go home."

He smiled brilliantly down at her. "Not yet, my Jael. You—you haven't yet said that you love me."

She said, still in that tired voice:

"Love you, Gayne? I have always loved you. From the very first, I loved you. You knew that. Now, take me home."

INSTEAD, he got out of the car, went up the steps of the ramshackle old house, and rang its bell.

Jael cried sharply: "Gayne—what are you doing?"

He turned back to her. "Trying to wake this darned old Connecticut justice from out his Rip Van Winkle sleep—"

He was by her side the very next moment. For she had called huskily:

"Oh, Gayne—aren't you *even* going to kiss me? Must I wait till we are married?"

And several minutes later, when the flannel-clad old justice opened his front door upon them, Gayne was whispering:

"Dearest, this is the *first* kiss you've ever given me."

And Jael whispered:

"The first, my darling, of a brand-new stock of kisses!"

THE END

Appetites need sunshine, too!

There's glowing health in this TOMATO SOUP

WHEN your family gathers at the table in expectant mood, set before them a soup that gives a zest and sparkle. A soup bright and cheerful to see, ruddy in color, savory and irresistibly tempting in flavor. Campbell's Tomato Soup!

Why do you suppose this is the most popular soup in all the world? Because it has a tang and deliciousness all its own. Your appetite responds to it eagerly and gratefully—and remembers it as one of the most delightful treats of the dining table.

Campbell's Tomato Soup is the smooth puree of rich tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat". Red-ripe tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. Strained through colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points. Blended with golden butter and cooked in tureens of solid nickel, by French chefs skilled in all the niceties of the most finished soup-making.

People realize that this is a soup with a refreshing, appetizing flavor that is absolutely unique—imitated but never equalled—so charming, so welcome at all times that the appetite never tires of it. And no matter where you are this summer, you can always obtain Campbell's Tomato Soup, for it is sold in every food store in the United States.

This is an advantage in Campbell's Soups especially appreciated by those who are out of touch, during the summer, with their stores "back home". Often they find it difficult to obtain just the high quality foods they require. But Campbell's Soups are available everywhere and their splendid quality is always the same.

Campbell's Soups are so convenient, too! They help to keep you out of the hot kitchen. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on each label. 12 cents a can.

Cream of Tomato Soup!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately. For an extra-rich Cream of Tomato Soup many prefer to use evaporated milk.

Tomato Aspic for your summer salads

Tomato "aspic" jelly for delightful hot weather dishes! Soak two tablespoons granulated gelatin in one-half cupful cold water. Dissolve in one pint boiling water. Add one-third cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt and one can Campbell's Tomato Soup. Pour into a cold wet ring mold and set in a cold place to chill.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

His first love

Mother—radiant and youthful, with the charm of that schoolgirl complexion. This simple daily rule is known to thousands:

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

Retail Price

10c *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

WHAT mother's heart but quickens at her small son's adoration? What, in life, is sweeter than those worshipful eyes that follow every move and hang on every word?

Keep that devotion, mother! Hold that love. Always be, to him, the beautiful princess of fairy book delight. And above all else, keep youth, keep beauty as your most priceless asset.

That schoolgirl complexion is synonymous to natural charm, today. And thousands of women, in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, are holding their youth through the thirties, into the forties and beyond . . .

This daily rule in skin care that countless thousands know

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for *one purpose only* and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the amazing difference one week makes, The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Illinois.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—

Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern standard time; 9 to 10 p. m., central standard time—over station WEAF and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Kidnaped!

A Policewoman's Experience with the Motives and Methods of Those Who Steal Children

By Mary E. Hamilton

(Reading time: 18 minutes 18 seconds.)

[Editor's Note: The following survey of the kidnaping problem is based upon the experiences of Mrs. Hamilton as director of the Women's Department of the New York Police, when she had charge of 100 policewomen. In a recent issue of Liberty the author discussed runaway children.]

"MY baby! It's been stolen!"

Women leave the bargain counters in a cheap department store and crowd around a frenzied mother who is vainly rummaging among the dirty trappings of a rickety perambulator, all the time crying hysterically and more and more loudly.

Someone gets a policeman. When he arrives several people volunteer conflicting information. One person is sure that, only a few minutes before, she saw a woman in black bending over the carriage so lovingly that she thought it was the baby's mother.

Another declares that a man carrying a suspicious bundle brushed roughly past her. He must have been hurrying away with the baby.

The policeman makes a rough gesture compelling the curious, sympathetic onlookers to move along. Then he takes the woman with her empty baby carriage, which so significantly symbolizes the recent tragedy, to the nearest police station, where the case has to be reported and recorded officially. Once more New York is to be thrilled and stirred by a kidnaping mystery!

That evening the newspapers reported it as another Lillian McKenzie case, for that infant likewise was kidnaped from her carriage while her mother was shopping. Although hundreds of clews were run down by the police, the McKenzie baby was never found. Yet failure in so similar a situation did not lessen the ardor with which the police set about to solve this latest kidnaping case.

A general alarm, which had the effect of putting the great police machine at work on the job of the moment, was sent out. Suspects were rounded up, hospitals and morgues searched, rivers dragged. Everything that should be done when the police are confronted with the crime of kidnaping, was done.

I was called in on the case at a time when every person working on it was sure that he had the clew which would reveal the whereabouts of the child.

International photo

P. & A. photo

The desolate swamp where the remains of Jimmy Glass were found eight years after he vanished. (At left) Little Jimmy at the age of four, when he disappeared.

The first thing that I did was to visit the home of the missing child. By chance I met the janitress of the house.

She confided to me, not knowing who I was, that the father of the baby was a heavy drinker—had, in fact, come home intoxicated the night before the baby was kidnaped. He and his wife had quarreled bitterly. She always fought with him when he handed her an empty pay envelope. Poor woman, she had her troubles, what with a sick baby and a drunken husband.

"The baby was sickly?" I questioned.

"Yes; born sickly," she ejaculated. "Half blind, too. Had to have some black stuff put into its eyes every day. No end of trouble—sickly children."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KIDNAPED! Continued from page seventeen]

She'd raised eight herself—all huskies—only lost two, and—

But I wasn't interested in the personal history of this prolific woman. My job was to find the missing baby, and now I had what I thought to be a few clews: domestic difficulties, accentuated by troubles, with a sick child whose eyes were treated daily with "black stuff"—a standard medicine.

P. & A. photo

William Gaffney, missing from Brooklyn since February, 1927. William was four years old.

I interviewed the bereaved parents. They gave me very little help. Offhand they impressed one as mute with grief—or was it fear? I reported back to my chief, suggesting that a search be made of the office buildings and roofs in the vicinity in which the child disappeared.

"You're crazy," he said. "This isn't murder; it's kidnaping. Whoever stole that child would take it far away from the spot." Then he hesitated. "You've got some good reason for wanting this done?" he queried.

"Women, even policewomen, aren't supposed to be creatures of reason," I said good-naturedly. "They call it instinct."

I left the office, still chuckling to myself. The old grouch would search that neighborhood with a fine-tooth comb, if he had to do it himself!

NUDE BODY OF INFANT FOUND IN OFFICE BUILDING

That was the morning's news. So I was right, after all, and the chief had done his job thoroughly.

> If it were not for the fact that the dead child is colored [the account continued], the baby would doubtless be identified as the child who was kidnaped in the vicinity on Friday.

I DIDN'T stop for breakfast, but hurried to the morgue. When I viewed the body of the infant, I saw at once that a direct identification would be impossible. The intense August heat had ravaged the poor little frame.

"No mistake about it," I thought, "it's a colored baby."

I turned away, disappointed. Then suddenly I thought of the eyes. Examining the region around them, I was sure that I detected a faint trace of something that might be the dark colored medicine.

"Where was it found?" I asked. They told me. The father worked next door! Could I be right, after all?

I hurried to headquarters and sought the chief. "That child," I said excitedly, "is the baby we're looking for." I gave my reasons.

The chief smiled indulgently. "Woman, you're plumb crazy. That baby belongs to Mamie Jefferson. She's confessed."

They showed me a half insane colored woman rocking back and forth in her cell, screaming in a ludicrous fashion: "Yes, sir, that's my baby!"

Weeks passed, and this kidnaping case, like the case of Lillian McKenzie, was relegated to the files of "unsolved mysteries." The police had failed again.

Of course it is not always so, but this experience has convinced me that not all kidnapings are bona fide. Sometimes that which appears to be a kidnaping is cold-blooded murder, perpetrated by parents who, for some reason or other, want to get rid of their offspring.

This accounts for the fact that the police fail in their efforts to find these supposedly kidnaped children. The major premise of their search is: This is a kidnaping crime. They should proceed with the proposition: This is a crime of murder.

KIDNAPING is a strange crime, prompted by many different motives—revenge, greed, lust—and not infrequently love constitutes its motivating force.

Occasionally the victim is an adult, but more generally a young child is the object of the kidnaper's villainy.

The parents suffer as much as the child, and when the crime is incited by hate, revenge, and greed, it is they who are the target against which the crime is directly aimed.

From the police point of view, the crime of kidnaping is a baffling one because, invariably, the circumstances surrounding these cases offer so few real clews. Then, too, if the child kidnaped is a baby, it changes in appearance so completely within a short space of time that, if found even a few weeks later, positive identification from physical features and characteristics—even by the child's own mother—is often next to impossible.

The long list of kidnapings in America during the last half century reveals two startling truths:

Kidnaped children are usually found dead, or no trace of them is ever discovered. Only rarely are the children who fall prey to a kidnaper happily restored to their frenzied parents.

P. & A. photo

Baby Blakely Coughlin of Norristown, Pennsylvania. His self-confessed abductor went to prison for twenty years. Some people still believe the child was not slain.

More than fifty years ago, Charley Ross, then a lad of four years and two months, was lured away from his comfortable home in Germantown, Pennsylvania, by two strange men.

This famous mystery created a sensation that has never lost its glamour throughout the years.

The baby was kidnaped for the purpose of obtaining a ransom. At first Mr. Ross stubbornly refused to accede to the demands made upon him; but finally, in desperation, the family succumbed and attempted to negotiate with the criminals, but without avail. A fortune was spent in an effort to find Charley Ross, yet he is still among the missing.

Two criminals, Joseph Douglas and William Mosher, were suspected of being the boy's abductors. At length they were caught while burglarizing a house in Brooklyn.

"It's no use telling lies now that I'm going to die," Douglas gasped. "Mosher and I stole Charley Ross from Germantown!"

Questioned as to where Charley was, he replied: "Ask Mosher; he knows." But Mosher was dead, having been shot instantly when the police surprised the pair.

The wife of Mosher knew nothing beyond the fact that the boy had been put in charge of an old man and woman. Who they were, where they were, she never was told.

It is universally believed that Charley Ross lived and grew to manhood. Many persons have claimed to be Charley Ross, but the truth as to which one is Charley Ross will never be divulged to the world. It was buried forever with Mosher.

P. & A. photo

Raimonde von Maluski, kidnaped by a vengeful wife. She carried the secret of his fate with her to Auburn Prison.

One of the terrible tragedies of kidnaping—the impossibility of making an absolute identification after a lapse of time when the kidnaped child is one of tender years—is illustrated grimly in the Ross case.

William Gaffney, the four-year-old youngster who disappeared from his home in Brooklyn on February 11 of last year, is still missing. Every clew that the police have followed evidently has not brought them a step nearer to a solution of the case. Query: Will William Gaffney ever be found—alive or dead?

Raimonde von Maluski 3d, another New York child, who was kidnaped more than two years ago, has not yet been found, although Mrs. Mary Jones, his kidnaper, is serving a term in Auburn Prison.

Her crime was committed purely for revenge. Once the Von Maluskis had her arrested on a charge of stealing a ten-dollar stick pin. Then, angered because her husband, whom she had sent to the workhouse for thirty days for failure to support her, made his home with the Von Maluski family, she resolved to resort to kidnaping as a means to vent her spite upon all the parties involved.

Again the question: What has been the fate of the innocent little victim?

The police who found his kidnaper could not find him, and it is unlikely that, after serving a term in prison for having taken her revenge, the woman who did the deed will relent to the extent of giving information as to what became of the boy.

ANOTHER case in which the kidnaped child has not been found, although thought by some still to be alive, is that of Blakely Coughlin, who, as an infant, was stolen several years ago from his home at Norristown, Pennsylvania.

Augusto Pasquale, a crank and self-confessed abductor of the Coughlin baby, was sentenced to twenty years for the crime. He told the authorities that the child had been smothered and his weighted body cast into the Schuylkill River.

P. & A. photo

Giuseppe Varotta, stolen by a gang who demanded $2,500. When the gangsters were trapped, Giuseppe was killed in revenge.

Subsequently his cellmate, together with five other convicts, escaped from the Eastern Penitentiary.

These six fugitives from justice compelled

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

Sergeant York thanks LIBERTY for buying his War Diary—never before published.

At Last Sergeant York Releases His War Diary

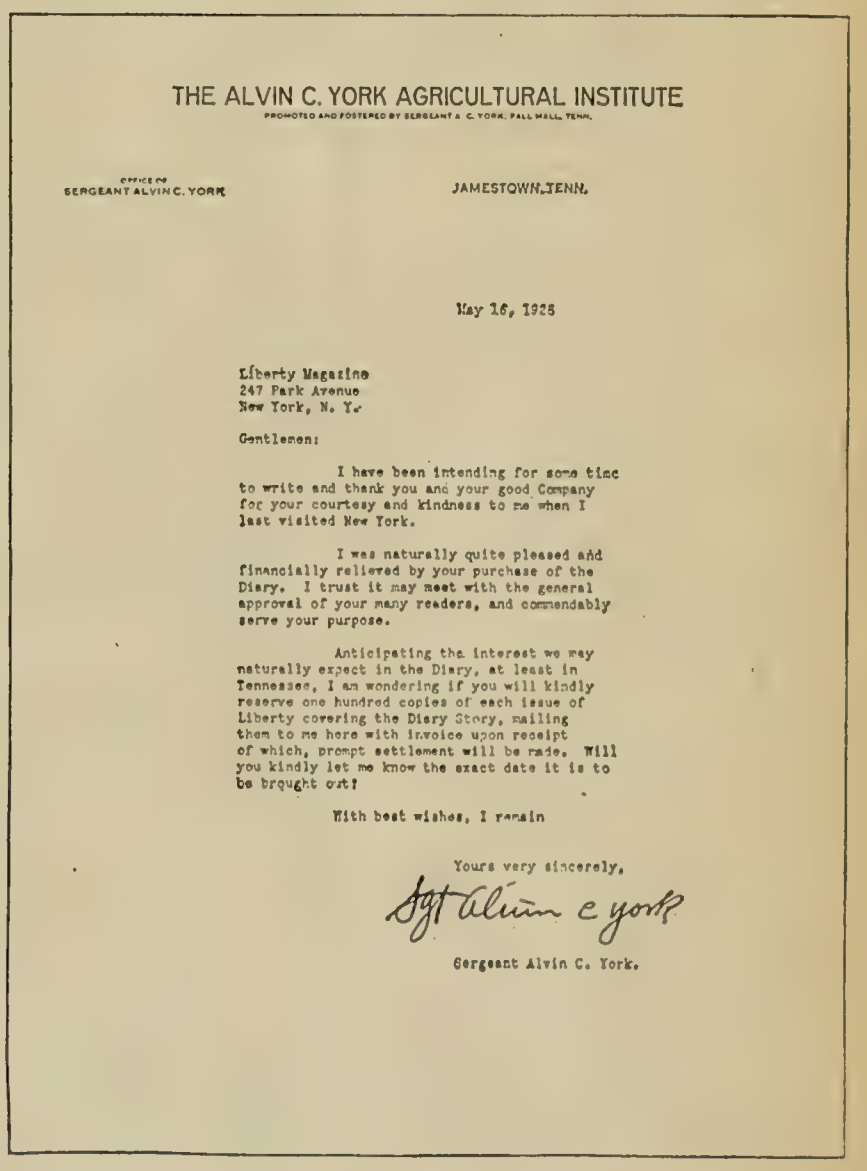
"I had orders to report to Brigadier General Lindsey and he said to me, 'Well, York, I hear you have captured the whole damn German army.' And I told him I only had 132."

ALVIN YORK never got through third grade in his Tennessee mountain school. But when he joined the army he began to keep a war diary. It is written in the quaint language of the backwoods—words misspelled, peculiar expressions, an intimate, personal history.

Read York's own story of his great adventure. He tells about the eventful day when he found himself back of the Germans' second line. Thirty-five machine guns turned on him! Rifles, revolvers, grenades, tearing to pieces the trees and bushes around him. His comrades killed before his eyes. His own figure exposed to a terrific fire.

And this cool-headed, praying sergeant, with automatic and army rifle, repulsed the charge of German veterans, silenced machine gun fire, and led 132 prisoners out through the enemy's first line.

It is a story to stir your blood and, in spots, to bring tears to your eyes. Don't miss the official War Diary of the most picturesque and heroic figure in the war!



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May 16, 1928

Liberty Magazine
247 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I have been intending for some time to write and thank you and your good Company for your courtesy and kindness to me when I last visited New York.

I was naturally quite pleased and financially relieved by your purchase of the Diary. I trust it may meet with the general approval of your many readers, and commendably serve your purpose.

Anticipating the interest we may naturally expect in the Diary, at least in Tennessee, I am wondering if you will kindly reserve one hundred copies of each issue of Liberty covering the Diary Story, mailing them to me here with invoice upon receipt of which, prompt settlement will be made. Will you kindly let me know the exact date it is to be brought out?

With best wishes, I remain

Yours very sincerely,

Sgt Alvin C York

Sergeant Alvin C. York.

Start it next week in

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Reading Time 51 Seconds

When happiness *fades*

perhaps it's due to cachexia (run-down condition)

When happiness goes, all is gone. Yet how often happiness is nothing more or less than health . . . health pulsating with vigor and vitality . . . the kind of health that millions have acquired by eating the simple food, *yeast*.

And did you know that real yeast now comes in a palatable form? In tablets you can swallow, though most people chew Yeast Foam Tablets like candy.

Take these real yeast tablets for a time and see what happens! An abundance of yeast cells may bring a complete physical rehabilitation. Wives should eat Yeast Foam Tablets—and husbands, too. Parents should realize the vitality they bring to children.

In handy 5c packets—or the large 50c bottle at your drug store.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[KIDNAPED! Continued from page eighteen]

a man to drive them into Maryland. During this enforced journey one of them was heard to say: "The crank [Pasquale] says the kid he took ain't dead, but it's with a woman cousin of his, and they're going to give it back when it's fourteen. Yah—the dicks ain't so smart!"

Blakely Coughlin at fourteen would have as futile a task convincing the world of his actual identity as did those who tried to prove they were Charley Ross. It can't be done! Not absolutely, unless there exists a record of the foot or finger prints of the child.

If such record exists, when they come to claim their heritage of birth, which is their name, fingerprints of them can be taken, and if these correspond with those made in babyhood, then only can it be established beyond the shadow of a doubt that they and the kidnaped are one and the same person.

Fingerprints are an infallible means of personal identification, in that the prints of different individuals are not alike and the print of the same person remains unchanged throughout the years.

Facial expression, hair, eyes—every mark of identification of this nature—may and do change. Evidence in the shape of clothing may be lost or destroyed. The one person who knows the facts of a kidnaping case may die. But the impressions deeply engraved in the skin—"Nature's trade-mark on her handwork, man"—cannot be effaced.

"I am Charley Ross," a middle-aged man may say, as many have so declared to me. Regretfully I have thought to myself: "If only I had the tiny fingerprint of that unfortunate baby boy, how easily I could determine, simply by taking this claimant's print and comparing it with the original, whether or not this poor lost man is Charley Ross."

DURING the country-wide search for Jimmy Glass, who was thought to be kidnaped, but who only wandered away and perished in a marsh near his home, as the small skeleton found eight years later sadly revealed, Mrs. Glass traveled thousands of miles to see many children, in an effort to find and identify her son. Had there been a fingerprint record of Jimmy Glass, all this futile and heartbreaking phase of the search could have been eliminated.

Parents will do well to take a lesson from the Glass case, or, in fact, from any other case in which there has been an attempt to establish the identity of a lost child, long missing, by having in their possession, for just such an emergency, the foot or finger prints of their children.

Any child may be kidnaped. Nor is it always the rich child who is abducted. Seven years ago Giuseppe Varotta, son of a truckman, was kidnaped in front of his tenement home by a gang which demanded $2,500. The father was informed that if he did not furnish the ransom, or if he informed the police, his son would be drowned.

International photo

Ten-weeks-old Corinne Modell, reunited with her mother after being stolen by a Philadelphia wife "to fool her husband."

One of the gang was arrested when he went to collect the money, and subsequently the others were taken into custody. The body of the boy was found in the Hudson River at Piermont, opposite Hastings, several days after these arrests.

The motive behind this kidnaping was greed, and only when the ransom was not forthcoming, and the kidnapers learned that they were being trapped by the police, did they resort to murder—killing the boy simply for revenge.

IF parents would watch their children more carefully it would not be so easy for the kidnaper to ply his wily practices. This is especially true of cases in which the purpose of the kidnaping is lust.

Unfortunately there are at large a great many degenerates who prey upon innocent young children in unnatural ways.

It is not uncommon for children—both girls and boys—to be lured away by these fiends, while older girls, and boys as well, have innocently and helplessly become their victims. Sometimes they are ravaged and then set free, but more often they meet with death at the hands of these degenerates.

Little Irving Pickelny, a four-year-old victim of a lustful kidnaper, was found dead in a subcellar within a few blocks of his home. The fiend who kidnaped, outraged, and killed him was never found. That means that he is at large, ready to seize upon anyone's baby if at any time he finds a helpless little one unguarded.

Not all abnormal people kidnap because of lust, however. The motive of the crime may be love. Mothers who have lost their own babies through death have been known to kidnap, in a fit of insanity, someone else's child.

International photo

Baby Mildred Voth and her mother. Missing four days, Mildred was found alive and well in a New York hallway.

There have been several cases of this kind within recent years. Baby Leo Minkin was kidnaped by his nurse, Angelina Tavana, when he was three years old. It was believed that grief over the death of her own child caused the girl to steal the Minkin baby.

Kidnapers of this type, unless they are hopelessly insane, do not jeopardize or harm their young victims. On the contrary, they shower on them all their pent-up love and affection. But that does not lessen the agony of the real mother, who does not know where her baby is.

In employing nursemaids, parents should be very careful to demand and follow up references, for the care of young children is a profession that women with this particular kink in their natures would naturally choose.

IN one case, a woman secured a nursemaid through an advertisement in a newspaper. The nursemaid, eighteen years old, a Negress, was interviewed, and her account of her experiences impressed the prospective employer so favorably that she was put to work immediately.

The next day the nursemaid and her three-year-old charge disappeared simultaneously. In a vestibule a great distance from her home the baby was found, seemingly no worse for the experience that had taught a careless mother a severe lesson.

Mrs. Mary de Marco of Philadelphia is serving a sentence of from two and a half to five years in the county prison and was fined $500 for stealing a ten-weeks-old baby, Corinne Modell, from a coach in front of its home.

She said that she stole the baby to fool her husband, since he made her life "a hell" because she did not have any children. It was her intention to palm the baby off as her own newborn infant.

Strange to say, this woman had a ten-year-old son, Jimmy Hewitt, so the case was not one of unrequited mother love. She wanted mainly to "put one over" on her husband—not an unusual cause of crime in a certain type of woman, whether it be the crime of kidnaping or some other lesser or greater offense against the law.

The penalty for the crime of kidnaping varies from a few years to a long prison term.

The proportion of kidnapers who are caught and punished is small compared with the number who escape detection and thereby remain at large to repeat the particular crime that they have chosen as their specialty. For there are

specialists among criminals just as there are specialists in other walks of life.

The kidnaper who is never apprehended is a potential menace to the community. Since kidnaping recurs with stubborn persistence, it is reasonable to believe that the prevalence of the crime is due to the fact that too often it goes unpunished because the police are not able to catch the offender, or to the fact that when a kidnaper is arrested and convicted, the courts deal with him too lightly.

Sometimes a parent will resort to kidnaping to secure the custody of a child legally in the possession of another. It is no less a crime if undertaken by a blood relative, although the penalty is considerably less severe. In New York State, for example, where the felony is punishable by imprisonment in a State prison for fifty years, if the crime is that of a parent the maximum term is only ten years.

The crime of kidnaping cannot be said to be confined to one sex. Men and women alike have been found guilty of it. There are probably more kidnapers of the degenerate variety among men than women. The "weaker sex," when they kidnap, do so for more subtle reasons—for revenge, greed, love.

On the other hand, there seem to be more boy victims than girls, perhaps because of a notion that boys are less troublesome to rear, from a physical standpoint, than girls.

A KIDNAPING case, with its stirring publicity and pathetic appeal, always arouses great interest. At such times the police receive innumerable crank letters, some of which are clearly the product of hopelessly distorted brains, all offering sinister suggestions or hinting at possible clews.

Every communication of this kind, no matter how ridiculous it may be, is carefully investigated, for it may contain a germ of truth.

In the Voth case, where a three-months-old baby girl, missing four days, was discovered alive and well in a hallway at 18 West 100th Street, New York City, a clew was furnished in a postal card communication mailed at Station H, located on West 102d Street near Amsterdam Avenue. This narrowed the search down to a given vicinity, with the result that the child was found.

Of course, a great mass of this anonymous information is silly and useless, but it shows a very interesting thing—namely, how many demented persons, all potential kidnapers too, are at large.

If there have been gypsies in the neighborhood, and a kidnaping occurs, they are immediately suspected, especially if the child is of fair complexion. This is due to a tradition among the gypsies that if their queen will adopt a light-haired baby it will bring luck to the tribe.

When Jimmy Glass disappeared, gypsies seen in the neighborhood were long under suspicion, for he was a blond.

The baby farm is another place which is searched with diligence in the course of any kidnaping investigation, for if the kidnaper wishes to conceal it until the excitement caused by its disappearance subsides, these resorts for the wholesale care and convenient concealment of infants are the criminal's refuge.

THE kidnaping of children is only one phase of the crime. Older girls are frequently kidnaped in city streets and country roads for immoral purposes, shipped out of the country in some instances, and sold as white slaves.

In some countries, and in sections of this country, prominent persons are sometimes seized for political or social reasons and held for ransom.

In Mexico, China, and in parts of the Balkans, bandits beset and terrify travelers, especially those who display any evidences of wealth.

An insane man, a person of wealth and position, once kidnaped four grown men—three soldiers and a civilian—in New York City, and at the point of a pistol compelled them to accompany him to his home in Connecticut, where he held them prisoners for the purpose of amusing himself by torturing them.

In Assam, a far northeast province of India, kidnaping is a part of the wedding ceremony; but, strange to say, the woman, not the man, is the aggressor.

Of course, it is all done in sport—the relic of a time-worn custom when the female, then doubtless stronger than the male, pursued and captured her mate.

International photo

Irving Pickelny, four-year-old victim of a lustful kidnaper. His slayer was never found.

A far graver form of kidnaping has been seared into our memories by the stories of Charley Ross, Lillian McKenzie, Blakely Coughlin, all of which signify that many kidnaped children are not found, and so the fact that they are alive or dead can never be definitely established.

If it were possible to name the meanest crime, kidnaping would be at the top of the list, for it reaps its harvest in the lives and happiness of innocent little children—the richest and most precious heritage that man possesses.

THE END

This Linit Beauty Bath Secret Is Almost Unbelievable—

UNTIL YOU MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST ON YOUR HANDS. YOUR SKIN INSTANTLY FEELS SOFT AND SMOOTH AS AN ORCHID PETAL

SIMPLY swish a few handfuls of Linit Starch in a basin of warm water then wash your hands using your favorite soap. Soon as your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a delightful smoothness — and after you dry your hands, INSTANTLY your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal.

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This satiny smoothness that you feel after the Linit Beauty Bath comes from a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin. This almost invisible "coating" of Linit absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

STARCH from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists that they generally recommend it for the tender, sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT Starch is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN

Burning Events and Oil Tanks

The Newsreel Man Becomes an Actor

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 57 seconds.)

THE Hollywood motion picture producers have just discovered the romantic life of the news cameramen. The newsreel photographers, you know, film burning current events, personalities, and oil tanks.

Oddly enough, several producers hit upon the gay life of the news cameramen at one and the same time. The first film built around the news cinematographers is The News Parade, which hails from the headquarters of mother-love films, the William Fox studios.

While The News Parade has the rare element of novelty, it is just a panorama of an anxious camera cub out to get close-ups of a certain crusty old millionaire who is much given to breaking movie machines with his cane. The chase runs to Lake Placid, to Palm Beach, and then to Havana. The cub not only gets his close-ups, but he wins the millionaire's daughter after foiling a melodramatic attempt to kidnap the old Crœsus for ransom.

Of course, this lurid tale just touches upon the real activities of the newsreel men. These fellows are an odd gentry. They look down upon the regular studio photographers. They jump about the world much as the old-time war correspondents used to travel. One month they are filming Vesuvius from a plane, the next they are shooting film from a Chinese trench. These men frequently develop into extraordinary specialists, the Richard Harding Davises and the James Creelmans of a tell-it-in-pictures age. Ernest Schoedsack, for instance, progressed to making Grass and Chang.

Without doubt, there is romance in this job. Just at present there is a great deal of competition in the field. Six organizations—Pathé News, Paramount News, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer News, Kinograms, Fox News, and International News—are fighting a tooth and nail battle.

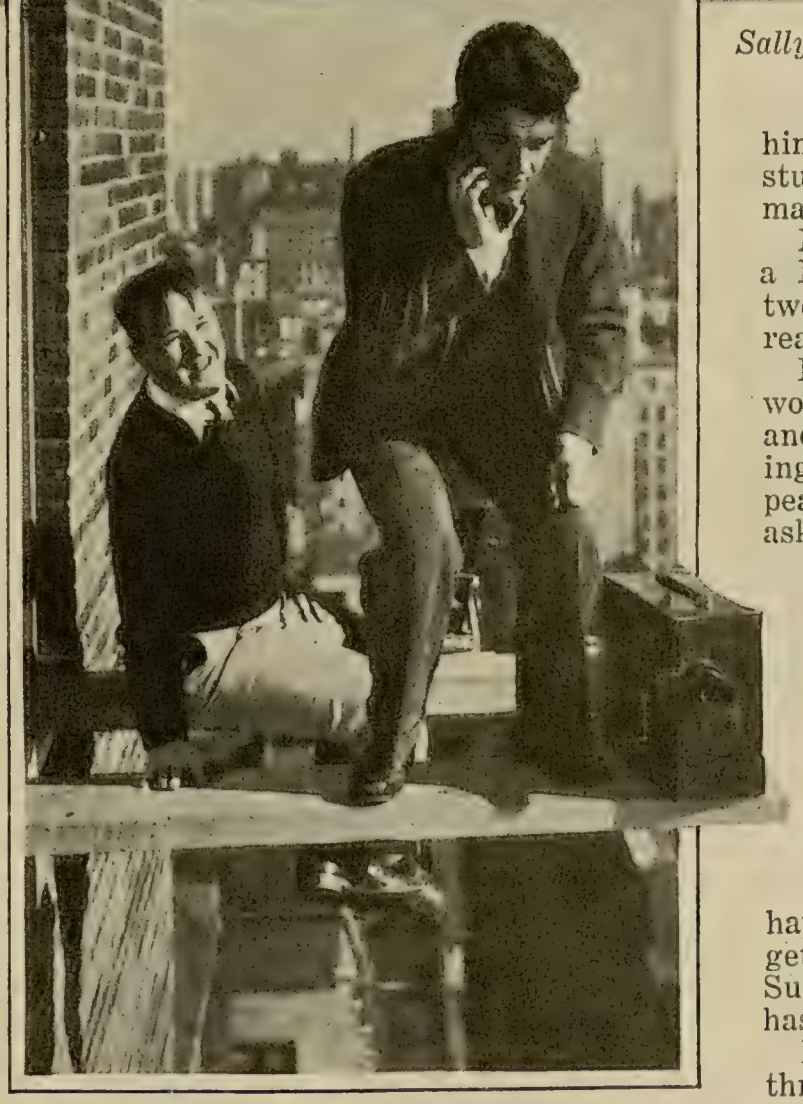
The struggle over a picture beat is terrific. Witness the recent battle to get the first pictures of the German-Irish trans-Atlantic fliers. This struggle went to the lengths of pulling plugs from the gas tanks of planes, fake telegrams to intercept pilots and cameramen, and the hiring of thugs to steal film. So, at least, go the whispered stories.

Some of the newsreel concerns invested as much as $35,000 to get their pictures of the Bremen pilots. The competition is so keen and the field of sales so limited that few, if any, of the news reels are making money at present.

The news reels maintain batteries of crack photographers. Then, too, they call upon free-lance cameramen in all parts of the world in an emergency. Sometimes—but rarely—news film is purchased from an inexperienced photographer. In pinches the newsreel editors fall back on their morgues—the libraries of interesting negative amassed during the existence of the newsreel industry.

There is little faking—in fact, none by the big reels. Crime—and, of course, a murder trial—never gets into the news

Sally Phipps, who provides the romance element in the Fox film, The News Parade.



Nick Stuart (right) and Russell Muth in one of the hair raising scenes from the moving picture showing the trials and dangers of the cameramen.

reels. They are neutral in every sense of the word in their political shots, too. Newsreel editors say that no one has ever been filmed as has Lindbergh, save the Prince of Wales. Up to the appearance of We, Edward Windsor led all the rest in footage—and that by many thousands of miles of celluloid.

The hero of The News Parade climbs out on the window ledge of a Manhattan skyscraper to film the crowds below. Nick Stuart, who plays the brash camera lad, had a wire attached to him; but, even at that, it took nerve to do the stunt. All these things come in the daily demands made upon the news photographer.

Nick Stuart, by the way, is looked upon as a Hollywood find right now. He was born twenty-two years ago in Roumania and his real name is Nicholas Prata.

Prata *père* was superintendent of a tile works in Ohio. Nick drifted to Los Angeles and landed a job with Cline & Cline, a sporting goods firm. One day he wrapped a set of pearl-handled six-shooters for Tom Mix. Nick asked if he could not deliver the six-guns in person, and his bosses let him.

Nick never returned to his job—which shows why they watch the studio gates so carefully. Nick did bits in various films, and in turn became studio office boy, assistant cameraman, scrip clerk, and assistant casting director. Nick made his first hit in Cradle Snatchers.

Now the Fox studios plan to continue Nick as a newsreel hero—the next film to show his adventures abroad. Perhaps he is a real find. Anyway, he is a go-getter. Right now he is reported engaged to Sue Carol, the young Hollywood flapper who has a million in her own name.

Not bad for a young Roumanian who hurried through Ellis Island little more than fifteen years ago, and who seven years ago delivered a package to Tom Mix!

Do you know that—

Alice White is to play Dixie Dugan, J. P. McEvoy's heroine, in the films? . . . The celluloid Abie's Irish Rose has been doing a terrific flop in New York? . . . Dick Barthelmess' Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come was called Kentucky Courage in New York State? . . . Of the newer films the ten best screen sellers right now are: The Way of All Flesh, The Jazz Singer, The Circus, Speedy, Red Hair, The Last Command, The Student Prince, Legion of the Condemned, Seventh Heaven, and The Patent Leather Kid?

The Fortunes of WAR

Pictures by HARVEY T. FISK

A Story of Love, Honor, and Baseball

By
FRANCIS WALLACE

(Reading time: 14 minutes 15 seconds.)

A FELLOW came up to me and said: "Bob, there's something you ought to know."

And I said: "Yeh?"

And he said: "Yeh; only don't mention me, understand; but things are not right on your ball club."

It was early in June and the trading season was almost up. From what this fellow told me I saw I had to get rid of Christy Caldwell. He was the best young catcher in the majors, and I knew the fans and papers would make an awful squawk; but from what this fellow told me I knew I had to get rid of him.

So I went to Hart. His team was playing us a series then.

"How much will you give for Caldwell?"

"Kiddin', aren't you?" he said.

"No foolin'. How much?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's O. K."

"Sore arm?"

"No."

"Been hittin' the pick handle, has he?"

"Nope. He's in good shape."

"Had any trouble with him?"

"Not a bit."

He looked at me and took me over to sit down.

"Let's get this straight. Caldwell's on the market. What the hell, Bob? There's a sinker here somewhere; you're not giving this guy out for no reason. Your club don't need money. What's the low-down?"

"Are you going to make an offer or will I pass him on to the Yanks? Huggins will give plenty for him."

"You wouldn't give him to the Yanks. He'd cinch the pennant for them and you'd lose whatever chance you've got."

"I know it; that's why I'm giving you a chance to get him. That lousy ball club of yours needs so much that one good player would make no difference. I want to break his heart."

"Oh—yes? Well, then, I'll take a chance for twenty-five thousand dollars."

THE girl was pretty as a picture, but you seldom heard a peep out of her.

"Hell, ain't you big hearted! Got another laugh?"

"How much are you asking?"

"Seventy-five grand and no arguments. He is sound and has ten years ahead of him. He's a bargain, and you know it. Sure, I have my reasons; but he's as good a ball player as he ever was."

"I'll have to talk it over with Terry."

"Make it snappy. The trading season closes soon." And I left him to think it over.

So we sold Caldwell for $75,000 to the tail-enders. We had paid $100,000 to Frisco two years before for him and Dick Davis; so we really made a profit on Christy, as Dick was pitching great ball.

But that argument didn't hold when the newspaper boys got to me. I called them in after the game that day and said:

"We've sold Caldwell to the Bucks for seventy-five thousand."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FORTUNES OF WAR
Continued from page twenty-three]

It knocked them for a row, as it was the biggest deal in baseball since Hornsby went to the Giants. They fell all over themselves to ask me why.

"What's the big idea, Bob?"

"What's the matter with it? We made money on him."

"But you don't need money, and where can you get another one like him?"

"I don't want another one like him."

"Is he hurt?"

"No—he's entirely recovered from that last sore thumb."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Would the Bucks have paid seventy-five grand for him if he wasn't O. K.?"

"Are you giving any reason for selling him?"

"No. You boys can figure up some. How about a little drink to help the imagination? Tommy!"

So Tommy poured a round and we talked over this and that. The story was spilled in the morning papers, with big heads on the first page. I was lambasted this way and that for being so dumb, and it was pointed out that such shortsighted policy was responsible for our failure to ever win a pennant.

They dug up a list of all the boys who had once been with us and who became stars with other clubs. You got to expect all that—it's part of the job. When the club wins, it's the players; when it loses it's the manager.

THE next afternoon the newspaper boys got to me again before the game.

"Bob," said Jimmy Trent, "you'll get shot for this."

"For what?"

"For selling Caldwell without reason."

"Oh—I had a reason, all right."

"How about giving it to us afternoon fellows?" old Boze said. "You're always giving the breaks to the morning papers. Give us your reason."

"Have a drink, boys. Tommy!"

Then I said:

"We got seventy-five thousand for him; we made money on him."

"Don't hand us that, Bob."

"But seventy-five thousand's a lot better than nothing, ain't it?"

"What do you mean, nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Come on, Bob. There's a story in this. Let's have it."

"If I did, you'd have a real story. Let's forget it, boys, and don't lay it too thick on old Bob—so nobody will get shot."

But there was no danger of the fans forgetting it. I walked across the field with the boys from the press box to the dugout, and collected a bushel of berries from the lads in the stands, particularly the crowd that was around Caldwell.

He had a habit of warming up before the right field boxes before the game, and was always kidding back and forth with the wives of the married men who always sat in that section. Christy was not married, but he was a ladies' man. And they liked him.

He was a big, broad fellow with wavy hair, big white teeth, a smile, and a line of talk on the field or off. Oh, he was a good man to have on a ball club. He had lots of color, and the fans liked him—especially the fair fans. If a foul tip hit his thumb and he made a face and threw his glove away, you could hear them gasping all over the park.

And foul tips on the fingers was that laddie buck's specialty.

Lindy in a baseball suit couldn't have been more popular that day than Caldwell; and every time I showed my head from under the dugout I got a lot of berries. I pitched Dick Davis out of turn; it was the sentimental thing to do, and good sentiment always means good business. Since we bought Caldwell and Davis together from Frisco, the papers had played them up in a brother act like the Waner boys or Babe and Lou. They called them Damon and Pythias; and there was more truth in it than in most of the guff. The boys were good friends and always roomed together on the road.

HE had lots of color, and the fans liked him — especially the fair fans.

SO I pitched Dick that day and the fans ate it up. It was Caldwell's last game for us and the last time the famous battery would work together.

Every time they came to bat the fans would cheer; and before the game the movie men made them do everything but kiss.

Christy had a big day. He had two doubles with men on in his first two times at bat and drove in all of our runs. And that wasn't all. In the last of the eighth the Ladies' Delight ran over to those right field boxes where the players' wives sat and got himself knocked out while chasing a foul tip. He had no business trying it, as the right fielder was closer; but that made no difference with the fans, and when I took him out of the game I got another basket of boos.

"You might of let me finish my last game," Christy whined.

"I was afraid maybe you hurt your thumb again, dear," I answered as sweet as I could.

Dick Davis didn't like it. After the game, which we won, four-three, I said:

"Great pitching, Dick."

"Thanks."

Dick was a funny chap. He was big, too, but hardly handsome, and he was the quiet one of the famous battery. But, strange enough, Dick had got himself married; and the girl was a lot like him: she had dark eyes and was pretty as a picture, but you seldom heard a peep out of her. I guess Dick was one of those fellows who would have one love affair and marry the girl.

A BIG crowd followed Dick and Christy to the clubhouse. Things were quiet there. I had a feeling that the boys thought I shouldn't have done it.

Anyhow, they went about their showers without the usual singing and yelling. When I got in my office old Boze was in there.

"Hello, Boze. What's on your mind?" I said.

"Well, Bob, I've been doing a job of thinking all afternoon, and figure that maybe I have that Caldwell story."

And I said: "Yeh?"

And he said: "Yeh. It's a delicate sort of thing, and I hope I'm wrong; but I sort of figured out that maybe Christy had been playing around with somebody's woman and that you thought it best to sell him before the other fellow found it out."

"Well, now—wouldn't it be up to the husband to protect his own interests in a case like that? Why should the ball club sacrifice a good piece of property? Besides, I'm with this club all of the time, and I never saw Christy pull anything crooked with any of the women, although he is always buzzing around."

"You wouldn't see anything, Bob—neither would the husband. Let me ask you this: How many road trips has Christy taken since he's been with the club?"

"Well, we've taken four and he's made two of them. He had a bunged-up thumb the other two."

"And he almost got himself knocked out again today—and what would that have done to your sale?"

"Now, I'd be a little careful on that, Boze. That's saying a lot. Besides, you've made all of our road trips. How do you know anything might have been going on while we were away?"

"Well, Bob, it happens that I live up in that neighborhood, and people will keep their eyes open and talk a lot."

"You're not going to pin a story on gossip, are you?"

"But isn't it a fact that Christy spends a lot of time at one apartment?"

"Sure—everybody knows that. He is a pal of that fellow and has been for years. Why shouldn't he have Christy out there a lot?"

"That may be, Bob. But listen to this: On the last road trip Christy and this fellow had the same room and the same box at the desk. I saw this other fellow bring up Christy's mail with his own. I saw them open their letters, and the handwriting was the same on both—and Christy had the guts to open his letter right there."

"Which proves how far wrong you are, kid. If the same fellow brought up both letters wouldn't he see that the handwriting was the same?"

"No, because Christy's letter was addressed in his own handwriting. I took the trouble to check up on that after I began to hear other rumors. And he got letters every day we were

away—just the same as his roommate. Nice fellow!"

"You're just guessing."

"Maybe, Bob; but you know what sort of fellow this other chap is; and if he happened to figure out your reason for selling Caldwell I just wouldn't want to be Christy. Furthermore, Bob, you told us to forget the whole thing so nobody would get shot, didn't you?"

"Just an amateur detective, Boze."

"Yeh? And you also said that seventy-five thousand dollars was better than nothing; which might mean that if you didn't get rid of Caldwell you might lose him and maybe somebody else later on, and get nothing but a bill for flowers?"

"Have a drink, Boze."

"Don't mind if I do, Bob; and I'll just take that story, too."

"No story."

"But I have it."

"Too bad you can't use it."

"I can use enough to tip it off."

"But you won't, Boze. You can't prove anything, and you might start a jam you would be sorry for."

"Can I quote you as saying that Caldwell was let go in the interests of team harmony?"

DICK DAVIS came in.

"I'll screw," Boze said.

"Stick around," Davis answered. "I just want to ask Mr. Delaney a question, and you may as well hear it. Why did you let Caldwell out?"

Dick never changes much—he always looks serious—and I couldn't figure just what he had on his mind.

So I took him easy.

"I'm glad you came in, Dick, because I thought you were a bit sore at me for selling Christy. Just why do you want to know?"

"Well, Mr. Delaney, I'm a sort of spokesman for the team. You know your business, and we have no rights in the matter; but we do have a chance for a World's Series cut, and it seems we are losing that chance when you ship Christy."

"That's a fair question, Dick; and I'm sorry I can't give you an equally fair answer. I'm not at liberty to say just why we are selling Caldwell — although I can say this: that we figure it is a good financial move. And remember this about the World's Series pot, Dick — we have more to lose if we lose the pennant by selling Christy than any of you men have."

"I thought of that, Mr. Delaney. But there's a personal angle with me. Christy and I have been friends for so long that I hate to see him go. I suppose I can go on pitching to another catcher all right, and I'll continue to give the best I have to the club; but I hate to see Christy go—and so does Mrs. Davis. He is a lot of company to her, too. So I thought I'd take the long chance of seeing if there was anything I could say which would keep him on the club."

I stood up and shook hands with him.

"Dick, if it wasn't for breaking training I'd ask you to have a drink; but I will say that, in addition to being a hell of a pitcher, you are a grand fellow. Christy is a great fellow and a dandy catcher; but there are angles in this game which make things hard to understand sometimes. If Christy were my own brother I'd have to sell him just the same. That's baseball, kid, and some day maybe you'll understand. You just tell the boys I'm acting for the best interests of all of us."

AFTER Davis went out, old Boze looked at me and said:

"Caldwell is a goddam skunk."

"And now you see why you couldn't use your story even if you had one."

"Do you suppose he was speaking for anybody but the players?"

"Have another drink, Boze."

We sat there thinking for a while, and then I said:

"Maybe I'll get you a story for your afternoon paper yet. Go out and see if the Ladies' Delight is still there and ask him to come in."

In they came, with Christy all dolled up like a church.

"Ain't he pretty?" I asked Boze.

"Valentino's logical successor," Boze said, slapping Christy on the back. It was a healthy wallop, but Christy was pleased with the words. Old Boze always laid it on thick.

"What do you want?" Christy said.

"I was afraid you might be going away without saying good-by to old Bob," I answered.

"Yeh? A hell of a lot you care. Well, I'll try to do my best to knock your ball club out of the pennant, Mr. Delaney."

"Oh, just call me Bob. But how about knocking Davis and the other boys out of their share of the series money?"

"The fortunes of war."

"The fortunes of war, eh? So you don't care about anything you're leaving behind here?"

"Every man for his own ball club. I'm a Buck now, and I've got to play to win."

"Did you ever lose a war, Christy?"

"Meaning what?"

"I just wondered if you had any idea why we were sending you to the tail-enders."

"You never liked me."

"You're wrong. I did like you until I began hearing how you played the game off the field."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh. There is a representative of the press here, Christy, and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Unspoken Tributes

EVER SINCE GIRLHOOD

to the charm of her lustrous teeth

AND now the clear, white teeth that lend her face its radiance are the envy of her friends.

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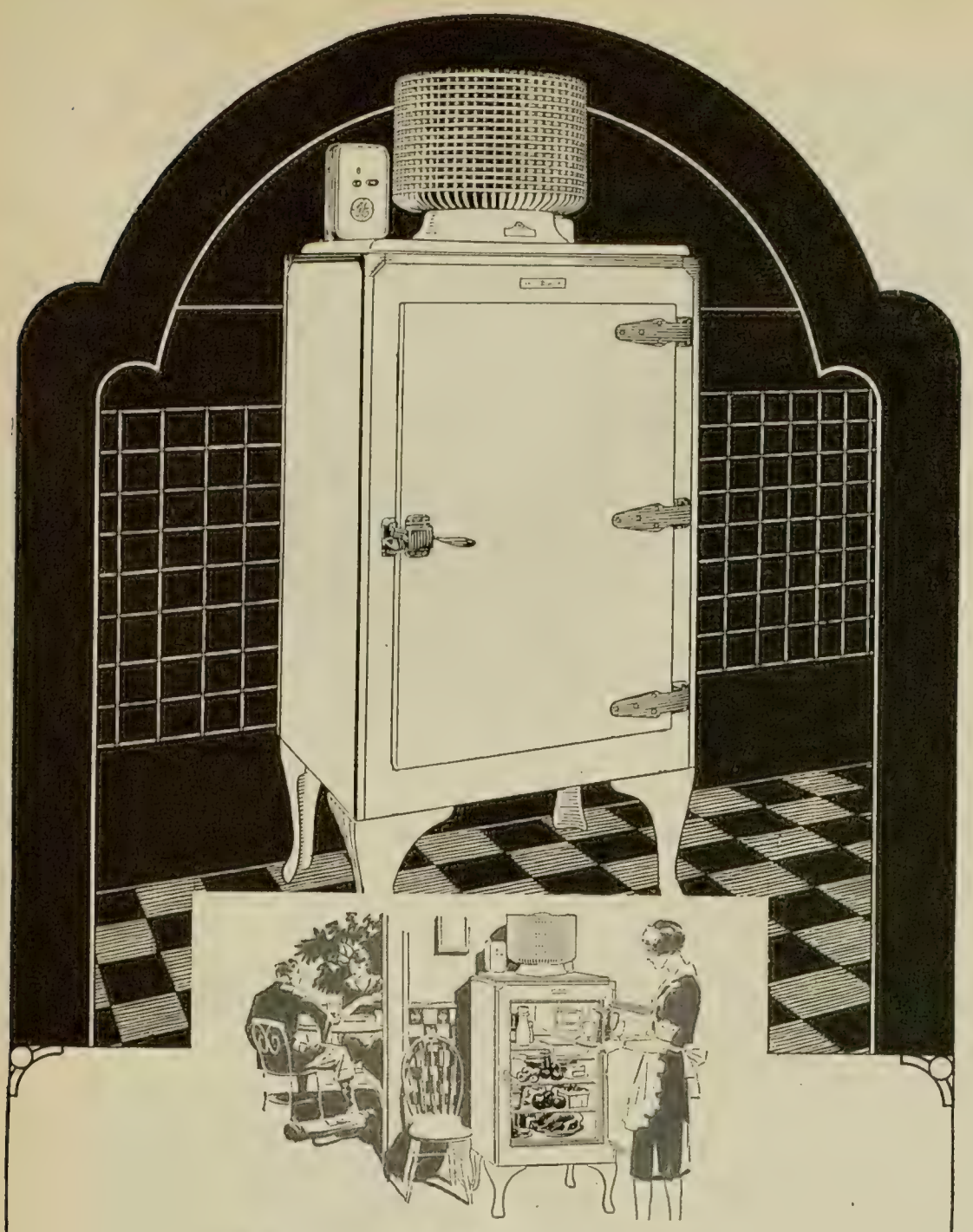

Thorough chilling adds new flavor to foods

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The General Electric Refrigerator is different from all others—in construction, in operation, in *results*. It is absolutely simple and unusually quiet. All its machinery is safely stowed away in one hermetically sealed steel casing. It hasn't a belt, fan or drain pipe—never needs oiling. For complete details, write us for descriptive booklet L-7.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT *of* GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

[THE FORTUNES OF WAR Continued from page twenty-five]

he thinks he knows why I sold you. I've told him he must be mistaken; but he insists that he will print the story."

That got him. His face went as red as the sun in St. Louis. He was fidgety as our ground keeper during a rain.

"Have a drink, Christy."

"You wouldn't print that."

"Wouldn't print what?" Boze asked.

He froze up.

"Not even man enough to lie about it, is he?" I asked Boze. "You may as well print that story."

"You can't prove it."

"Like hell I can't. Do you suppose I'd have sold you off this ball club if I hadn't investigated? I've got money out of you; and I don't believe any jury would convict Dick if he shot hell out of you. He's entitled to know. I'd want someone to tell me."

"Don't print it, Boze—don't do it. Think of how it would hurt both of them."

"Oh, my goodness," I said. "Think of him and her. And you, you damn louse. I ought to take one punch at you before you get out of this office. You never thought of them before, did you? You give me a pain."

"What can I do to square it, Bob?"

"You can't square it; and I'm gonna run you out of baseball, sure as hell."

"You won't use that story, Boze?"

"It's a damn good story. I got to think of my paper. We got to explain why you left here some way, and the truth is as good as anything."

"Suppose he don't use it? What good would that do? It would only be a matter of time until Dick found out. Don't you suppose people in that neighborhood have eyes—and on the ball club? You and your bunged-up thumbs to get out of road trips, and your self-addressed letters! Fortunes of war, eh? You're gonna get run full of lead, sure as hell."

CHRISTY took another drink. Boze and I looked on. Everything was quiet. Christy lit a cigarette.

"What can I do?"

"You might stall it off awhile by rigging up some excuse. I've got no sympathy for you; but for Dick and the good of the game I'd be willing to keep still if you can give Boze, here, a story to fit."

"Got any idea, Bob?" Boze said. "If I can get a yarn to fit, I'd just as soon print it—although I don't know what my managing editor would say if he ever heard I buried a story like that."

"The only thing I can think of now, Boze, is that Christy might say the climate doesn't agree with him, and that he had asked to be sold, and we were good enough to do it as a big favor to him at a big loss to us."

"That might do," Boze said.

"Trying to make yourself look good and get out from under those razzberries, ain't you?" Christy said.

"You would say that, wouldn't you? Well, if you think I'm going to be the goat all year for a grandstanding louse like you, you got another think coming. Get to hell out of here, now, before I kick you out!"

Christy stopped at the door.

"Please don't print that story, Boze. Write what Bob said—say I asked for a transfer."

"I got to think of my managing editor."

"You print the truth, Boze," I said. "And you get out of here, skunk—"

I picked up a bat and Christy went out the front door.

THERE was a crowd of fans still waiting and some players. They gave the bum a big cheer, and when I followed him out they gave me a berry.

Christy held up his hand. He should have been an actor.

"My dear friends," he said. "You do Mr. Delaney a grave injustice. I asked him to sell me because my physician recommended it. My health demands a change and Mr. Delaney was good enough to permit me to have it at, what I hope I may modestly say, a sacrifice to the club. Mr. Delaney kept quiet at my request, but I cannot go away and see you treat him this way.

"I'll be back in a different uniform and will try my best to win; but I don't see how my heart can be in it—especially when Dick is pitching. I hate to leave Dick—we've been together so long—and I hate to leave the best fans in America."

"Listen to the mug lay it on," old Boze said.

The saps gave him a big cheer; and the sheik had done so proud by me that I had to talk. I laid it on, too.

"We never would have let Christy get away if his doctor had not said it was necessary," I said. "He looks healthy enough, but his trouble is very insidious. It might take him at a minute's notice. I think the doctor called it fortunatis de bellow or something like that."

Christy was with Dick and Mrs. Davis. I looked at her, and she looked me straight in the eye until I wanted to slap her. The three of them went away together.

Boze and I went back in and had another drink.

"Bob," he said to me, "where did you learn your Latin?"

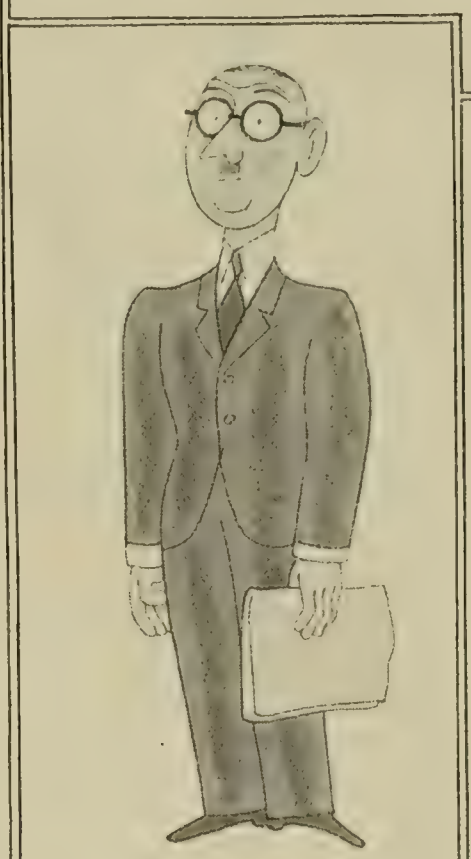
And I said: "What the hell do you care—you got your story, didn't you?"

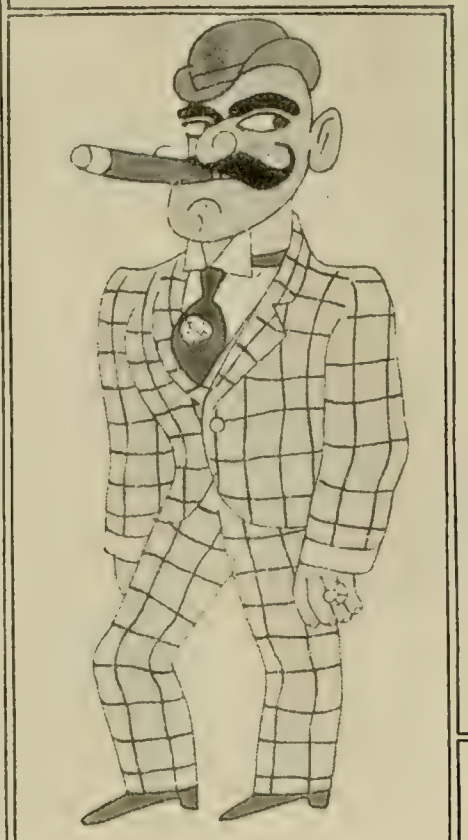
THE END

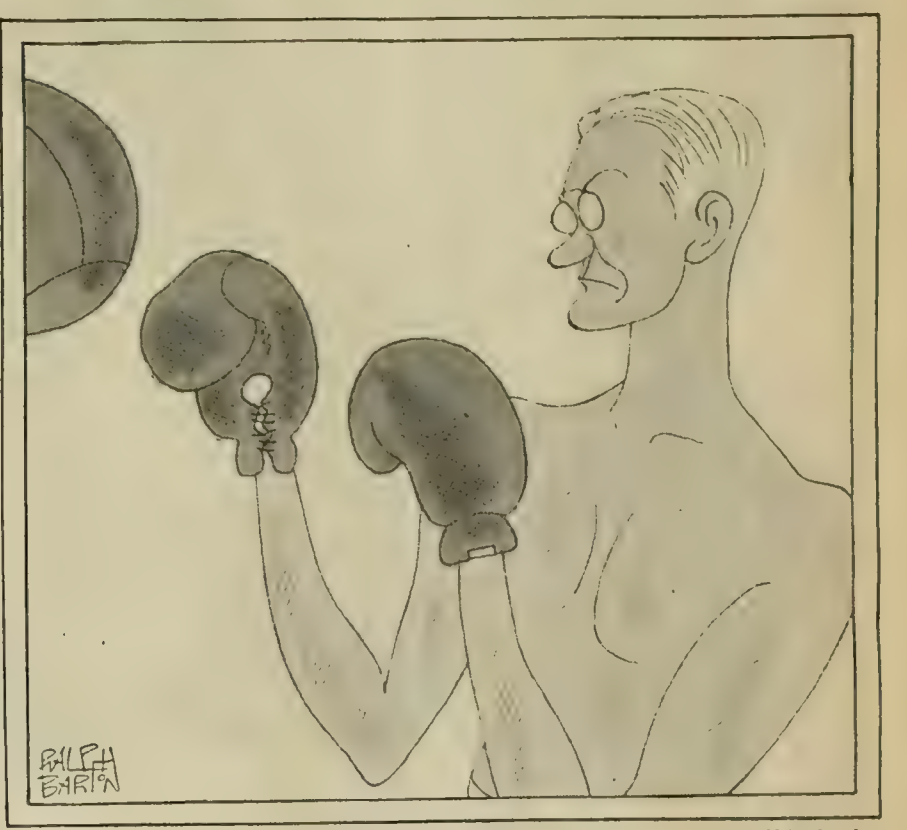
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

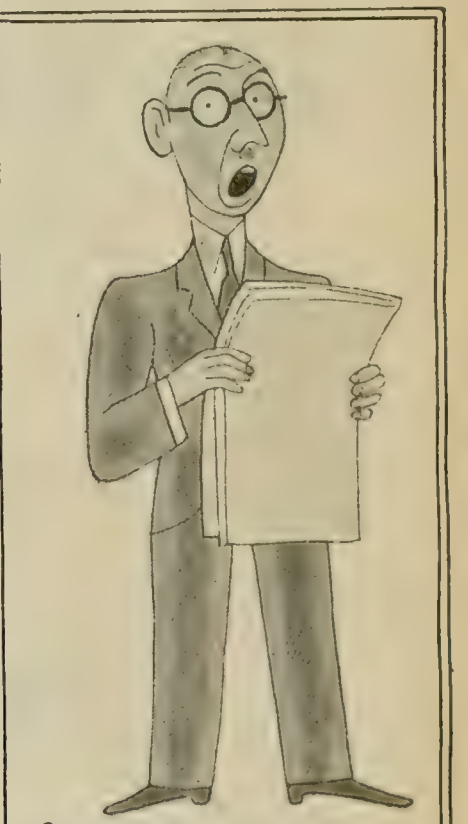
By RALPH BARTON

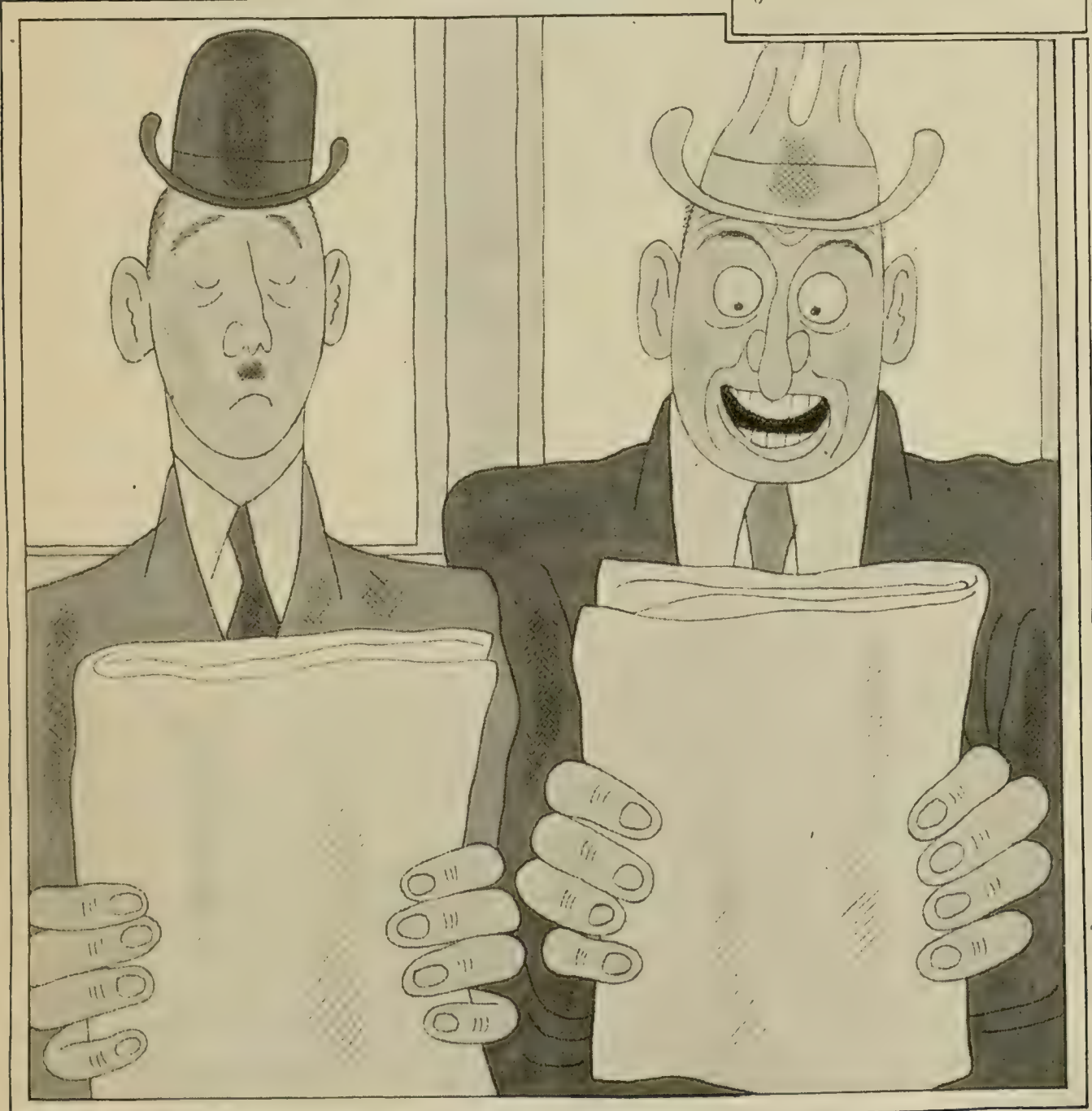




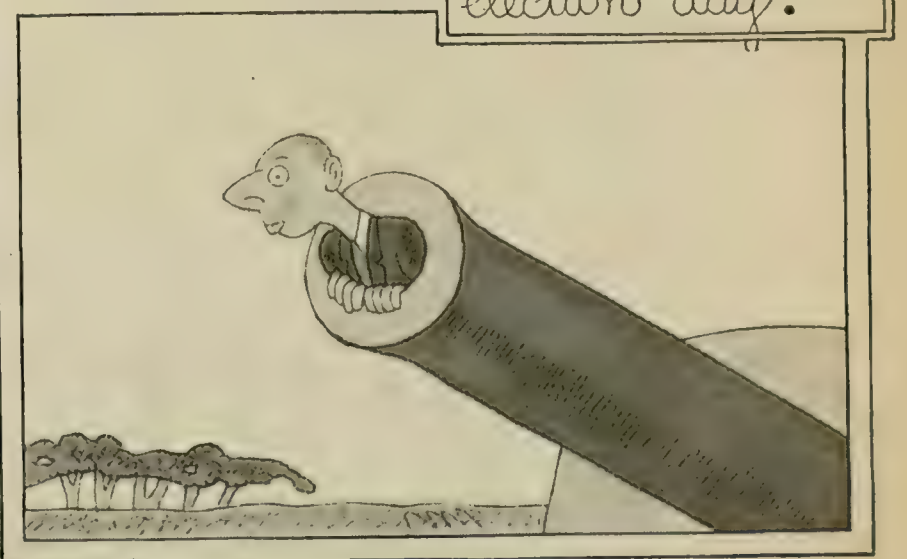


GENE TUNNEY having addressed William Lyon Phelps' English Literature class at Yale, Professor Phelps prepares to take on Jack Sharkey.





THE PRINCIPAL OBSTACLE IN THE WAY OF WORLD PEACE. Two gentlemen, each possessing an average allotment of human nature, reading their newspapers. One is reading about the labors of the League of Nations and the other is reading about the war clouds that are hanging over the Balkans. Which is which?



ALGERNON K. WACK at the Sandy Hook Naval Gun Proving Grounds, waiting for the reporters before he makes a try for the ultimate human speed record—in the interests, of course, of science.

The tobaccometer rates them . . . Bulb draws smoke from cigarette through the apparatus. A sensitive thermometer registers temperature of the smoke.

The tobaccometer TELLS YOU!

Let the tobaccometer tell you what's what in cigarettes. This near-human little apparatus recently took 10,000 "puffs" in one day!

It puffed on two dozen leading brands... high-brow and low-brow, Turkish and Burley, thirty-five and fifteen cent varieties. It was blind to their claims and slogans. It could rate them only by cold, scientific figures.

Which brand did the Tobaccometer find coolest?

Spud...coolest by 16.3% [cent.].

"Whew," said the attending chemist. "Spot the thermo! What Spud claims is true. It *is* actually and noticeably cooler."

So go ahead, you cigarette enthusiasts! There's no exceeding the Spud limit! Two packs a day, if you want to... because there's no "smoked out feeling" in Spud . . . just lusty, lasting tobacco enjoyment, unhampered by any so-many-a-day discipline.

It all starts with Spud's first puff—an indescribably delightful little shock of coolness that has an unending follow through. You owe your throat and your senses a Spud experience.

Read of Spud's overnight success in the entertaining pages of "Welcome, Little Stranger". Free. Also send $1 for Presentation Tin of 100.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., Louisville, Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED

Cigarettes....20 for 20¢

"R-r-r-right Hand—Sal-oot!"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

FLAG-BEDECKED porches—rows of pillowed rocking-chairs—patriotic bunting granny-knotted to fire hydrants —lawns littered with firecracker, cap, and torpedo débris —the Stars and Stripes suspended from window sills, drooping from flagpoles. The Morses' home town was ready for the annual Fourth of July parade!

"They say that babies get crazed in such hot weather," Lil was telling Sandy. "But I don't dare put a thin shirt on ours. If a thunderstorm came up he'd get a chill."

"I thought I heard thunder," Sandy said, waving his fan to some neighbors. "Maybe it was the drums. The parade must be on Main Street by now."

Mrs. Morse suddenly appeared in the doorway with the new lemonade set and straw tray she'd secured with 300 soap coupons. Gay slices of orange perched on each glass rim.

"Happy Fourth of July!" she called out, a little too loudly: a strange man passing echoed the same pleasantry over the fence and hedge. "And pardon my Japanese mules, but in weather like this I haven't the heart to cramp my poor feet into pumps."

"I wish they'd call off the parade," Lil sighed. "They'll all get sunstrokes —especially where there're no trees."

This week's cover picture.

Ma handed out lemonade all around and then installed herself in a creaky wicker rocker. Rocking madly and fanning vigorously seemed to cool her off.

"Of course, Fourth of July wouldn't be Fourth of July without a parade. But I wish Pop's lodge had decided to watch from the curb in front of City Hall. They could have stood in a row and saluted the flag every time it went by. That's just as patriotic as marching, and much easier on the feet." Lil sipped her lemonade.

"Are you going to stay cooped up in the flat all summer?" Mrs. Morse asked. "Come here for some of the time Pop and I are away. You can keep the baby in the mosquito porch."

"We might come here for August," Lil said, wondering if she could sublet her two-by-four and make a little money. "Of course we have the lot over at Pine Ridge—it's very cool there—but we haven't time to build between now and August."

"Nor the cash," Ma said to herself.

Ping-ping-ping! Ping-ping-ping! This was Sandy coming with three bottles of ginger ale just off the ice.

"My, I bet Pop wishes he was here in the shade with us," he grinned, uncorking his father-in-law's soft drinks. "Let's drink to his health as he parades past."

"Parades?" Ma bristled. "Staggers, you mean. We'll have to rush him to the movies to cool off. I think I just heard flutes. Yes, there they come—just turning the corner!"

The police department band; shining brass flashing in the sun; a little drum major sweltering under a top-heavy fur busby; red-faced cadets doing one-arm exercises with trombones; teeth-rattling cornet blasts; cheeks blown out to the bursting point; drums!

"Wa-a-a! WA-A-A!"

"Quick, dear, pick up the baby!" Lil ordered. "It's his first parade. What fun! I'm so glad he woke up."

The town's first fire engine was now being dragged by. A heavenly blue spindling affair with rows of bobbing lanterns hanging from a trailing ladder. Chamber of Commerce heroes were giving it an annual outing. They gave it a yank every ten feet, resting between pulls. Complexions were tomato hued, collars covered with handkerchiefs.

"I wonder if Sherman's March to the Sea looked like that?" Ma asked. She put on her far-sighted glasses. "Oh, here comes Pop's lodge! They'll all go off and get drunk after this affair." She was trying not to laugh as her worse half approached.

"Thank goodness, they all decided to buy Palm Beach suits," Sandy said, holding the baby up in a vertical position. "And those gold badges are the cats. Yea—Pop!" he called out, to Mr. Morse's chagrin.

"Make the baby wave," Ma told him. She herself was waving and giggling.

"Have him salute the big flag," Lil suggested. "He may get a West Point complex, but it's only once a year. Who said 'Patriotism is born in the cradle'?"

"Don't let him strain his eyes," Sandy said. "Just wave that little flag at him."

Lil flipped it, first being sure that Pop was watching.

"Now, steady, little rookie. The Stars and Stripes forever! R-r-r-right hand—sal-oot!"

(Another Sandy and Lil Cover Adventure Next Week)

Picture by Kenneth Camp

"Go down to any East Side clinic and watch the poor come in for treatment. The clinic helps them, and the population of the unfit grows and grows."

An Interview *with a*

Millionaire

Who Doesn't Know Where to Will His Money

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 18 minutes 48 seconds.)

"SUPPOSING I give this money to you — ten million dollars, or it may be twelve — what would you do with it?"

My friend sat back and looked at me calmly. I call him friend because anyone who even thinks of giving one a few million dollars should be called a friend.

He looked at me quite without humor, and yet I couldn't believe he was serious. He was an old man—funny little wrinkles about his gray-green eyes, a mop of fuzzy gray hair, a curiously young looking face, despite the rope of gray that dangled from the belfry of his chin.

The thumbs of his magnificent hands played in the meshes of a gold chain that stretched across his vest—and I hoped he would pull out his watch to verify or refute my suspicion that it was almost as big as an alarm clock.

His clothes may have been made by a fashionable tailor, but they didn't fit exactly. His feet were shod with the Congress gaiters that father used to wear; his tie was a ribbon of black ink flowing down his snow-white shirt front.

"If I had all that money," I said, "I could do what I have wanted to do for years—bribe a score or more of movie stars to stay forever off the screen."

He didn't smile. He didn't laugh. He leaned back in his chair and eyed me curiously and coldly for some few seconds.

"I'm in deadly earnest," he said at last. "Perhaps I should explain my reasons for asking you such a question. I concede that indeed it may sound funny to you."

He gave me just the wisp of a smile, and then took from his vest pocket a five-cent cigar with the blatant band still on its tummy, and thrust it at me as though it were a dangerous weapon—as it turned out to be.

"Look here! The doctors have looked me over and given me a one-way ticket to the hereafter. They haven't stamped the date on it yet, and they haven't made up the train, so far as I know, but it may be ready any day. I've packed up most of my duds, and I'm not afraid to leave. But—

"I've got a wife and two children, as you possibly know. The old lady, God bless her soul, stays in England most of the time—to be near Gertie and the kids, of course. Gertie picked up a Scotch baron over there some years ago, with her mother's help. They're endowed already—plenty.

"Great shot, his lordship. Better than Ronnie, my son. Knocks a monkey out of a tree at a thousand yards.

"I've left them all something, naturally. I could leave all I've got to Ronnie, of course—but he'd go through it in a year or two. Every gyp artist and sure-thing salesman in the country would help him. He's a fine boy, in a way, but no executive. He'd rather jump into his yacht and go some place than stay here and tend to business.

"None of them will ever have to work, or want to, I guess. I've established trust funds for all of them, even the young barons. The old lady will have the bungalow in Santa Barbara, and the house in Chicago, and the flat in New York, and the château in France—and money enough to buy a new yacht every year if she wants to, and not ask the price.

"My brothers and sisters, my nephews and nieces, a few close friends, my secretary—I'm taking care of all of them. Even giving a little money to my employees.

"And—here's the point—I've still got around ten million dollars that I don't know what to do with. Nothing has ever worried me so much in my whole life. And now—that cigar will draw all right if you just wet the leaves

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Fit That's World-Famous

is yours in a "B.V.D." Union Suit.

The patented closed crotch, encircling waist-web, elastic shoulder-construction, shaped lines, and finished tailoring offer a combination of fit and freedom found in no other Union Suit. An unequalled range of scientifically correct sizes assures one just right for *your* build.

For cooler comfort and longer wear
INSIST on this Red Woven Label.

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

Men's Union Suit $1.50 Shirts and Drawers, the garment, 85c
Youths' Union Suit 85c
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

© 1928 The B. V. D. Company, Inc.

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

[INTERVIEW WITH A MILLIONAIRE]
Continued from page twenty-nine

with your tongue—and now you can see that I'm really in earnest—eh?"

"There are the charity organizations—" I began, but he stopped me with a gesture of annoyance.

"I've seen them at work. I've studied them. Charity? They have as much charity as a stove without fire. They hire investigators, auditors, clerks, bookkeepers, trained social workers—so called—managers, assistant managers, secretaries, stenographers. They rent magnificent offices. They buy furniture and embossed stationery and frosted window glass and gold leaf for the names of officers.

"And the poor come and stand outside and wait until they are tagged and ticketed and interviewed and docketed and cross-indexed and everything but fingerprinted before a penny is given them. I've seen burglars treated more respectfully by policemen giving them the third degree.

"There are charities that separate mother and child, brother and sister, husband and wife. There are charities that look after persons of only one kind, classifying them as to religion or color or occupation or age or sex.

"Charities! A charity worker came to our house when I was a kid. I punched him in the nose because he asked my mother where she had bought her apron. I suppose its cleanliness affronted him."

"I didn't know you ever were poor," I said.

"Poor? Sometimes we were lucky to have soup for supper. Alec, my older brother, and I used to hustle papers down on North Clark Street in Chicago. Alec got killed flipping a street car—and I borrowed a hundred dollars from our alderman to pay for his funeral."

I REMEMBERED then, rather hazily, this man's appearance on a witness stand in Chicago, in defense of an alderman charged with accepting a bribe. The millionaire, if my recollection was right, testified he had loaned the alderman $100,000 without security. Why? Simply in memory of the time he needed money to bury Alec, and nobody would trust him but the man now on trial. The $100,000 was therefore not a bribe—merely an honest loan.

"Wasn't it that hundred-dollar loan that really started you making money?" I asked. "Let's see if my memory is any good. You paid that hundred dollars back inside a year, saving thirty cents a day or so to do it. And then you kept on saving thirty cents or so every day, until at last you had money enough to buy some real estate, which you sold at a good profit."

He smiled benevolently.

"That is substantially correct. I had a lot of luck, too, afterwards. I went into public utilities, insurance, mortgages. I bought stores and factories and warehouses. I bought a newspaper cheap and hired a clever chap to run it. I bought some magazines, and some banks, and a few steamship lines, and half a dozen railroads—though I lost most of them later—and a hotel in Vancouver."

International photo

"They were given a few years more of their wretched lives to live, time enough to breed wretched replicas of their wretched selves."

"How about building a hospital with that ten million dollars, or establishing a clinic, or doing something along the lines of the Rockefeller Foundation?"

He shook his head.

"I've given some thought to those things, and I don't believe in them."

"Don't believe in them? But they do a vast amount of good."

"THEY interfere with nature. Like the British in India. There were about a hundred million people in India when the English took charge—one hundred million desolate, ignorant, starving people. The English abolished suttee—you know, burning widows on the pyres of their lords and masters. They stopped the native princes from making war on each other. They established hospitals and clinics.

"They began the task of education, and they are still only at the beginning. They brought sanitation, drainage, health.

"They spent billions of dollars on the country, and stupendous energies. Thousands of English lives were sacrificed to the cause of enlightening India. And what's the result?

"The overwhelming numbers who would have been killed off by disease or starvation or suttee or war were given a few years more of their wretched lives to live, time enough to breed wretched replicas of their wretched selves. And today there are three hundred million people there—three hundred

million desolate, ignorant, starving people.

"The country could sustain one hundred million; but three times that number must have scanty pickings. How many people are there in these United States? About a hundred and ten or twenty millions. All right—we have twice as much territory as India. Therefore India has comparatively six times as many people per square mile as we have. Can you imagine thirty-six million people in New York? By the way, if you want to know something about India, read Katherine Mayo's Mother India. Then you'll see more clearly what I mean about interfering with nature.

"China's another of that kind of place. We sent the Rockefeller Institute and Yale-in-China and a lot of doctors and missionaries over there to teach 'em science and sanitation and to stop chucking their girl babies into the Hoang-ho and quit smoking opium. Consequence seems to be, they've been having nothing but the damnedest civil wars lately that wipe out men, women, and children by the hundred thousand, and the 'Christian general,' Feng, educated by our money, is raising more hell and double-crossing more of his friends than any two of the others. If you put a good auditor on the job, he could show you where our well meant philanthropy has been a curse to the Chinese.

"GO down to an East Side clinic and watch the poor come in for treatment. The lame and the halt and the blind, the malformed, the unfit, the degenerate. The clinic helps them, and the population of the unfit grows and grows and grows. Why should I help unfortunates to bring more unfortunates into the world?"

"Because one of those unfortunates might grow into a great man—and your millions would have paid a hundredfold."

He grinned.

"We come up," he said, "not through the help of others, but through something inside ourselves. We make our own pathways—or we are lost.

"Nobody makes a great man but himself—with the help of God. May I tell you something personal about myself and my family? You may print it if you wish—you may print everything but my name."

"There! I knew you wouldn't let me do that."

"I can't have everybody in the world writing me what to do with my money. Well—there were seven in our family. Alec was killed, as I told you. I was about sixteen at the time—maybe a bit younger. Dad had died a year before, and Alice, the baby, was born six months later.

"WHEN Alec died I had to be the head of the family. Nobody endowed me. Nobody helped me. If some nice old gent had put the family on a pension I probably would have been glad—but we never would have amounted to anything.

"No; I was alone against the world, with a family to support. I had to work, and I had to study. I had to give all my energies to making money—and, naturally, I became filthy rich. My brothers and sisters went through high school and college—that is, the youngest of them. I paid the bills. The other three, good, husky boys, I threw into the hopper and made work.

"The three who were helped aren't much to brag about. Oh, nice and all that, quite respectable and fairly happy. But they never knew the thrill of fighting for soup for supper, and they never will. They can't even settle their own problems without advice from me. They have no initiative, no responsibilities, no resources—and no ambitions.

"The older ones who went through the mill with me—Jim and Ed and Bob—are big men, directors of corporations, bank presidents. And Bob, the youngest of the three, has become an artist in his late years, and a rattling good one, too. You get my idea?"

"I do. You are not going to endow colleges or schools of any kind."

"Oh," he said, "I've done that. I've established several scholarships, and I'm leaving a million or so to a technical school which will take care of twenty young men every year—twenty young men who could not get a technical education any other way. Maybe I'll be responsible for another Edison or another Steinmetz some day."

"They've been having nothing but the damnedest civil wars lately that wipe out men, women, and children by the hundred thousand."

He gave me a smile and reached for his derby.

"Let's stroll around town a while," he suggested. "I want you to see what I'm up against."

It was a beautiful day in early spring. There was a bright sun, a cool breeze. We walked leisurely up Fifth Avenue, idly watching the crowds, the autos, the busses,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MEN FEEL *the difference Instantly*

When beards are softened Small-Bubble Way

Many men do this daily! Read advertisements like this . . . then buy Colgate's

Now whiskers come off smooth and quick. No razor-pull . . . sting . . . or smart. Please try this scientific beard-softening method at our expense. See coupon below.

A STUBBORN beard. A good razor. Just a half-inch of this "small bubble" shaving cream . . . and any man can learn the secret of a quick, smooth shave in three minutes.

Hundreds tell us they've never known such wonderful smoothness in all their shaving days.

The reason? It's very simple. Just a new and different method of beard-softening.

Every week hundreds of men adopt this new preparation. We know you will prefer it, too, once you make a test.

That's why we're offering a seven-day trial tube free to you and every other reader of this magazine. You'll find the details in coupon below.

Small Bubbles did it!

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

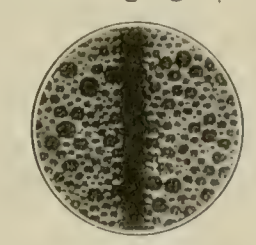
Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the whisker base, where the razor work is done.

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you: The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two important things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

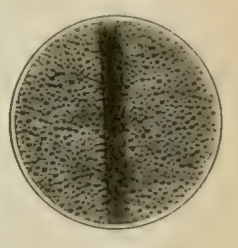
2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

FREE OFFER, *MEN!* Colgate & Co., *Dept.* 503G 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After-Shave."

Name_____

Address_____

WHY Does Young America Love Soda Water?

3 o'clock and a sizzling sun. A cooling, bracing, zippy beverage—irresistible to that craving thirst!

• • • •

Refreshing, delicious Blatz Gum strikes the same responsive chord on these hot mid-summer days.

Two irresistible flavors: Blatz Mint Gum, cooling, invigorating, packed full of real old-fashioned peppermint; and another real treat—Blatz Grape Gum, the original. You'll enjoy them both immensely—take some home to the family. Sold everywhere.

"Everybody Loves It"

Blatz Mint Buttons

Blatz Grape Buttons

[INTERVIEW WITH A MILLIONAIRE]
Continued from page thirty-one

the whistling traffic policemen, the passing parade of window fronts.

"Lord, Lord!" said the millionaire. "I can still remember the first time I walked this street. I felt like a beggar at the gates of Rome. The windows staggered me. Heaps of diamonds and rubies and emeralds and pearls; dainty and costly things of silk and amber and ivory and jade; fruits I had never seen or heard about, brought from the ends of the earth to give a rich man an appetite and a poor man a curse; bats and balls and skates and toys I had always dreamed about; rifles and tents and knickknacks for cooking stuff over a fire out in the woods somewhere — marvelous to look at, haunting my dreams; a handkerchief made out of honest linen, with your initials embroidered on it, if you went in for that sort of thing; models of steamships that would take you to Africa or China or the islands in the South Seas. Everything I had ever wanted lay spread out before me on this street. I had money enough to buy them all, but I felt humble, half afraid."

"What did you buy?" I asked.

"I bought a sandwich and a piece of pie, and two or three cups of coffee."

WE walked slowly, stopping now and then to look into shop windows or into the street, as everybody does in New York.

Here was a giant Negro tearing up a stretch of asphalt with an air machine. He pressed his powerful hands on the handle. It snarled and sank its iron tooth into the pavement. It made a crack. The crack widened. The machine quit snarling. The Negro stepped back, wiped his forehead with the back of his glove, and shoved away the asphalt he had detached.

"There's a happy man," the millionaire said. "And yet, I don't doubt he thinks himself poor. Give him a thousand dollars and what would happen to him?"

"He'd probably get drunk," I ventured, "and quit his job and have a devil of a time until it was all gone."

My companion grinned.

"I remember a case on the East Side," he said. "An old woman died and left two thousand dollars. She had saved that much in her eighty years of trying to get ahead. Some of the bills were all but mildewed. The money was in two bags, hidden beneath her mattress.

"Her son took half the money; her daughter the other half. The boy was a garment cutter and, they tell me, a pretty good one. The girl worked in a sweatshop. What do you think they did with their money?"

"The girl bought clothes," I guessed.

HE shook his head, pleased that I hadn't guessed right.

"The girl was walking down the street with the bills in her hand, and she saw a popcorn and peanut stand. Do you think she bought a bag of peanuts! Uh, uh! She handed the whole thousand over to the man who owned the stand. Bought it cold! And the boy put his money on a horse that fell down halfway to the finish."

We walked for some time in silence.

"All these people," he mused, "thousands and thousands and thousands of them, rushing here and there, trying to save a dollar, trying to make a dollar, trying to spend a dollar. There's a man hurrying to meet his sweetheart; there's one hurrying to arrange the burial of his sister; there's a man rushing home to see his son; there's one walking to save a nickel so he can spend it for a couple of newspapers to read on the way home tonight. I could give every one of them a thousand dollars at least."

He made a little gesture to show he wasn't bragging.

"Every one of them," he repeated. "What would they do with it? It would be interesting to learn."

We walked on, he keeping his thoughts to himself, I wondering what I would do with money. A thousand I could account for easily. Two thousand, five, ten. Twenty thousand would be more difficult. I could pay off the mortgages and have enough left over to—to do what? I didn't know. Fifty thousand? One hundred thousand? One million? Good night! Ten million—

P. & A. photo

"All these people, rushing here and there—what would they do with it?"

"But I don't want to dole this money out in dribs and drabs," my friend interrupted my thoughts. "Ten million dollars, or twelve million dollars, whatever it is—somewhere in that neighborhood — I want to get rid of it in one fell swoop."

"The church," I said, with what I thought was an inspiration.

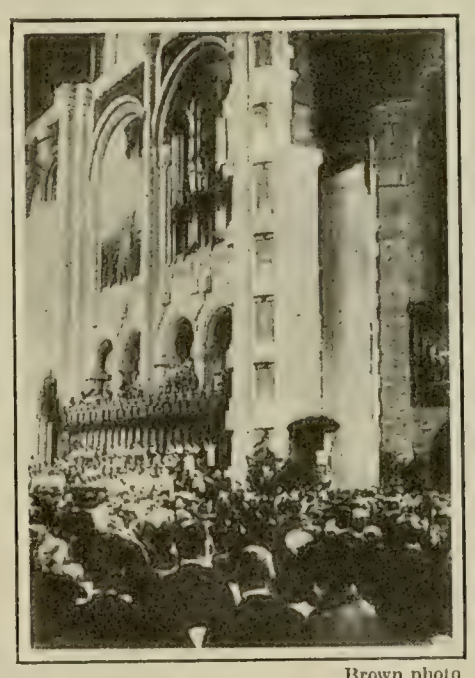
"What would the church do with ten million dollars?" he asked with a snort of contempt. "Most any church you can name has more money than I, and what have the churches done with their money, and what are they doing? Propa-

gating religion; teaching their own creeds; spreading the gospel all over the world; making converts of heathens and putting them into pants."

"You have no religion?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I believe in God. But I have no special creed. I simply trust Him to look after me. I do the best I can by my fellow man, and leave the rest to Him.

"I don't go to church. I don't have to. Every Christian will tell you God is everywhere. Why, then, pick out a certain place to go to Him? Why pick a certain day to visit Him? Why tell me that unless I worship Him with certain rigid rites, certain inflexible rules, I shall be damned? Why tell me in one breath that Christ died to save my soul, if you tell me in the next breath that He will throw me into hell unless I believe this or that?"



Brown photo

"What have the churches done with their money?"

"But, outside of religion, the church does a lot of good," I said. "Putting aside all propaganda, look at the peace it gives to the wretched, the bereaved, the outcast. See what it has done for civilization, for—"

"You remind me of an old Indian I met in Arizona one time when I was working some mining property," he said.

"'White man gave us two things,' this old buck said, making his hands illustrate his meaning. Wonderful how eloquent the hands of an Indian are, isn't it?—'White man gave us two things—hell and whisky. Now he take away whisky, Injun catch only hell.'"

It was good to see him laugh.

I SUMMED up the case for him on my fingers, as we stood looking up at the spire of a new building that dominated the entrance to Central Park.

"You have ten or twelve millions you simply must give away. You won't give them to charity, to education, to the so-called 'good of humanity,' to the church, to any one individual or group of individuals. Then—how about libraries, museums, the propagation of arts and letters, parks, playgrounds, little theater movements, free gymnasiums, and—"

"And free Sunday school picnics! I'll tell you why. Libraries and museums? There are enough of them, and not enough people interested in them. The propagation of arts and letters? What has money to do with that? If I endowed you, for instance, you wouldn't put your heart and soul into your work."

"I'm sorry I brought the matter up," I answered.

"Parks and playgrounds — a good idea. Gymnasiums — good also. Little theaters? Bosh! Playgrounds, now—Chicago, New York, all the big cities have playgrounds. All the big cities have parks. The little towns—they have a square or a tiny park, anyway, and band stands and Wednesday evening concerts. As for gymnasiums, most every school I ever saw is equipped with a good one.

"So there isn't such a crying need for these things. Besides, the money I have wouldn't go far if it were distributed. I'm not a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, nor a Henry Ford. If I were, I might give my declining year or two to building parks and playgrounds and gymnasiums all over the United States.

"However," as we started to walk again, "these things are not essential to the American boy and girl. They are the most marvelous children on earth. Most of them get just as much recreation and exercise without parks and gymnasiums as they would with them. Think again, young man."

"I gather you do not care about building any memorials to yourself?"

"Correct. The man who believes he is keeping his memory alive by building a college or a hospital or a victory arch or a monument is merely kidding himself.

"I remember, when I was selling newspapers and knocking around the North Side in Chicago, I used to pass by the Passavant Hospital every once in a while. I thought the word Passavant was something in Swedish. I didn't believe it when somebody told me it was the name of the man who built the hospital. And even today—more shame to me, perhaps, but such is the truth—I don't know who Mr. Passavant was. And it doesn't matter. . .

"But go on, give me some more suggestions."

"The Boy Scouts!"

"Capital, but why pick on me? Every American father should help the Boy Scouts. I've done my part, even though my boy never came anywhere near to being a Scout."

"The Y. M. C. A.?"

"You are out of bounds now," he said, with a smile I couldn't fathom. "Were you in the army?"

"No, sir."

HE smiled again, for no reason at all. "Go on."

"Working girls' homes?"

"I leave the welfare of women, young and old, to the old lady," he said. "I don't know anything about the dear creatures. I don't even know my own wife so well as I should. Well? Out of ideas?"

"You knock them all into a cocked hat as soon as I voice them."

"Nevertheless, you have the pleasure of voicing them. It is up

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Summer is a rollicking time for real boys and girls—of all ages. Blue skies, soft sand, the cool touch of clear water on strong muscles—enjoy them to the utmost

Treacherous SUNBURN *. . thief of joy*

yields instantly to the dressing the physician prescribes

"Jane . . . Jim . . . all the family—what do you prefer? Is it sea-sand today—lakeside—or the grassy bank of a purling river?"

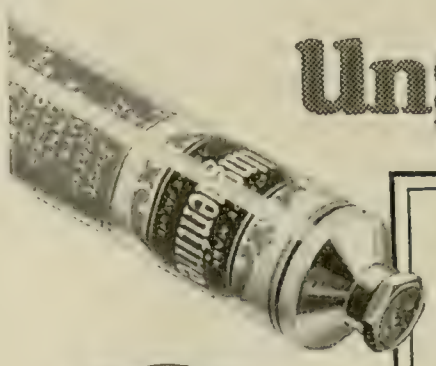
When you are happiest, most unaware, cruel sunburn comes.

Take no chances. Keep a tube of Unguentine close at hand.

Soothe the smart of sunburn at once, heal the scorched skin. At the first sign of redness, apply Unguentine liberally. The ugly redness goes, you will not blister painfully now. Sickening sunburn poisons cannot develop with Unguentine. You are protected on the hottest day.

Many apply Unguentine before exposure. You are assured of a healthy tan without serious burning. Be especially careful with children; sunburn can make them ill for days. Be sure today a tube of Unguentine is in your outing kit as well as at home. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Be ready for July 4th burns



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Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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[INTERVIEW WITH A MILLIONAIRE]
Continued from page thirty-three

to me to veto them or not. Mind you, I want to do some good with this money, if I can. I think I have done a lot of good already. I've brought electric light, the telephone, gas, heat, and music into millions of homes—and at little cost.

"I've carried millions of people on millions of errands as cheaply as it could be done.

"I've given them every day the news of the world for a penny or two. I've given them the best stories I could buy for their leisure moments for a quarter or more. I've given water to great communities.

"I've opened gold and silver mines. I've supplied oil and gasoline for thousands and thousands of motorists. I've made cheap toys, and cheap hairpins, and cheap rolling pins, and cheap tobacco lighters.

"I've produced hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars—and some of those dollars have stuck to me in passing. And I'm going to die and cannot take them with me.

"Now I ask you what I shall do with them, and you are annoyed because you cannot give me an idea I will adopt."

"Annoyed at myself, that's all."

"And I'm annoyed at *my*self, too. I never worried about money at all after I got my first thousand. I was always so enthused about doing something, that it didn't matter much whether I made or lost money.

"Incidentally, if you want to be a millionaire, go ahead and be one. Anybody can get a million if he has faith in himself and a little luck and gets into the right sort of business."

"There are a few other little *ifs* in it, aren't there?" I asked.

"More than you think. But we're getting away from our subject. Tell me, now, what would you do with this ten million dollars if I intrusted it to you?"

I LOOKED at a Rolls-Royce silently rushing into the park; at the chauffeur in his gaudy uniform, young, tough, good looking, capable, full of zest; at the woman who occupied the rear seat, thin, rigorous, discontented, bored.

"I don't want that money," I said.

"Suppose I left it to you in trust—not for yourself, but for the finest possible use you could make of it. How would you spend it?"

"Give me time to think it over."

"Take all the time you want"—and I thought he sighed. "I've been trying to find the answer for years, and it is as far away as ever."

I've thought it over.

I've talked about it to all my friends, and got no answer.

I still can't see anything better to do than endow my pet movie abominations to keep away from cameras.

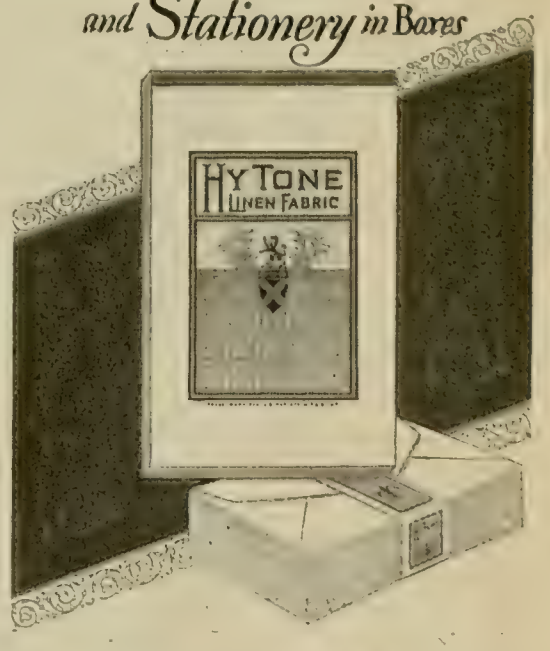
So I'm asking you—

What would you do with my friend's $10,000,000?

THE END

HY TONE LINEN FABRIC

Tablets, Envelopes and Stationery in Boxes



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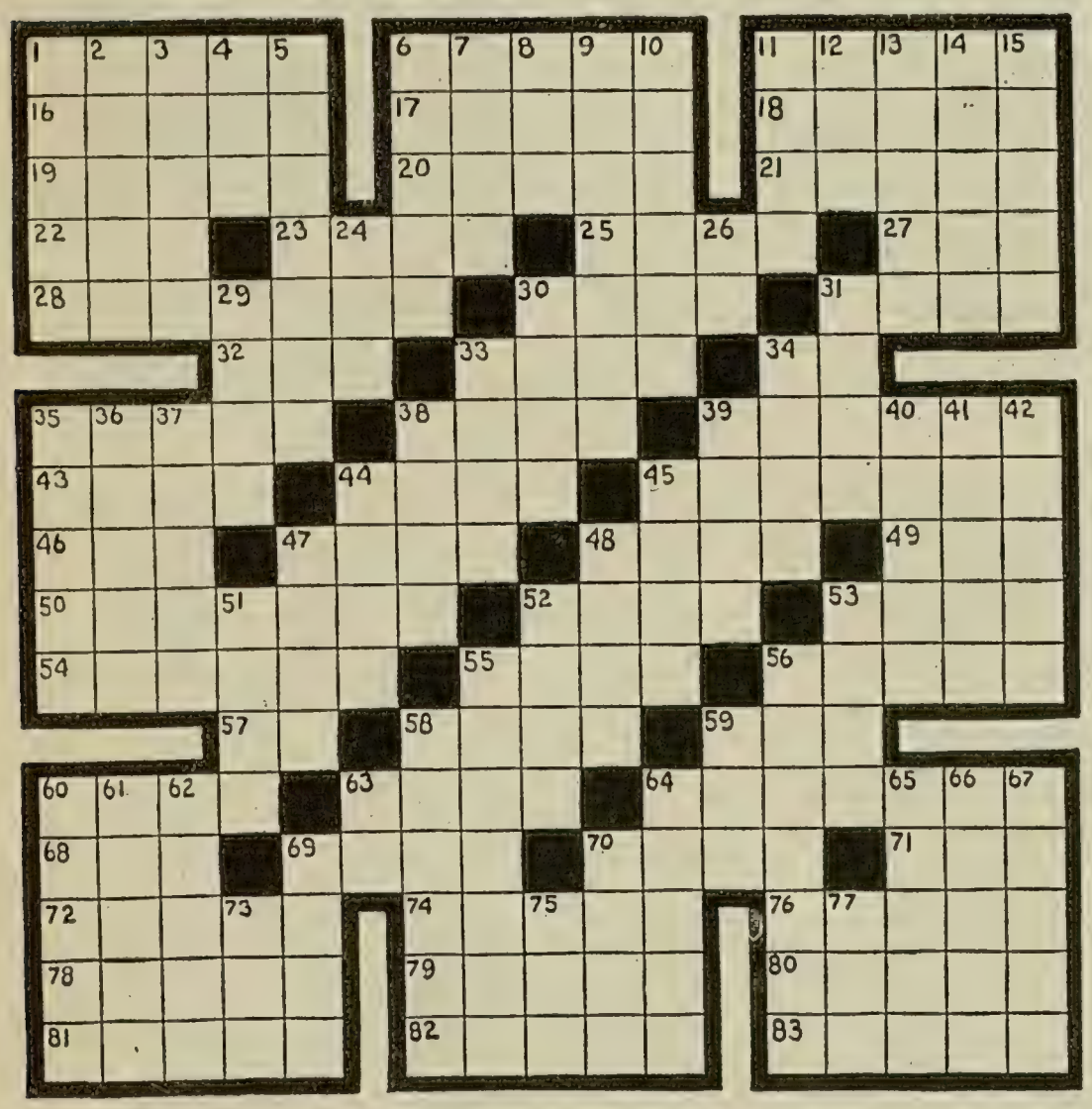
TRIPLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE

The definition for 75 Vertical is no less unusual than the word which it describes, but it will not seriously challenge the experienced fisherman's vocabulary.

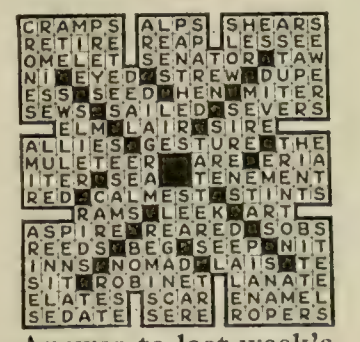


HORIZONTAL

1 City mentioned in Genesis xi
6 Watered silk
11 Smiles broadly
16 Exalt the spirits of
17 Hideous giants
18 Pertaining to the ear
19 Masculine name
20 City in England
21 Leasehold
22 Individual
23 Surfeit
25 Wading bird
27 Faucet
28 Assayers
30 Turkish governors
31 Girdle
32 Emmet
33 Girl
34 Partake of reality
35 Disfigures
38 In a smaller degree
39 Transmitter
43 Abhor
44 Griefs
45 Make restitution
46 Commotion
47 Indigent
48 Notable accomplishment
49 Shelter
50 Refer to casually
52 Gone by
53 Measure of capacity
54 Cubic meters
55 Roster
56 Defeats
57 A bone
58 Dent
59 Shallow vessel
60 Stop
63 Fruit (plural)
64 Hanging appendage
68 Long period of time
69 Caution
70 Breathe spasmodically
71 Deer
72 Compact
74 A duck
76 Select class
78 Penetrate
79 Gaze fixedly
80 Ascended
81 Rock
82 Slightly warm
83 Ovules

VERTICAL

1 Make dull or stupid
2 Arrange in a line
3 Large bundles
4 Letter of the Greek alphabet
5 Abates
6 Sheds
7 A molding
8 Wrath
9 Reparation of wrong
10 Attempts
11 The gall bladder
12 Regret
13 Angry
14 Pertaining to the nose
15 Slumbered
24 Craft
26 Exists
29 A weed
30 A fish
31 Crooked
33 Look askance
34 Most excellent
35 Deceptions
36 Military student
37 Make amends
38 Diving bird
39 Chair, bench, or the like
40 Gifts of charity
41 Upstanding
42 Emits vapor
44 Courts
45 Relaxation
47 Pastry
48 Rapid
51 Jog
52 Fasteners
53 Hang as if balanced
55 A variety of coal
56 Ridicules good-naturedly
58 Most dreadful
59 Inclosure
60 Hell
61 Representative
62 Slow; slowly (music)
63 Note of the scale
64 Peeled
65 Ascend
66 Noticed
67 Years between twelve and twenty
69 Existed
70 A fairy
73 Japanese coin
75 To dibble
77 Recline



Answer to last week's puzzle

Dashing as youth!

SUMMER'S gayest sport now flaunts a costume equally gay and colorful—the new Columbiaknit Swimming Suit—so smart, so snug, so charming you'll want one of every style.

In no other swimming suit will you find such perfect, permanent snugness of fit as in Columbiaknits—and their colorings too are distinctive and rich. Patented crotchless trunk adds comfort and longer wear.

Ask to see them at your local stores.

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A beautiful new model, distinguished by a yoke in self or contrasting color, and a collar, worn up as pictured, or open to form a V and soft rolling lapels See it.
Style 207 TS, $7.50

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Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

When you smile, it's your teeth that people notice. Keep them lustrous white — be proud to show them in your smile. Dentyne is the delicious gum that keeps teeth white as pearls. Chew Dentyne . . . and smile!

·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·

Money for Nothing

(Reading time: 23 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE Mustard Spoon, a London night club, was raided. John Carroll and Dolly Molloy managed to slip through a service door and gain the street.

This was not the stroke of luck for John that it seemed. He had never laid eyes on Miss Molloy until that evening. Moreover, the girl he had loved for years, Patricia Wyvern, was still locked in the dance hall.

John put the dashing Dolly into a taxi and betook himself to the Lincoln Hotel, where he, his cousin Hugo Carmody, and Patricia were all stopping.

The muddle was Hugo's fault. Back in sleepy Rudge-in-the-Vale, where they all lived, a breath taking thought had come to John: he would make a dash to London, where Patricia had halted on her way home, would meet her, and ask her to marry him.

A quarrel had brought him to this decision—a quarrel between Lester Carmody, the corpulent uncle he and Hugo lived with, and Colonel Wyvern, Pat's father. There was no telling what slant Pat would take on this row, and John didn't want to run any risks.

Then came the Hugo complications. Hugo, too, insisted on going to London. He must see Ronnie Fish and give him the sad news that he couldn't put up £500 for a share in the Hot Spot, a night club Ronnie wanted to start. Hugo had even followed his Uncle Lester to Healthward Ho to try to dig an advance out of him. At Healthward Ho a certain Dr. Twist made "new men for old."

But Mr. Carmody, in his try-to-get-thin agonies, wouldn't hear of the Hot Spot.

It was Hugo who chose the Mustard Spoon and Hugo who turned up there with the Molloys, a rich American father and daughter, so he said. And it was Hugo who gratuitously tried to sound Pat out on the subject of John. Pat was furious.

John, in black depression, waited at the Lincoln. When Hugo and Pat came in at last, Pat was cold as snow and Hugo elated by a plan Ronnie Fish had worked out to get himself and the Molloys invited to Rudge.

Part Four

SOME half a mile from Curzon Street, on the fringe of the Soho district, there stands a smaller and humbler hotel named the Belvidere. In a bedroom on the second floor of this, at about the moment when Pat and Hugo had entered the lobby of the Lincoln, Dolly Molloy sat before a mirror, cold-creaming her attractive face.

She was interrupted in this task by the arrival of the senatorial Thomas G.

"Hello, sweetie pie," said Miss Molloy. "There you are."

"Yes," replied Mr. Molloy. "Here I am."

Although his demeanor lacked the high tragedy which had made strong men quail in the presence of Pat Wyvern, this man was plainly ruffled. His fine features were overcast and his frank gray eyes looked somber.

"Gee! If there's one thing in this world I hate," he said, "it's having to talk to policemen."

"What happened?"

"Oh, I gave my name and address. A name and address, that is to say. But I haven't got over yet the jar it gave me, seeing so many cops all gathered together in a small room. And that's not all," went on Mr. Molloy, ventilating another grievance. "Why did you make me tell those folks you were my daughter?"

"Well, sweetie, it sort of cramps my style, having people know we're married."

"What do you mean, cramps your style?"

"Oh, just cramps my style."

"But, darn it," complained Mr. Molloy, going to the heart of the matter, "it makes me out so old, folks thinking I'm your father."

The rather pronounced gap in years between himself and his young bride was a subject on which Soapy Molloy was always inclined to be sensitive.

"I'm only forty-two."

"And you don't seem that, not till you look at you close," said Dolly, with womanly tact. "The whole thing is, sweetie, being so dignified, you can call yourself anybody's father and get away with it."

Mr. Molloy, somewhat soothed, examined himself, not without approval, in the mirror.

"I do look dignified," he admitted.

"Like a professor or something."

"That isn't a bald spot coming there, is it?"

"Sure it's not. It's just the way the light falls."

Mr. Molloy resumed his examination with growing content.

"Yes," he said complacently; "that's a face which for business purposes is a face. I may not be the world's sweetheart, but nobody can say I haven't got a map that inspires confidence. I suppose I've sold more bum oil stock to suckers with it than anyone in the profession. And that reminds me, honey—what do you think?"

"What?" asked Mrs. Molloy, removing cream with a towel.

"We're sitting in the biggest kind of luck. You know how I've been wanting all this time to get hold of a really good prospect—some guy with money to spend who might be interested in a little oil deal? Well, that Carmody fellow we met tonight has invited us to go and visit at his country home."

"You don't say!"

"I do say!"

"Well, isn't that the greatest thing! Is he rich?"

"He's got an uncle that must be, or he couldn't be living in a place like he was telling me. It's one of those stately homes of England you read about."

Mrs. Molloy mused. The soft smile on her face showed that her daydreams were pleasant ones.

"I'll have to get me some new frocks—and hats—and shoes—and stockings—and—"

"Now, now, now!" said her husband, with that anxious alarm which husbands exhibit on these occasions. "Be yourself, baby! You aren't going to stay at Buckingham Palace."

"But a country house party with swell people—"

"It isn't a country house party. There's only the uncle besides those two boys we met tonight. But I'll tell you what. If I can plant a good block of those Silver River shares on the old man, you can go shopping all you want."

"Oh, Soapy! Do you think you can?"

"Do I think I can?" echoed Mr. Molloy scornfully. "I don't say I've ever sold Central Park or Brooklyn Bridge to anybody, but if I can't get rid of a parcel of homemade oil stock to a guy that lives in the country I'm losing my grip and ought to retire. Sure, I'll sell him those Silver Rivers, honey. These fellows that own these big estates in England are only glorified farmers, when you come right down to it; and a farmer will buy anything you offer him, just so long as it's nicely engraved and shines when you slant the light on it."

"But, Soapy—"

"Now what?"

"I've been thinking. Listen, Soapy. A home like this one where we're going is sure to have all sorts of things in it, isn't it? Pictures, I mean, and silver and antiques and all like that. Well, why can't we, once we're in the place, get away with them and make a nice clean-up?"

Mr. Molloy, though conceding that this was the right spirit, was obliged to discourage his wife's pretty enthusiasm.

"Where could you sell that sort of stuff?"

"Anywhere, once you got over to the other side. New York's full of rich millionaires who'll buy anything and ask no questions, just so long as it's antiques."

Mr. Molloy shook his head.

"Too dangerous, baby. If all that stuff left the house same time as we did, we'd have the bulls after us in ten minutes. Besides, it's not my line. I've got my line, and I like to stick to it. Nobody ever got anywhere in the long run by going outside of his line."

"Maybe you're right."

"Sure I'm right. A nice, conservative business, that's what I aim at."

"But suppose, when we get to this joint, it looks dead easy?"

"Ah! Well, then, I'm not saying. All I'm

A Serial by P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

HE gave another twirl of his mustache. Chas. Bywater hovered beamingly.. Emily, still ecstatic, continued to gnaw one of Dolly's shoes.

against is risks. If something's handed to you on a plate, naturally no one wouldn't ever want to let it get past them."

And with this eminently sound commercial maxim Mr. Molloy reached for his pajamas and prepared for bed. Something attempted, something done, had earned, he felt, a night's repose.

II

SOME years before the date of the events narrated in this story, at the time when there was all that trouble between the aristocratic householders of Riverside Row and the humbler dwellers in Budd Street (arising, if you remember, from the practice of the latter of washing their more intimate articles of underclothing and hanging them to dry in back gardens into which their exclusive neighbors were compelled to gaze every time they looked out of the window), the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Alistair Pond-Pond, always a happy phrase maker, wound up his address at the annual village sports of Rudge with an impressive appeal to the good feeling of those concerned.

"We must not," said the Rev. Alistair, "consider ourselves as belonging to this section of Rudge-in-the-Vale or to that section of Rudge-in-the-Vale. Let us get together. Let us recollect that we are all fellow members of one united community. Rudge must be looked on as a whole. And what a whole it is!"

With the concluding words of this peroration Pat Wyvern, by the time she had been home a little under a week, found herself in hearty agreement. Walking with her father along the High Street on the sixth morning, she had to confess herself disappointed with Rudge.

There are times in everyone's experience when life, after running merrily for a while through pleasant places, seems suddenly to strike a dull and depressing patch of road; and this was what was happening now to Pat.

THE sense, which had come to her so strongly in the lobby of the Lincoln Hotel in Curzon Street, of being in a world unworthy of her—a world cold and unsympathetic and full of an inferior grade of human being—had deepened. Her homecoming, she had now definitely decided, was not a success.

Elderly men with a grievance are seldom entertaining companions for the young, and five days of the undiluted society of Colonel Wyvern had left Pat with the feeling that, much as she loved her father, she wished he would sometimes change the subject of his conversation. Had she been present in person, she could not have had a fuller grasp of the facts of that dynamite outrage than she now possessed.

In Which Lovely Woman Stoops to Aid a Deep, Dark Plot

But this was not all. After Mr. Carmody's thuglike behavior on that fatal day, she was given to understand, the Hall and its grounds were as much forbidden territory to her as the piazza of the town house of the *Capulets* would have been to a young *Montague*. And though, being a modern girl, she did not as a rule respond with any great alacrity to parental mandates, she had her share of clan loyalty and realized that she must conform to the rules of the game.

Accordingly, she had not been within half a mile of the Hall since her arrival—and, having been accustomed for fourteen years to treat the place and its grounds as her private property, found Rudge, with a dead line drawn across the boundaries of Mr. Carmody's park, a poor sort of place.

UNLOVABLE character though Mr. Carmody was in many respects, she had always been fond of him, and she missed seeing him. She also missed seeing Hugo. And as for John, not seeing him was the heaviest blow of all.

From the days of her childhood, John had always been her stand-by. Men might come and men might go, but John went on forever. He had never been too old, like Mr. Carmody, or too lazy, like Hugo, to give her all the time and attention she required; and she did think that, even though there was this absurd feud going on, he might have had the enterprise to make an opportunity of meeting her.

As day followed day, her resentment grew, until now she had reached the stage when she was telling herself that this was simply what, from a knowledge of his character, she might have expected.

John—she had to face it—was a jellyfish. And if a man is a jellyfish he will behave like a jellyfish, and it is at times of crisis that his jellyfishiness will be most noticeable.

It was conscience that had brought Pat to the High Street this morning. Her father had welcomed her with such a pathetic eagerness and had been so plainly pleased to see her back that she was ashamed of herself for not feeling happier.

And it was in a spirit of remorse that now, though she would have preferred to stay in the garden with a book, she had come with him to watch him buy another bottle of Brophy's Paramount Elixir from Chas. Bywater, Chemist.

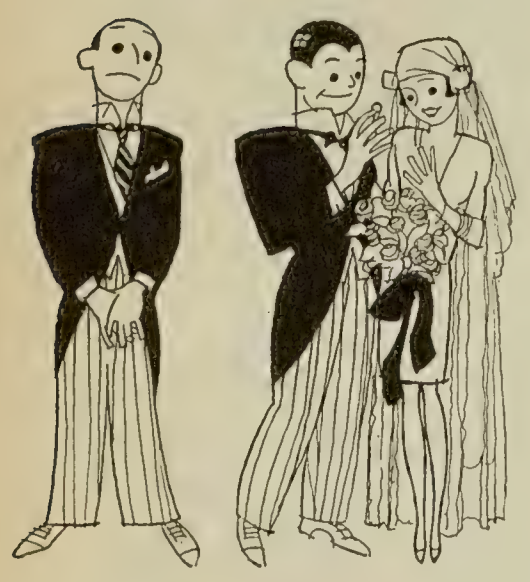
Brophy, it should be mentioned, had proved a sensational success. His Elixir was making the local gnats feel perfect fools. They would bite Colonel Wyvern on the face and stand back, all ready to laugh, and he would just smear Brophy on himself and be as good as new. It was simply sickening, if you were a gnat—but fine, of course, if you were Colonel Wyvern.

And that just man, always ready to give praise where praise was due, said as much to Chas. Bywater.

"That stuff," said Colonel Wyvern, "is good.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Often a best man —never a groom



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B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page thirty-seven]

I wish I'd heard of it before. Give me another bottle."

Mr. Bywater was delighted—not merely at this rush of trade, but because, good, kindly soul, he enjoyed ameliorating the lot of others.

"I thought you would find it capital, Colonel. I get a great many requests for it. I sold a bottle yesterday to Mr. Carmody senior."

Colonel Wyvern's sunniness vanished as if someone had turned it off with a tap.

"Don't talk to me about Mr. Carmody," he said gruffly.

"Quite," said Chas. Bywater.

Pat bridged a painful silence.

"Is Mr. Carmody back, then?" she asked. "I heard he was at some sort of health place."

"Healthward Ho, miss, just outside Lowick."

"He ought to be in prison," said Colonel Wyvern.

Mr. Bywater stopped himself in the nick of time from saying "Quite," which would have been a deviation from his firm policy of never taking sides between customers.

"He returned the day before yesterday, miss, and was immediately bitten on the nose by a mosquito."

"Thank God!" said Colonel Wyvern.

"But I sold him one of the three-and-sixpenny size of the Elixir," said Chas. Bywater, with quiet pride, "and a single application completely eased the pain."

COLONEL WYVERN said he was sorry to hear it; and there is no doubt that conversation would once more have become difficult had there not at this moment made itself heard from the other side of the door a loud and penetrating sniff.

A fatherly smile lit up Chas. Bywater's face.

"That's Mr. John's dog," he said, reaching for the cough drops.

Pat opened the door and the statement proved correct. With a short wooffle, partly of annoyance at having been kept waiting and partly of happy anticipation, Emily entered, and, seating herself by the counter, gazed expectantly at the chemist.

"Hullo, Emily," said Pat.

Emily gave her a brief look in which there was no pleased recognition but only the annoyance of a dog interrupted during an important conference. She then returned her gaze to Mr. Bywater.

"What do you say, doggy?"

"Oil," said Mr. Molloy, with the air of one making an epigram, "is Oil."

said Mr. Bywater, more paternal than ever, poising a cough drop.

"Oh, hell! Snap into it!" replied Emily curtly, impatient at this foolery.

"Hear her speak for it?" said Mr. Bywater. "Almost human, that dog is."

Colonel Wyvern, whom he had addressed, did not seem to share his lively satisfaction. He muttered to himself. He regarded Emily sourly and his right foot twitched a little.

"Just like a human being, isn't she, miss?" said Chas. Bywater, damped but persevering.

"Quite," said Pat absently.

Mr. Bywater, startled by this infringement of copyright, dropped the cough lozenge and Emily snapped it up.

Pat, still distrait, was watching the door. She was surprised to find that her breath was coming rather quickly and that her heart had begun to beat with more than its usual rapidity.

She was amazed at herself. Just because John Carroll would shortly appear in that doorway, must she stand fluttering, for all the world as though poor old Johnny, an admitted jellyfish, were something that really mattered? It was too silly, and she tried to bully herself into composure.

She failed. Her heart, she was compelled to realize, was now simply racing.

A step sounded outside, a shadow fell on the sunlit pavement, and Dolly Molloy walked into the shop.

It is curious, when one reflects, to think how many different impressions a single individual can make simultaneously on a number of his or her fellow creatures. At the present moment it was almost as though four separate and distinct Dolly Molloys had entered the establishment of Chas. Bywater.

The Dolly whom Colonel Wyvern beheld was a beautiful woman with just that hint of diablerie in her bearing which makes elderly widowers feel there is life in the old dog yet.

Colonel Wyvern was no longer the dashing hussar who in the '90s had made his presence felt in many a dim sitting-out place and in many a punt beneath the willows of the Thames, but there still lingered in him a trace of the old barrack-room fire.

Drawing himself up, he automatically twirled his mustache. To Colonel Wyvern Dolly represented beauty.

TO Chas. Bywater, with his more practical and worldly outlook, she represented wealth. He saw in Dolly not so much a beautiful woman as a rich looking woman.

Although Soapy had contrived with subtle reasoning to head her off from the extensive purchases which she had contemplated making in preparation for her visit to Rudge, Dolly undoubtedly took the eye. She was, as she would have put it herself, a snappy dresser, and in Chas. Bywater's mind she awoke roseate visions of large orders for face creams, imported scents, and expensive bath salts.

Emily, it was evident, regarded Mrs. Molloy as perfection.

A dog who, as a rule, kept herself to herself and looked on the world with a cool and rather sardonic eye, she had conceived for Dolly the moment they met one of those capricious adorations which come occasionally to the most hard-boiled Welsh terriers. Hastily swallowing her cough drop, she bounded at Dolly and fawned on her.

So far, the reactions caused by the newcomer's entrance have been unmixedly favorable. It is only when we come to Pat that we find disapproval rearing its ugly head.

Disapproval, indeed, is a mild and inadequate word. Loathing would be more correct. Where Colonel Wyvern beheld beauty and Mr. Bywater opulence, Pat saw only flashiness, vulgarity, and general horribleness.

Piercing with woman's intuitive eye through an outer crust which to vapid and irreflective males might possibly seem attractive, she saw Dolly as a vampire and a menace—the sort of woman who goes about the place ensnaring miserable, fat-headed, innocent young men who have lived all their lives in the country and so lack the experience to see through females of her type. For beyond a question, felt Pat, this girl must have come to Rudge in brazen pursuit of poor old Johnny.

The fact that she took her walks abroad accompanied by Emily showed that she was staying at the Hall; and what reason could she have had for getting herself invited to the Hall if not that she wished to continue the acquaintance begun at the Mustard Spoon?

This, then, was the explanation of John's failure to come and pass the time of day with an old friend. What she had assumed to be jellyfishiness was in reality base treachery. Like Emily, whom, slavering over Mrs. Molloy's shoes, she could gladly have kicked, he had been hypnotized by this woman's specious glamour and had forsaken old allegiances.

PAT, eying Dolly coldly, was filled with a sisterly desire to save John from one who could never make him happy.

Dolly was all friendliness.

"Why, hello," she said, removing a shapely foot from Emily's mouth. "I was wondering when I was going to run into you. I heard you lived in these parts."

"Yes?" said Pat frigidly.

"I'm staying at the Hall."

"Yes?"

"What a wonderful old place it is!"

"Yes."

"All those pictures and tapestries and things."

"Yes."

"Is this your father?"

"Yes. This is Miss Molloy, father. We met in London."

"Pleased to meet you," said Dolly.

"Charmed," said Colonel Wyvern.

He gave another twirl of his mustache. Chas. Bywater hovered beamingly. Emily, still ecstatic, continued to gnaw one of Dolly's shoes. The whole spectacle was so utterly revolting that Pat turned to the door.

"I'll be going along, father," she said. "I want to buy some stamps."

"I can sell you stamps, miss," said Chas. Bywater affably.

"Thank you, I will go to the post office," said Pat.

Her manner suggested that you got a superior brand of stamp there.

She walked out. Rudge, as she looked upon it, seemed a more depressing place than ever. Sunshine flooded the High Street. Sunshine fell on the Carmody Arms, the Village Hall, the Plow and Chickens, the Bunch of Grapes, the Wagoner's Rest, and the Jubilee Watering Trough.

But there was no sunshine in the heart of Pat Wyvern.

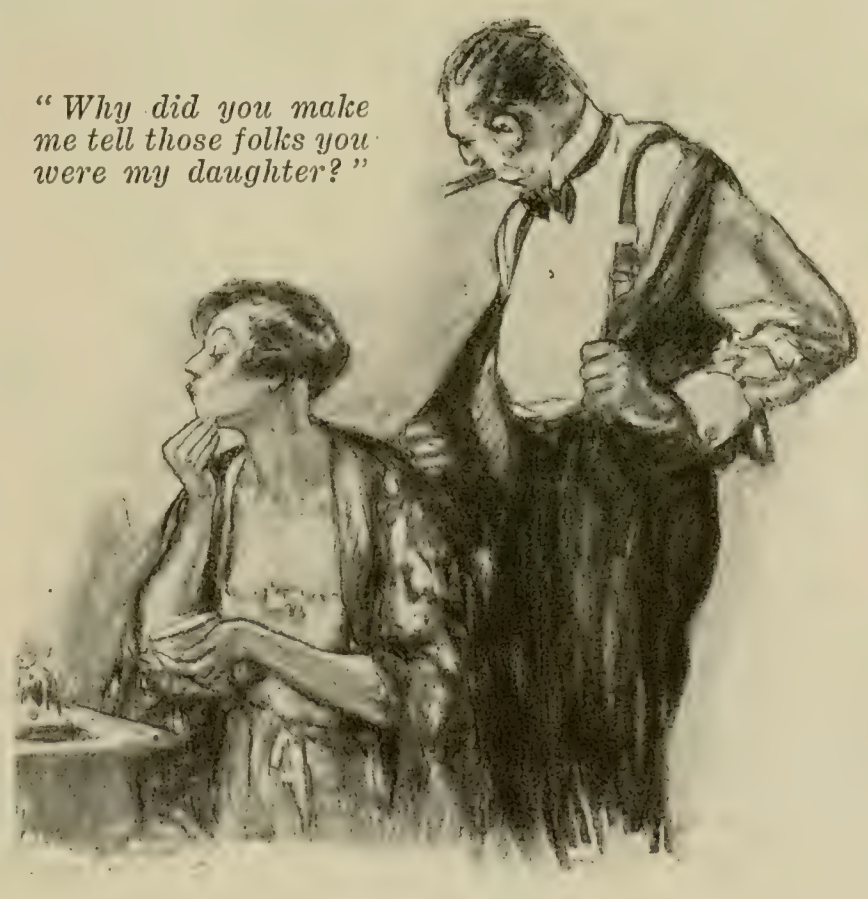
III

CURIOUSLY enough, at this very moment up at the Hall, the same experience was happening to Mr. Lester Carmody. Staring out of his study window, he gazed upon a world bathed in a golden glow; but his heart was cold and heavy.

He had just had a visit from the Rev. Alistair Pond-Pond, and the Rev. Alistair had touched him for five shillings.

Many men in Mr. Carmody's place would have considered that they had got off lightly. The vicar had come seeking subscriptions to the Church Organ Fund, the Mothers' Pleasant Sunday Evenings, the Distressed Cottagers Aid Society, the Stipend of the Additional Curate, and the Rudge Lads' Annual Summer Outing; and there had been moments of mad optimism when he had hoped for as much as a ten-pound note.

The actual bag, as he totted it up while riding pensively away on his motor bicycle, was the above-mentioned five shillings and a promise that the squire's nephew Hugo and his friend Mr. Fish should perform at the village concert next week.



"Why did you make me tell those folks you were my daughter?"

And, even so, Mr. Carmody was looking on him as a robber. Five shillings had gone—just like that; and every moment now he was expecting his nephew John to walk in and increase his expenditure. For just after breakfast John had asked if he could have a word with him later on in the morning—and Mr. Carmody knew what that meant.

John ran the Hall's dairy farm, and he was always coming to Mr. Carmody for money to buy exotic machinery which could not, the latter considered, be really necessary.

To Mr. Carmody a dairy farm was a straight issue between man and cow. You backed the cow up against a wall, secured its milk, and there you were. John always seemed to want to make the thing so complicated and difficult; and only the fact that he also made it pay induced his uncle ever to accede to his monstrous demands.

Nor was this all that was poisoning a perfect summer day for Mr. Carmody. There was, in addition, the soul-searing behavior of Dr. Alexander Twist of Healthward Ho.

When Dr. Twist had undertaken the contract of making a new Lester Carmody out of the old Lester Carmody, he had cannily stipulated for cash down in advance—this to cover a course of three weeks. But at the end of the second week Mr. Carmody, learning from his nephew Hugo that an American millionaire was arriving at the Hall, had naturally felt compelled to forgo the final stages of the treatment and return home.

Equally naturally, he had invited Dr. Twist to refund one-third of the fee. This the eminent physician and physical culture expert had resolutely declined to do, and Mr. Carmody, rereading the man's letter, thought he had never set eyes upon a baser document.

HE was shuddering at the depths of depravity which it revealed, when the door opened and John came in. Mr. Carmody beheld him and shuddered. John—he could tell it by his eye—was planning another bad dent in the budget.

"Oh, Uncle Lester," said John.

"Well?" said Mr. Carmody hopelessly.

"I think we ought to have some new alpha separators."

"What?"

"Alpha separators."

"Why?"

"We need them."

"Why?"

"The old ones are past their work."

"What," inquired Mr. Carmody, "is an alpha separator?"

John said it was an alpha separator.

There was a pause. John, who appeared to have something on his mind these days, stared gloomily at the carpet. Mr. Carmody shifted in his chair.

"Very well," he said.

"And new tractors," said John. "And we could do with a few harrows."

"Why do you want harrows?"

"For harrowing."

Even Mr. Carmody, anxious though he was to find flaws in the other's reasoning, could see that this might well be so. Try harrowing without harrows, and you are handicapped from the start.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page thirty-nine]

But why harrow at all? That was what seemed to him superfluous and wasteful. Still, he supposed it was unavoidable. After all, John had been carefully trained at an agricultural college after leaving Oxford and presumably knew.

"Very well," he said.

"All right," said John.

He went out, and Mr. Carmody experienced a little relief at the thought that he had now heard all this morning's bad news.

But dairy farmers have second thoughts. The door opened again.

"I was forgetting," said John, poking his head in.

Mr. Carmody uttered a low moan.

"We want some Thomas tap cinders."

"Thomas what?"

"Tap cinders."

"Thomas tap cinders?"

"Thomas tap cinders."

Mr. Carmody swallowed unhappily. He knew it was no use asking what these mysterious implements were, for his nephew would simply reply that they were Thomas tap cinders, or that they were something invented by a Mr. Thomas for the purpose of cinder tapping, leaving his brain in the same addled condition in which it was at present.

If John wished to tap cinders, he supposed he must humor him.

"Very well," he said dully.

He held his breath for a few moments after the door had closed once more; then, gathering at length that the assault on his purse was over, expelled it in a long sigh and gave himself up to bleak meditation.

The lot of the English landed proprietor, felt Mr. Carmody, is not what it used to be in the good old times.

When the first Carmody settled in Rudge, he had found little to view with alarm. He was sitting pretty, and he admitted it. Those were the days when churls were churls, and a scurvy knave was quite content to work twelve hours a day, Saturdays included, in return for a little black bread and an occasional nod of approval from his overlord.

But in this twentieth century England's peasantry has degenerated. They expect coddling. Their roofs leak, and you have to mend them; their walls fall down, and you have to build them up; their lanes develop holes, and you have to restore the surface. And all this runs into money.

THE way things were shaping, felt Mr. Carmody, in a few years a landlord would be expected to pay for the repairs of his tenants' wireless sets.

He wandered to the window and looked out at the sunlit garden. And, as he did so, there came into his range of vision the sturdy figure of his guest, Mr. Molloy; and, for the first time that morning, Lester Carmody seemed to hear, beating faintly in the distance, the wings of the bluebird.

In a world containing anybody as rich looking as Thomas G. Molloy there was surely still hope.

Ronald Fish's prediction that Hugo's uncle would appreciate a visit from so solid a citizen of the United States as Mr. Molloy had been fulfilled to the letter. Mr. Carmody had welcomed his guest with open arms. The more rich men he could gather about him, the better he was pleased; for he was a man of vision and had quite a number of schemes in his mind for which he was anxious to obtain financial support.

He decided to go and have a chat with Mr. Molloy.

On a morning like this, with all nature smiling, an American millionaire might well feel just in the mood to put up a few hundred thousand dollars for something. For July had come in on golden wings, and the weather now was the kind of weather to make a poet sing, a lover love, and a Scotch business man subscribe largely to companies formed for the purpose of manufacturing diamonds out of coal tar.

On such a morning, felt Mr. Carmody, anybody ought to be willing to put up any sum for anything.

NATURE continued to smile for about another three and a quarter minutes; and then, as far as Mr. Carmody was concerned, the sun went out. With a genial heartiness which gashed him like a knife, the plutocratic Mr. Molloy declined to invest even a portion of his millions in a new golf course, a cinema de luxe to be established in Rudge High Street, or any of the other four schemes which his host presented to his notice.

"No, sir," said Mr. Molloy; "I'm mighty sorry I can't meet you in any way, but the fact is I'm all fixed up in Oil. Oil's my dish. I began in Oil and I'll end in Oil. I wouldn't be happy outside of Oil."

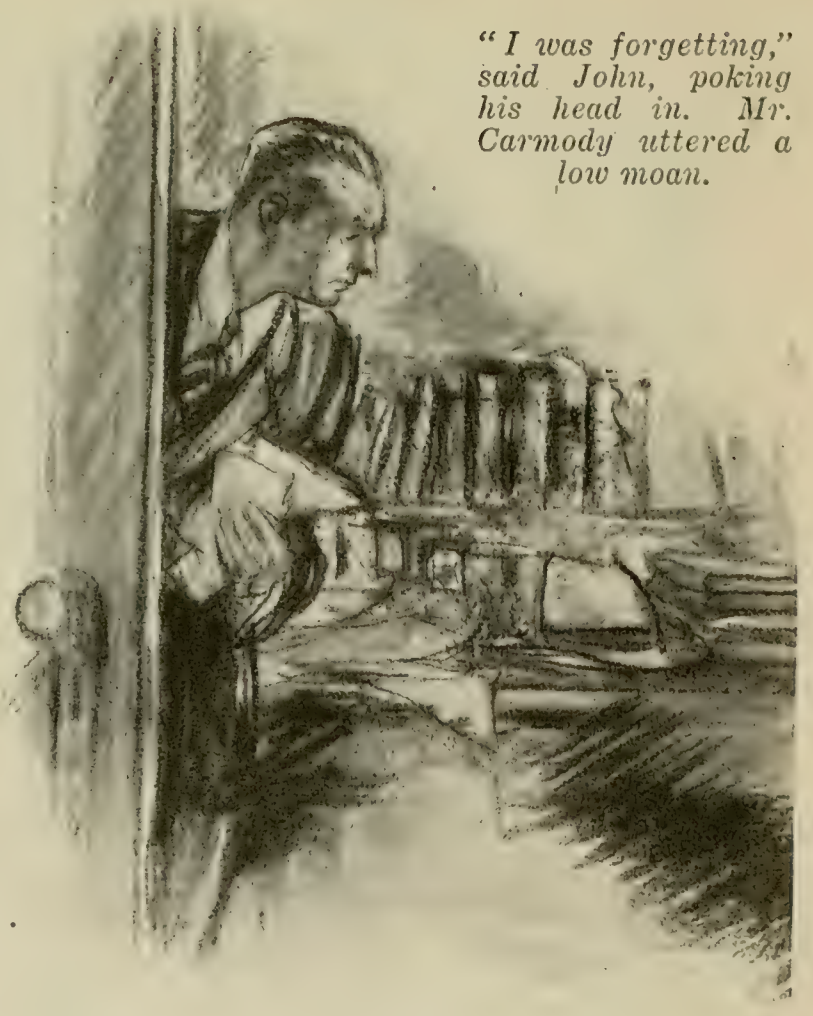
"Oh?" said Mr. Carmody, regarding this human sardine with as little open hostility and dislike as he could manage on the spur of the moment.

"Yes, sir," proceeded Mr. Molloy, still in lyrical vein. "I put my first thousand into Oil and I'll put my last thousand into Oil. Oil's been a good friend to me. There's money in Oil."

"There is money," urged Mr. Carmody, "in a cinema in Rudge High Street."

"Not the money there is in Oil."

"You are a stranger here," went on Mr. Carmody patiently, "so you have no doubt got a mistaken idea of the potentialities of Rudge. Rudge, you must remember, is a



"I was forgetting," said John, poking his head in. Mr. Carmody uttered a low moan.

center. Small though it is, never forget that it lies just off the main road in the heart of a prosperous county. Worcester is only seven miles away, Birmingham only eighteen. People would come in their motors—"

"I'm not stopping them," said Mr. Molloy generously. "All I'm saying is that my money stays in little old Oil."

"Or take golf," said Mr. Carmody, side-stepping and attacking from another angle. "The only good golf course in Worcestershire at present is at Stourbridge. Worcestershire needs more golf courses. You know how popular golf is nowadays."

"Not so popular as Oil. Oil," said Mr. Molloy, with the air of one making an epigram, "is Oil."

Mr. Carmody stopped himself just in time from saying what he thought of Oil. To relieve his feelings, he ground his heel into the soft gravel of the path, and had but one regret—that Mr. Molloy's most sensitive toe was not under it.

Half turning in the process of making this bitter gesture, he perceived that Providence, since the days of Job always curious to know just how much a good man can bear, had sent Ronald Overbury Fish to add to his troubles.

YOUNG Mr. Fish was sauntering up behind his customary eleven inches of cigarette holder, his pink face wearing that expression of good-natured superiority which, ever since their first meeting, had afflicted Mr. Carmody sorely.

From the list of Mr. Carmody's troubles, recently tabulated, Ronnie Fish was inadvertently omitted.

Although to Lady Julia Fish, his mother, this young gentleman, no doubt, was all the world, Lester Carmody had found him nothing but a pain in the neck.

Apart from the hideous expense of entertaining a man who took twice of nearly everything and helped himself unblushingly to

more port, he chafed beneath his guest's curiously patronizing manner. He objected to being treated as a junior—and, what was more, as a half-witted junior—by solemn young men with pink faces.

"What's the argument?" asked Ronnie Fish, anchoring self and cigarette holder at Mr. Carmody's side.

Mr. Molloy smiled genially.

"No argument, brother," he replied, with that bluff heartiness which Lester Carmody had come to dislike so much. "I was merely telling our good friend and host, here, that the best investment under the broad blue canopy of God's sky is Oil."

"Quite right," said Ronnie Fish. "He's perfectly correct, my dear Carmody."

"Our good host was trying to interest me in golf courses."

"Don't touch 'em," said Mr. Fish.

"I won't," said Mr. Molloy. "Give me Oil. Oil's Oil. First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of its countrymen—that's what Oil is. The Universal Fuel of the Future."

"Absolutely," said Ronnie Fish. "What did Gladstone say in '88? You can fuel some of the people all the time, and you can fuel all the people some of the time, but you can't fuel all the people all the time. He was forgetting about Oil. Probably he meant coal."

"Coal?" Mr. Molloy laughed satirically. You could see he despised the stuff. "Don't talk to me about coal."

This was another disappointment for Mr. Carmody. Cinemas de luxe and golf courses having failed, coal was just what he had been intending to talk about.

He suspected its presence beneath the turf of the park, and would have been glad to verify his suspicions with the aid of someone else's capital.

"You listen to this bird, Carmody," said Mr. Fish, patting his host on the back. "He's talking sense. Oil's the stuff. Dig some of the savings out of the old sock, my dear Carmody, and wade in. You'll never regret it."

And, having delivered himself of this advice with a fatherly kindliness which sent his host's temperature up several degrees, Ronnie Fish strolled on.

Mr. Molloy watched him disappear with benevolent approval.

He said to Mr. Carmody that that young man had his head screwed on the right way, and seemed not to notice a certain lack of responsive enthusiasm on the other's part. Ronnie Fish's head was not one of Mr. Carmody's favorite subjects at the moment.

"YES, sir," said Mr. Molloy, resuming. "Any man that goes into Oil is going into a good thing. Oil's all right. You don't see John D. Rockefeller running round asking for handouts from his friends, do you? No, sir! John's got his modest little competence, same as me, and he got it, like I did, out of Oil.

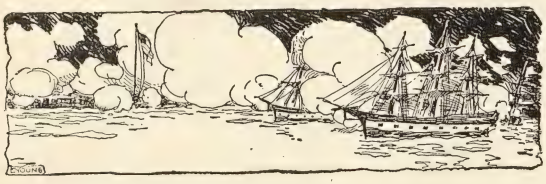
"Say, listen, Mr. Carmody. It isn't often I give up any of my holdings. But you've been mighty nice to me, inviting me to your home and all, and I'd like to do something for you in return. What do you say to a good, solid block of Silver River stock at just the price it cost me?

"And let me tell you, I'm offering you something that half the big men on our side would give their eyeteeth for. Only a couple of days before I sailed, I was in Charley Schwab's office, and he said to me, 'Tom,' said Charley, 'right up till now I've stuck to steel and I've done well. Understand,' he said, 'I'm not knocking steel. But Oil's the stuff, and if you want to part with any of that Silver River of yours, Tom,' he said, 'pass it across this desk and write your own ticket.'

"That'll show you."

Mr. Molloy's oily eloquence was the prelude to the hatching of a scheme so audacious that it staggered even its originator. Watch it unfold in next week's Liberty.

Poems You Ought to Know



The Star-Spangled Banner

By Francis Scott Key

[Francis Scott Key (1780-1843), a young lawyer, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry at Baltimore in 1814, went under a flag of truce to the British fleet. He was detained throughout the night, and at dawn, seeing the flag still afloat over the battered fortress, he wrote The Star-Spangled Banner.]

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

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DJER-KISS TOILET WATER —the fragrance magnétique! $2.00

DJER-KISS TALC— chiffon-soft! Enchanting! 35c

A Patriotic Picnic

By Ethel Somers

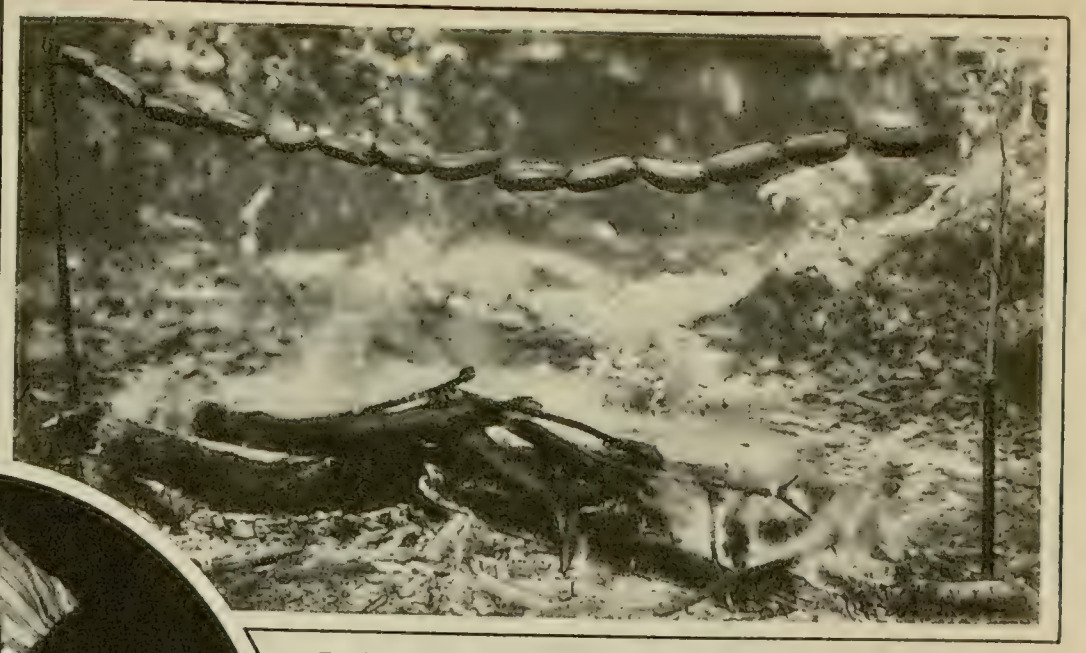
WHY not plan a patriotic, safe and sane picnic for Fourth of July? Time was when the urge of the summer's out of doors called many city families into the open at every opportunity. Modern home comforts now leave city children less privileged in this respect. Yet there are few pleasanter ways to get a full day of sunshine and fresh air than by embarking on a family picnic. Start the season right for your family this year with a gala Fourth of July picnic and then get the healthful picnic habit.

To become the real health boon that it is meant to be, the picnic menu must receive thoughtful attention. A lopsided meal, although it may be eaten with enjoyment on account of especially keen appetites, can counteract much of the beneficial out-of-door effect, while a properly balanced meal will augment it greatly.

In planning the picnic menu, remember that picnickers are apt to eat more than is good for them. This excess of appetite is best quelled at the beginning of the meal by a pleasantly juicy and filling appetizer. No fruit serves this need better or more happily than watermelon. Iced at home and amply paper wrapped, or chilled on the spot by anchoring in cooling water, watermelon will delight the hungry party.

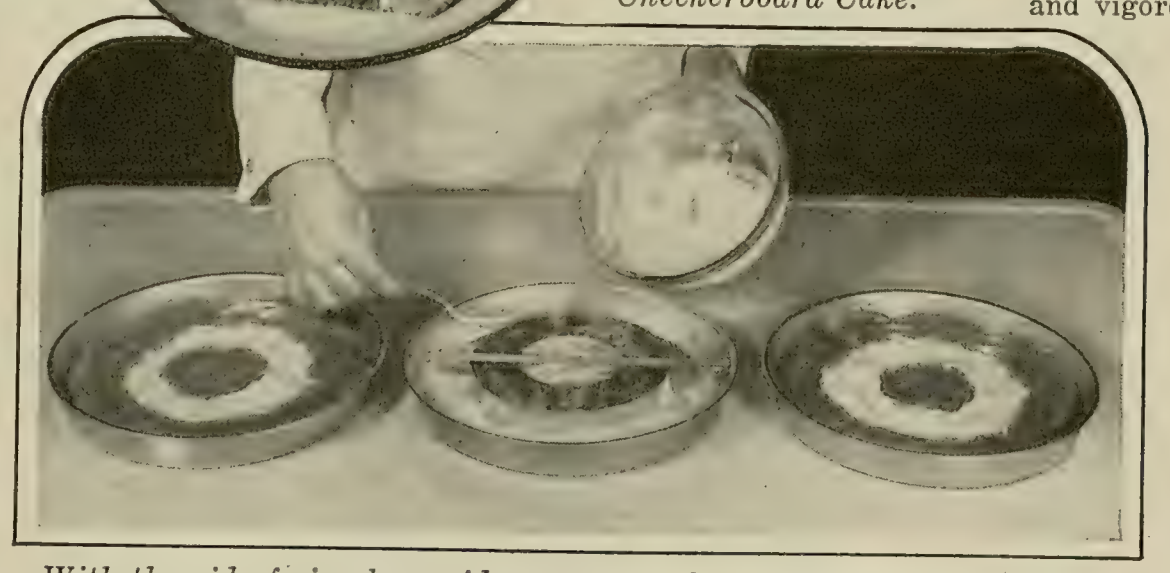
The appetizer should be followed by a balanced menu—for example, bread and butter, hot corn, meat, fruit, relish, raw vegetable salad, and ice cream. This forms a healthful yet hearty food basis for the day's outdoor activities. A vacuum jug packed hot at home, or a bag of charcoal to be used on the spot, easily provides the hot items that make the meal palatable and healthful.

The following menu will delight the picnickers and avoid discomfort from overeating:



Built as shown here, a log fire permits quick and easy roasting of a wire-strung row of the popular weeners.

A patriotic red and white Checkerboard Cake.



With the aid of circular guides, arrange the red and white layer cake batter in alternate circles. The illustration shows, in order, the top, center, and lower layers.

FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC MENU

Watermelon Sectors
Buttered Rolls — Graham Fingers
Fried Ham or Roasted Wieners
Roasted or Steamed Corn on the Cob
Red Apple Slices — Cabbage or Kidney Bean Salad
Coffee, Lemonade, or Milk
Checkerboard Cake with Flag Decoration — Ice Cream Firecrackers or Raspberry and Currant Ice

Red and White Checkerboard Cake

1 cup butter or substitute
2 cups sugar
4 or 5 egg whites
4 cups pastry flour or 3½ cups bread flour[1]
5 or 4 teaspoons baking powder[2]
½ teaspoon salt (1½ teaspoons if unsalted fat is used)
1 cup milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla

[1] Sift the flour before measuring.
[2] Use 5 teaspoons baking powder when 4 egg whites are used and 4 teaspoons when 5 egg whites are used.

CREAM the fat well, using a spatula or wooden spoon. *Gradually* work in the sugar. Beat the mixture until smooth and creamy. Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times to get a light and fluffy product. Sift a small quantity into the creamed butter and sugar mixture, add a little milk, and mix. Alternate the additions of the dry and liquid ingredients and beat them thoroughly into the dough. Be careful not to add enough milk at any one time to cause the butter to separate and curdle the mixture. After the last addition of liquid and dry ingredients, beat the cake mixture for 3 minutes. Divide the dough into two parts, so that 4/9 of the mixture is in one bowl and 5/9 in the other. Likewise divide the stiffly beaten egg whites and flavoring. Add red fruit or vegetable coloring to the 5/9 portion of the dough and leave the other 4/9 white. Then lightly cut or fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and flavoring with as little stirring and mixing as possible. Oil three cake pans and sprinkle very lightly with flour.

Layer No. 1—Place the circular form in position. Pour the red batter into the outer ring and the center disk, filling the cake pan to about half its depth. Pour the white batter into the middle ring, as illustrated. Take hold of the circular guide form and lift it carefully *straight up* and place it in layer pan No. 3.

Layer No. 3—Repeat as for layer No. 1. Remove the form, wash, and place in layer pan No. 2.

Layer No. 2—Alternate the colors in this layer, putting the white batter into the outer ring and center disk and the red batter into the middle. Remove the form carefully, lifting it *straight up*, and place in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 or 25 minutes. When the layers are well browned and shrunken from the edge of the pan, the cake is ready to be removed to cool before frosting.

Never Fail White Icing

2 egg whites, unbeaten
2 tablespoons white corn syrup
6 tablespoons cold water
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 cups granulated sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla

USE a 1 or 2 quart capacity double boiler. If too large a double boiler is used, the beating will not be vigorous enough. Put enough hot water in the lower part of the double boiler to come up well around the frosting ingredients in the upper part. When this water is boiling, place the unbeaten egg whites, syrup, cold water, salt, and sugar in the upper part of the double boiler and set this down into the boiling water. With a good mechanical egg beater, beat the mixture *constantly* and vigorously for 7 minutes, with the water in the lower part boiling all the while. Remove from the fire and replace the boiling water with cold water. Insert the upper boiler, containing the frosting, and let stand for 5 minutes to cool. Then add the vanilla and spread thinly between the layers of the checkerboard cake and generously on the top and on the sides, putting the layers together as illustrated. When the cake is cut, the result will be a checkerboard effect.

Steamed Corn

STEAMED corn may be prepared by removing the silk and pulling the inner husk back into position on the corn, and steaming either over or in hot water from 12 to 15 minutes before serving.

FOR picnics planned ahead it is easy to arrange a menu such as the one suggested on this page by Ethel Somers. But people often find they have only enough time to prepare sandwiches—the usual kind. Why not let Miss Somers tell you how to prepare appetizing sandwiches that are different? You will find these suggestions in her cookbook, Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, which LIBERTY has published. You will also find many additional recipes for appetizing dishes in the other two LIBERTY cookbooks. Each cookbook is 10¢—but you may have the three for only 25¢. Send for them today. Use the coupon, please.

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The Original JACK DEMPSEY

The Nonpareil

The Story of the First Holder of a Famous Fighting Name

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 12 minutes 58 seconds.)

The first famous Jack Dempsey in his prime, about 1885.

SARDINED with noisy and perspiring men, the old Mechanics Pavilion in San Francisco was aquiver with excitement on a sweltering night in August of 1889. The fight fans were gathered to watch a contest scheduled for forty-five rounds between the original Jack Dempsey—the Nonpareil—and his most formidable challenger, Georges La Blanche, a French-Canadian middleweight who was known as the Marine.

A mixed male crowd—bankers and bums, miners and magnates, sheepmen and sharpers, Congressmen and con men. From the chairs clustered around the elevated ring to the distant rafters a heavy pall of tobacco smoke eddied and writhed in suffocating streamers.

Up and down the aisles aproned waiters in shirt sleeves scurried with trays of foaming steins held high.

The stench of cigar fumes and flattening beer and sweating humanity in the poorly ventilated pavilion, the absence of women, the picturesque clothing of the Far West of the '80s, the inadequate lighting system—all the confusion and open wagering and tippling—afforded a strange contrast to the orderly calmness of the leisurely, well conducted prize ring battles of today.

The ring itself was typical of the primitive conditions in a frontier day which was reluctantly yielding to an influx of Eastern influences. Its floor was unpadded beneath the taut canvas; sagging ropes were merely knotted to four plain posts; yellow light globes dangled unshaded from the lofty ceiling; backless chairs were lifted in and out of the ring when the rounds ended; and unshaven gorillas in dirty sweaters gnawed tobacco and cursed aloud as they performed the office of seconds to the fighters.

But if the contrast between the Mechanics Pavilion of 1889 and the Madison Square Garden of 1928 was startling, it was not nearly so startling as the contrast between the fighters and the fights of that time and the boxers and the tepid tea contests of our period.

There were giants stalking through the ranks of pugilism in those days, and they fought battles that ran into scores of rounds. For these Homeric frays they received sums which would incur only the contempt of second-rate preliminary pugs today.

It is idle to speculate on whether the champions of the past might have prevailed against those of the present. But unquestionably the spectators of four decades ago were accorded feasts of fighting that seem unbelievable in comparison with the flat fare dished out today to fight fans who manage to hurdle the exorbitant prices of ticket speculators.

Thus the throng jamming the famous pavilion on that 27th of August, 1889, was assured that when the Nonpareil and the Marine clashed they were to witness an epic of the ring.

When the preliminary lads had been shooed away and the referee was ready, the popular champion from County Kildare advanced from his corner to receive his instructions. He faced a swarthy, slant-browed, hairy, huge muscled gladiator whose beady black eyes blazed as he stared at the pink body of the title holder.

Georges La Blanche, from Point Levi, Quebec, had tasted the bitterness of a knockout at Dempsey's hands in a ring at Larchmont, New York, on March 4, 1886, and he had waited nearly three and a half years for his revenge.

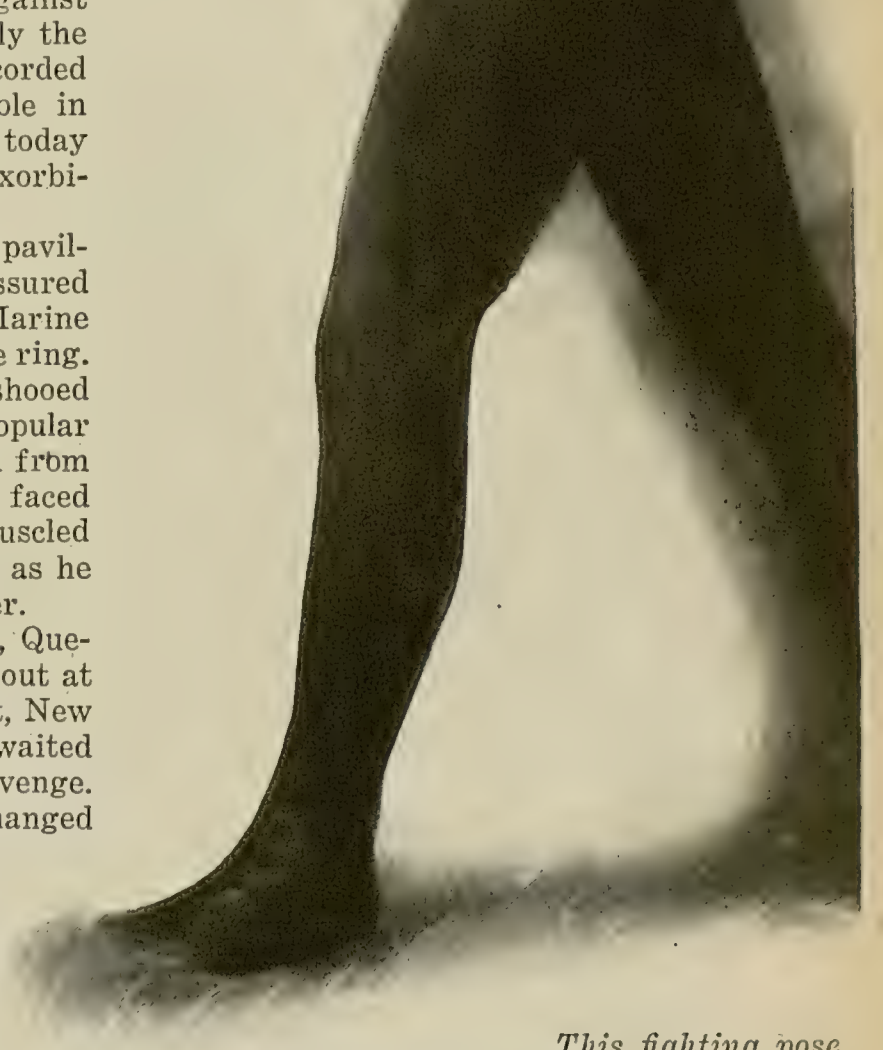
He got it in heaping measure, and he changed the history of fighting, writing his name imperishably as a sort of prize ring Judas who never was to escape the stigma of his weird victory that night.

For thirty-one rounds they fought, Dempsey's unerring left, his nimble feet, his slashing right, his magnificent boxing skill and generalship offsetting, as they had in the Larchmont arena, the crowding, wrestling, slugging tactics of the bruiser who sullenly accepted five blows in order to smash one home himself.

And in the thirty-second round the biggest upset in ring annals up to that time took place.

The gong rang and La Blanche leaped from his chair to meet the champion in the center of the ring with a sweaty impact. Two sharp left jabs and Jack found himself entangled in a clinch.

He worked free, shot two more straight lefts to La Blanche's bleeding features, and found himself again entwined in his opponent's powerful arms. Again he disengaged himself, and again was caught in an embrace that made the contest seem more like wrestling than boxing.



This fighting pose of the Nonpareil shows how he held his head high instead of crouching in a bout.

The Canadian made no effort to fight, merely hurling himself from one clinch into another. As it went on interminably, Dempsey would step back, drop his hands, and stare curiously at La Blanche.

Eight or nine times he did this, only lifting his fists and jabbing again when the dark skinned fighter threw himself forward.

AND then it happened! Coming out of the last clinch, La Blanche stayed in close as Dempsey let his hands fall. He waited a fraction of a second, then suddenly straightened up, extended his right arm full length, whirled on his heel, and swung completely around, his balled right glove, with the terrific leverage of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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guards the gums while it cleans the teeth

IN these days of soft foods and prevalent gum troubles, thousands of dentists, very logically, advise the use of a tooth paste that guards the gums.

Such a tooth paste is Ipana. It has a special ingredient (ziratol) long used by dentists in stimulating and healing weak and tender gums.

Use Ipana on your teeth; brush your gums with it, too. You'll have whiter teeth—firmer gums—and a delicious new sensation of oral health and cleanliness!

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK
© 1928

[THE ORIGINAL JACK DEMPSEY]
Continued from page forty-three

a swinging mallet, describing an arc and landing with the force of a catapult on the point of the champion's chin.

The Nonpareil telescoped where he stood, toppled sidewise, and crashed to the canvas. There was no need for the referee even to start his count. The throng leaped to its feet and stood open mouthed, voiceless, staring at the crumpled body, face down on the floor.

LaBlanche lurched back to his corner, tugging at the strings of his glove with his teeth as if satisfied that Dempsey would never arise unaided.

"What is it, referee? What the hell happened?" yelled the ringsiders.

The official nodded to the ex-champion's seconds to come and pick up the wreckage, and then he raised both hands until he stilled the milling madhouse.

"La Blanche wins by a knockout in the thirty-second round," he announced. "He wins the title with a blow I never expected to see used in a prize fight—the pivot blow. It wasn't mentioned in the articles they signed, or even thought of, and I'll have to give him the fight. But I hope the pivot blow will be barred from now on."

A MAJORITY of the sporting editors, however, declined to recognize La Blanche as the champion, and the Nonpareil was generally accepted as the title holder.

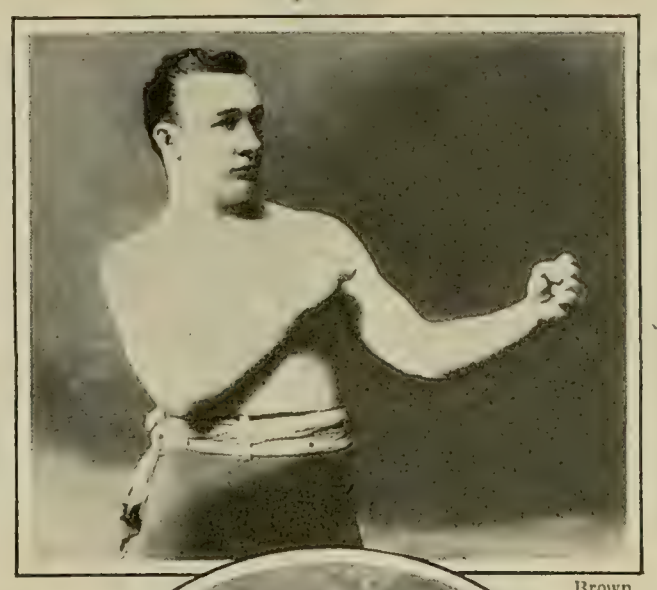
Less than three years later Dempsey passed wholly out of the picture he had dominated for more than six years.

On January 14, 1891, he was stopped in thirteen rounds by the immortal Bob Fitzsimmons.

What a ghastly exhibition of gameness was staged that eventful day in New Orleans!

Battered to a scarlet clot and blinded, the Irishman fought on and on until in pity Fitz caught him in his arms and held him while he begged Alex Brewster, the referee, to stop the slaughter. But Dempsey wrestled loose and took the knockout with head held high.

Little is ascertainable about the early days and private life of the original Nonpareil. Records meant little then, and such data as are available are chaotic. Details of his parentage, his background, family life, arrival in America, his first appearances—all these are lost in the fog of obscurity that veiled the early days of the early champions.



Brown Bros. photo

The Ring photo

Two other famous ring Jacks whose muscles were hardened in the same cooperage shop where Jack Dempsey worked. Jack Skelly, a famous featherweight, and (above) Jack McAuliffe, undefeated lightweight champion.

This much seems authentic: The Nonpareil's name was not Jack Dempsey. He was christened John Edward Kelly when he was born in Curran, County Kildare, Ireland, December 15, 1862. His parents brought him to America in 1866, and settled in Brooklyn, New York. John attended public school there until about 1878, when his father died and he had to go to work.

Young Kelly's first and only job was in a Brooklyn cooperage. In the same shop at that time were two other lads at work, Jack McAuliffe and Jack Skelly, who were presently to win deathless renown in the ring. There the three matchless Jacks strengthened their forearms and the big punching muscles behind the armpits while pounding iron hoops around barrels.

McAuliffe was to retire, undefeated, many years later, the only lightweight champion about whom that may be said. [Except Benny Leonard?—ED'S NOTE.] Skelly was one of the great featherweights of all time, stepping down and out only when he succumbed before the tiny fists of the king of all featherweights, George Dixon.

JOHN EDWARD KELLY first decided to be a wrestler, but his natural bent was to fist fighting. His mother marrying again, the youth borrowed her maiden name, Dempsey, and began to box in the small neighborhood clubs. His first recorded battle was on April 7, 1883, when he knocked out Ed McDonald in twenty-seven rounds.

From that strenuous début until he collapsed under La Blanche's avenging strategy, Dempsey's career was an uninterrupted series of spectacular triumphs. His record shows seventy-one ring engagements, of which he won sixty-eight; but he must have fought a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Corns or Calluses
Stops all pain in 3 seconds

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

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Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

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Makes Gray Hair DARK

Wizard *Improved* Heel Grips

Their soft rubber fingers fill natural depressions in side of heel, holding shoe firmly in position without bulging. Very thin at back. Prevents wear on hose. The comfortable, snug way of overcoming slipping heels. At your dealers.

30c a pair

WIZARD CO., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

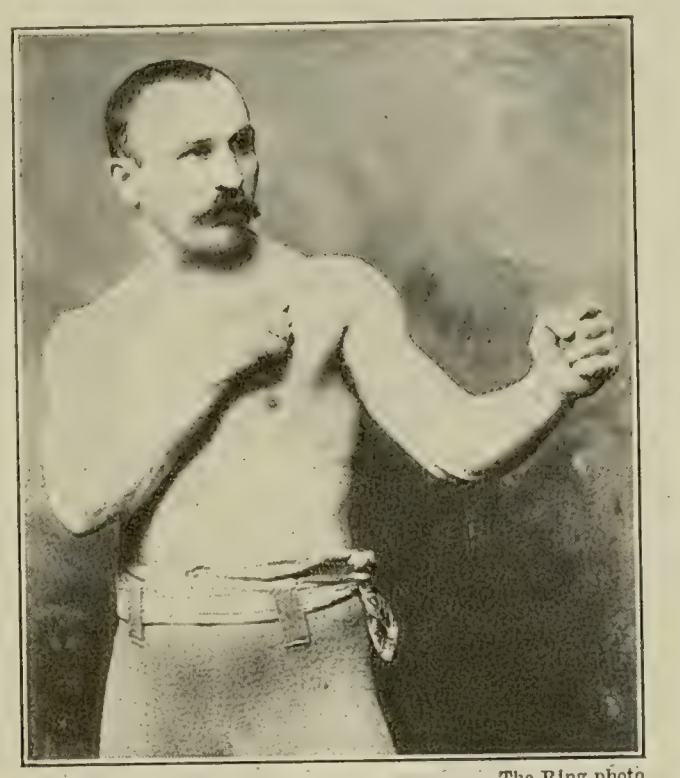
hundred other fights in secret for his backers, a practice of that period when prize fighting was frowned on.

According to graybeards who still shake their heads wistfully over the memory of the superlative champion, Dempsey had everything a master boxer requires and had it in overflowing abundance.

On July 27, 1886, Dempsey returned to Portland, Oregon, near which city he had won a sensational bout from Dave Campbell a year before, and married Margaret Brady. Her father, James F. Brady, is still alive, ninety-six years of age, and proud of the heroic feats of his son-in-law.

Two children were born to the Dempseys, Ann and Margaret.

Ann is a nurse in a Portland hospital, and her sister is Mrs. Margaret Weber, wife of a prominent business man in the same city.



The Ring photo

Georges La Blanche, whose pivot blow gave him an unexpected victory over the Nonpareil.

Dempsey's transition from bare knuckle fighting to the gloves is not revealed in the ancient records; but since John L. Sullivan, four years Dempsey's senior in age, already was popularizing the padded leather, it must have been about 1886 that these came into general favor, even though the tough pugs and the almost equally tough spectators of that time preferred fights with the "bare uns"!

The middleweight title was in dispute until Dempsey came along; but he was conceded the crown even before he met the great George Fulljames at Far Rockaway, Long Island, on July 30, 1884. The Toronto lad was rocked to sleep in the twenty-second round, and thereafter the Original Nonpareil, as the Kildare boy was quickly nicknamed, was recognized as the title holder.

DEMPSEY took part in a strange battle on December 13, 1887. It must not be forgotten that prize fights in those days often were held in secret. There were stringent laws nearly everywhere against the sport, and only immediate followers of the principals were tipped off as to the site and time of the fray.

There was a famous New York fighter at that time known as Jimmy Reagan. His admirers were disposed to bet their last penny on his prowess, and he had won a long series of fights before he was matched to meet the champion.

They agreed to a finish fight with bare knuckles under London prize ring rules. The purse was to consist of donations collected at ringside, and the winner was to take it all, even if it did reach the staggering sum of $500, as it did on this occasion.

Compare this with the indecisive ten-round farce in Chicago between Gene Tunney and William Harrison Dempsey, who astutely borrowed the given name of the first great fighter of that borrowed surname.

In the early evening of the date named the contestants and several hundred friends met at an unnamed spot on the north shore of Long Island. The ring was a chalk-marked square on the uneven deck of an old barge tied to two stakes at the water's edge.

Under London rules a round continues until one fighter goes down.

Surrounded by the gamblers, Dempsey and Reagan began to fight in a heavy snowfall. In the fourteenth round—they had battled more than an hour—the tide came in and began to submerge the anchored barge.

The referee called a halt, and several of the spectators waded ashore and stole a rowboat from a near-by pier. The barge was towed out into Long Island Sound.

SOON after they had resumed hostilities on the sleet covered flooring of the heaving craft, a squall came up and the affair was stopped again. The barge was towed back to shore and everybody landed. In the cutting cold the fighters donned their clothes and the whole party walked along the bleak stretch of beach to a road house.

The proprietor gleefully consented to the resumption of the fight in the big room. Tables and chairs were moved back, logs were thrown into the huge fireplace, the fighters stripped again, and the spectators held hot toddies in their hands while they sat on top of the furniture and the bar to watch the battle.

They had fought perhaps an hour, the thirtieth round being reached, when a hostler reported that he had seen a couple of strange constables down the road, heading toward the inn.

In their fighting trunks, and escorted by the gang, the champion and Reagan ran through the woods until they found a clear space among the snowdrifts, where the quarrel was settled.

Dempsey was declared the winner when Jimmy was incapable of answering the call of time in the forty-fifth round. The whole thing

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fifty crisp, tasty discs—eight delicious flavors! Sure worth more'n a nickel anywhere, any day!

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It's so easy to lose fat

Excess fat is a serious blight, both to men and women. Not only to beauty, but to health and vitality. And multitudes in late years have proved that it can be ended.

Look about you. Note the slender figures which once were fat. You will see that some new factor has changed the old conditions.

Science, a few years ago, discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a certain gland deficiency which greatly affects nutrition. Then a great medical laboratory developed the Marmola prescription. Now people have used it for 20 years—millions of boxes of it. The use has grown to enormous proportions by users telling others.

The good results are seen in every circle. Most of you have friends who know them. Ask them what Marmola does.

No secrets about it. A booklet in every box gives the formula complete, and explains how the factors act. You will know that the loss in weight comes about in a natural, helpful way. By aiding to combat an abnormal condition.

Learn what Marmola means to you. If your mate is also over-fat, make a bargain to reduce together. Simply take 4 tablets daily. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

Do this because of the 20-year record, in which Marmola has brought new beauty, new joys to so many. You owe that to all who care for you. Start now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

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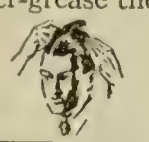
Don't try to make hair behave with water. Sergeant's will help to keep your hair neatly combed, and will also put your hair and scalp in splendid condition.

"Comb your hair with it"

When you comb your hair, wet it, or wet your comb, with Sergeant's, and then comb it. Comb it and brush it vigorously so that Sergeant's can work down to the scalp. Only a minute or two. No trouble—yet what satisfactory results!

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

Being an oil treatment, containing no alcohol, Sergeant's releases natural oils in the scalp which "lubricate" the hair, and not only keep it in place but make it virile, strong and healthy. Use Sergeant's and dry, brittle hair that breaks and falls out will become normal. *Dandruff will be a thing of the past.* No longer will your scalp be dry and itchy. It will not over-grease the hair. No stains.



"Comb your hair with it"

In addition to the daily use of Sergeant's every head of hair needs a "Sergeant's rub." Apply Sergeant's to the scalp freely and rub with the tips of your fingers. Do this until you feel your scalp tingle with renewed life and vigor.

Ask your druggist for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Keep the handy bottle in a convenient place where you can't forget to use it. Sample bottle containing a week's supply sent postpaid on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2202 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
For the Hair

[THE ORIGINAL JACK DEMPSEY] Continued from page forty-five

lasted four hours from the time they first raised their fists on the barge.

After he fell before Bob Fitzsimmons, the Nonpareil fought three times, beating Mike Keogh, holding Bill McCarthy of Australia to a draw, and losing to Tommy Ryan on January 18, 1895. He was thirty-two years old and had been fighting for twelve years. Ryan was only twenty-five.

Dempsey had never made much money, and most of what he had received he had given away. It was necessary, five months after the Ryan bout, on June 8, to give a benefit in New York City for the ailing and poverty-stricken ex-champion. Friends discovered that he had tuberculosis and they sent him back to Portland, Oregon, to his wife and daughters.

He died there, November 1, 1895. His wife died of the same disease on March 1, 1898. Dempsey's grave, at first somewhat neglected, still is the Mecca of every sporting character who goes into the Northwest.

What a magnificent division it has been, the middleweight, since Jack Dempsey first was accorded the championship in it!

His hair a light wavy brown; his gray eyes, so cold in combat and so merry amid a group of friends; his smile, so genuine and infectious that all who saw him loved him; his conduct, so exemplary outside the arena and so sportsmanlike and superbly efficient when the gong sounded—the Nonpareil was a worthy founder of a dynasty whose annals are studded with the names of such stars as Mike Donovan, George Fulljames, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Stanley Ketchel, Billy Papke, Sam Langford, Jimmy Clabby, Mike Gibbons, Jack Dillon, Les Darcy, and Harry Greb.

And it is an interesting coincidence to record that, in the same city where Dempsey went down to defeat under the pivot blow, there occurred on September 2, 1907, almost exactly eighteen years later to the day, another historic contest, when the deathless Ketchel, also in the thirty-second round, won a savage battle and the championship from Joe Thomas, after each had been knocked to the canvas twenty times.

THE END

THE following verses, author unknown, were written after a visit to Jack Dempsey's grave:

Far out in the wilds of Oregon,
On a lonely mountainside,
Where Columbia's mighty waters
Roll down to the ocean's tide;
Where the giant fir and cedar
Are imaged in the wave;
O'ergrown with weeds and lichens
I found Jack Dempsey's grave.

I found no marble monolith,
No broken shaft or stone,
To tell of the great triumphs
This vanquished hero won;
No rose, no shamrock could I find,
No mortal there to tell
How sleeps in this forsaken spot
Th' immortal Nonpareil.

A winding, rock-strewn cañon road,
That mortals seldom tread,
Leads up this lonely mountain
To the bivouac of the dead.
And the western sun was sinking
In Pacific's golden wave,
And solemn pines kept watching
O'er poor Jack Dempsey's grave.

Forgotten by ten thousand throats
That thundered his acclaim;
Forgotten by his friends and foes
Who cheered his very name;
Oblivion wraps his faded form,
But ages hence shall save
The memory of that Irish lad
That sleeps in Dempsey's grave.

O fame, why sleeps thy favored son
In wilds, in woods, in weeds?
And shall he ever thus sleep on,
Interred his valiant deeds?
'Tis strange New York should thus forget
Its "Bravest of the Brave"
And in the wilds of Oregon
Unmarked leave Dempsey's grave.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Answers will be found on page forty-eight

1—What is the birthstone for July?

2—What is known as the Blue Grass State?

3—What is common to the following personages: Stevenson, Burns, Ingersoll, Lee?

4—What is agoraphobia?

5—Who was Florence Nightingale?

6—What color is the current five-cent United States stamp? Whose picture does it bear?

7—What does Ch. B., following a name, stand for?

8—What is the name of the railroad sometimes called the Katy?

9—What does the French phrase *de trop* mean?

10—What is an antonym?

11—What is the capital of the Irish Free State?

12—Which of the following are purely fictional characters: Alice Adams, Jane Addams, John Alden, Martin Arrowsmith?

13—What is a cadenza?

14—Who was Semiramis?

15—What is humus?

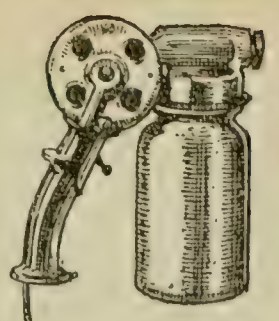
16—What line follows "Kind hearts are more than coronets"?

17—What bone is called the ulna?

18—Does a United States one-cent coin of 1927 bear the motto "In God We Trust"?

19—What cities have baseball teams in the International League?

20—With what important invention is the name Eli Whitney identified?



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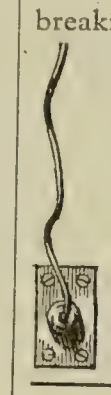

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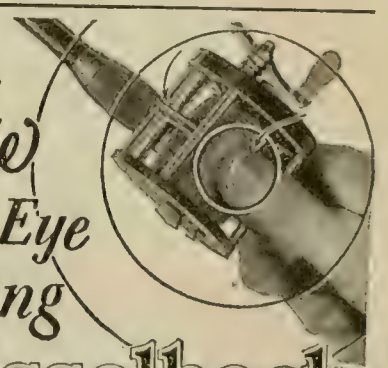

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Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Guess *Who's a* Crank

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY
Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 56 seconds.)

I said what's in your trunk that's coming? She said you just wait and see.

DEAR WORLD:

Yesterday Mary and I weren't doing anything. We weren't making any noise. We were quiet.

"That's the time," the Crank says, "when parents and others should begin to worry. When there's no noise and chil-dren," she says, "WATCH OUT!"

The Crank is a new name we have for some Body. We can't tell who. It's a secret. Only Mary and I know it. Because we made it up. We used to call her Auntie. That was before we thought about the Crank. We thought about it after the man brought the swing. He didn't put it up right. Auntie sat down on it. She came down quick. So did the swing. She hit the floor hard. The swing did, too. Then they all hit each other.

When Auntie got up she was sore. She was rubbing her sore. She went in the house. The man said now she's busted it R-I-G-H-T! He worked on it some more. He got it to swing again. Then he winked at me and Mary and said where's the Crank? As soon as he said it she came out. The man didn't stay long after that. He didn't shake hands when he left. Auntie didn't try the swing again. She went back into the house. Mary and I went after her.

"Where did you hurt you, Auntie?" Mary said.

"On the ver-an-da," she said.

"Does it hurt in the living room too?" I said. She was groan-ing.

"Yes," she said, "and in the attic and in the basement. I'm sore all over."

I wanted to say something to her to make her forget her bumps. That's the way mine stop. So I winked at Mary like the man did and I said where's the Crank? Auntie said what do you mean? Mary put her thumb up straight. That's a sign we have. It means be careful.

When we got outside Mary said maybe Crank isn't a nice word. It seemed to make Auntie mad. So perhaps we'd better not use it. I thought it was a funny word. The man laughed when he said it.

We have another sign, Mary and me. It means let's get out of here. You put up two fingers. We tried it one day when we were locked up in our room. It wasn't any good that day. It was good this morning, though. We were going out anyway.

Well, yesterday Mary and I weren't doing anything. We weren't making any noise. We were very quiet. And something did happen.

We had the paint box. The paint box has 8 teen buttons in it. They're not buttons. They only look like them. They're all different colors like buttons are. There's red and green and white and yellow and dark yellow and blue and light blue and brown and lemon and oranges and ban-anas and straw berries and pine apples and pea nuts and pop corn. No, I don't mean ban-anas and straw berries and pine apples and pea nuts and pop corn. I was thinking about something to eat. Anyway, there are more paints in the box and they have more colors than all the dresses I've got or Mary or anybody in the world, I guess.

Right in the middle of the box is a little sauce pan. It is a gold sauce pan. And there is a brush. You put water in the gold sauce pan. Then you dip your brush into it and you can make a purple horse and a green man leading it.

We put a red tail on the purple horse because a purple horse looks nice with a red tail.

We painted the ele-phunt purple, too, because the horse looked so nice. We painted its trunk to match the horse's tail. So we made twins. We were just wonder-ing how else we could make twins when the door bell rang.

"Gypsy, Gypsy," we heard Mom say. "Wherever did you come from?"

They were hugging and kissing. Mom and the Gypsy. Auntie was trying to squeeze into the hugging and kissing too.

There was more hugging and kissing. The Gypsy was laughing and crying I'm so glad to see you. And Mom and Auntie were doing the same.

"How did you get here, dear?" Mom said.

"On the train," said the Gypsy. "I came right up in a cab. I wanted to SUR-prize you."

"You did," said Mom. "And where's your suit case?"

"I didn't have one," the Gypsy said, "I only brought this little bag. My trunk will be up in the morning."

You dip your brush into it and you can make a purple horse and a green man leading it.

"Oh," said Mom, "then you can make us a nice long visit." And she hugged her again.

"That's what I'm going to do," said the Gypsy. "I've come to the big city to seek my for-tune." She was laughing. But Mom wasn't. She looked like she does when Daddy says what you worry-ing 'bout, Mom. But she said to the Gypsy take off your hat and coat. You must be hungry, child.

And the Gypsy said she was kinda. So she ate some toast and some tea and some chicken and some pie and some cake because she was kinda hungry. And I said I was hungry and Mary said she also was. And Mom said run along outdoors and play you two.

Mary said I don't want to. I said the same. But we went. We didn't run. We were pushed.

WE didn't stay out long, though. Only when we came back we didn't go right into the room. We stayed in the hall and peeked in.

"You came all that way alone, child?" Mom said to the Gypsy.

I said she's not a child. Mary said no she's a big woman and where's she going to sleep. And Mom said I thought I told you children to run out. Go now and stay there till I call you.

Then the Gypsy said: "Oh, I was so ex-cit-ed I forgot all about the children. Come here and give me a hug," she said to us.

So I said are you going to live here? And she said yes. How will you like that? I said I don't know. And Mary said are you a Gypsy? She said no that was just her name. So Mary said how old are you? She said 7 teen going on 8 teen. And Mary said that's old. The Gypsy said it was. That's why she had to hurry up and get mar-ried or something. She hadn't many years left.

So I said what's in your trunk that's coming? She said you just wait and see. I said is there something for me? Mom said that's not a nice thing to say, Toni. But the Gypsy laughed and said you just wait.

I'm waiting. The trunk came this morning. But the Gypsy lost her key. I have to wait till the man comes to fix it so it'll open.

Gypsy sure is responsible for a lot of complications in the life of Toni. Just keep your eye on her in Liberty for the next few weeks.

Take care of your hair between waves

"WOMEN do not brush and care for their hair as they used to. They are so afraid of mussing up the wave!" This is the opinion of one of the best known beauty editors of the day. Due to this neglect, she says, dandruff and falling hair are increasing alarmingly.

Your hair needs this daily care

1. *If you have a permanent or natural wave.* Brush and massage the hair vigorously every day. Then dampen with Wildroot Tonic and press the wave into place. Wildroot Tonic is better than water for setting the wave. It tones the scalp, eradicates dandruff, and leaves the hair itself delightfully soft, lustrous and full of life.

2. *If you have a Marcel.* Massage the scalp by moving the skin back and forth with your finger tips. Then part the hair and apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the scalp without wetting the hair.

Before each wave, shampoo with Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo, and apply Wildroot Hair Tonic liberally to the scalp.

Wildroot Hair Preparations are *guaranteed*—and are obtainable at all druggists, barbers, and hairdressing parlors.

WILDROOT

HAIR TONIC — TAROLEUM SHAMPOO

More Winners *at* Word Golf

SIX more WORD GOLF architects have earned brackets and $5 prizes by exercising good judgment in their choice of words in laying out their problems. They have avoided obsolete and foreign language words and others that are not of reasonably common usage. Here are the holes which they ask you to play. Match your word knowledge against theirs and see if you can beat the indicated par for any hole.

RUTH SNOW
Twin Falls, Idaho

H	E	A	D
F	O	O	T

LOUISE M. TAYLOR
Philadelphia, Pa.

B	E	T	T	O	R
W	I	N	N	E	R

LAURA WILLIAMS
Richmond, Va.

B	U	L	B
P	O	S	Y

ELVA M. OLSEN
Carthage, Mo.

C	A	S	E
J	U	R	Y

E. M. REESE
New Orleans, La.

G	R	I	N
P	O	U	T

PAUL M. HINE
Riverside, Calif.

S	N	O	W
S	K	I	S

Last week we said that CROOK to CRIME could be played in one under par. Did you make your birdie on this one? Here's how we did it: CROOK, CROCK, CRICK, PRICK, PRICE, PRIME, CRIME. Six strokes instead of the seven shown in the author's solution printed below.

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every *original* problem that it prints. Submit as many as you wish, sending them to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

HARD	CAME	FOX	ROPE	WIND	CROOK
HART	CANE	FOP	LOPE	WEND	CROCK
DART	LANE	SOP	LONE	WEED	CRICK
DAFT	LAND	SAP	LANE	SEED	TRICK
RAFT	LEND	SAY	LAND	SLED	TRICE
RIFT	LENT	SLY	HAND	SLEW	PRICE
SIFT	WENT		HANG	SLOW	PRIME
SOFT				BLOW	CRIME

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 46

1—The ruby.
2—Kentucky.
3—All were named Robert.
4—Morbid dread of crossing, or being in the midst of, open spaces.
5—An English philanthropist and a pioneer in the organization of military hospitals along modern lines.
6—Blue. Theodore Roosevelt's.
7—Bachelor of Surgery.
8—Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad Company.
9—In the way; out of place.
10—A word of opposite meaning; a counterterm.
11—Dublin.
12—*Alice Adams* and *Martin Arrowsmith*, titular characters in novels by Booth Tarkington and Sinclair Lewis, respectively. Jane Addams is an American settlement worker and sociologist, and John Alden was one of the Pilgrims who settled Plymouth, Massachusetts.
13—A flourish of notes by a voice or a musical instrument.
14—A mythical Assyrian queen, reputed founder of Babylon.
15—The organic portion of soil.
16—"And simple faith than Norman blood."
17—The inner one of the two bones of the forearm.
18—Yes.
19—Baltimore, Buffalo, Jersey City, Montreal, Newark, Reading, Rochester, and Toronto.
20—The cotton gin.

$1643 in one month *from* Short Stories

"These are actual cash sales for work done in January. I have received $730 from my February submissions, with four novelettes not yet heard from," reports Lieutenant Arthur J. Burks, successful Palmer student.

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Why Did You Buy THAT Hat?

By EILEEN BOURNE

WHEN you throw your hat in Beauty's ring, have a care! Remember that your hat is responsible for much of the charm of your daytime appearance and that on its becomingness depends your success in getting votes.

What determines your choice of millinery? Is it style, or do you act from prejudice, habit, fear, or on honest information as to what suits you best?

Women often say, "Oh, I always wear a black hat!" when blue would bring out the color of eyes and skin far better. Many a timid soul buys a monstrosity simply because she hasn't the nerve to battle with the saleswoman determined to wish it upon her. Still others are satisfied with some shape advocated by stylists, regardless of whether it makes them ridiculous.

Terrible mistakes, all! And with the right system of selection you may increase your attractiveness 50 per cent at least.

Now, of course you must have a chic hat. But today fashion offers a wide range of shapes and colors from which to choose. And to get the right combination for you demands the dual exercise of taste and of self-knowledge. Don't fool yourself about your points. You never fool other women.

There are five items to consider—your coloring, the shape of your head, the contour of your face, your height, and your profile. You mustn't neglect a single one. If you are very sallow, you should avoid tan. If you are very short, you simply cannot wear a broad, flat shape. If—well, look around the page! Here we submit some concrete suggestions on the improvement made by a wise as compared with a foolish choice of millinery.

HERE is the kind of person best fitted to wear the severe helmet type of headgear. It belongs to flaming youth — provided the individual is sufficiently endowed with regularity of feature and curve of chin and cheek to stand its difficult test. Of course, if you are still flaming youth at forty, go ahead and wear it —and blessings on you. But never deceive yourself. Your hat will show you up.

SEE what happens when you let your hat follow the line of your nose! The length of the nose is exaggerated and makes one great curve from its bridge to the back of the head. The same is true of a retroussé nose. Very seldom does it accord with a turned-up hat. On the contrary, a little brim, such as that in the right hand picture, breaks off the length of the nose by its shadow. Even so, it has to be of just the right size and balance. Always judge a hat in reference to your profile as well as to the full face.

A ROUND face has a certain charm, suggesting comfort and good humor. But any heaviness in the face must be balanced by breadth in the hat. Observe how the severity of the hat above emphasizes the bulk of the countenance below it and makes it look hard. At its right we show a good hat for the plump woman. Every bit of charm is accentuated. Moreover, this hat is sufficiently plain, without being uninteresting, to avoid the pitfall of cuteness and babyishness.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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The Traffic Problem and a New City

Why Not Cut Our Buildings to Fit Our Streets?

An Article by
RAYMOND M. HOOD

(Reading time: 9 minutes 51 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Hood is one of America's most eminent architects, and is a specialist in the designing of large buildings. He was associated with John Mead Howells in producing the winning design for the Chicago Tribune Tower in 1922, and in 1923 was a member of the commission sent to Belgium to establish the new University of Brussels.]

IN our search for a solution of the traffic problem, we seem to have forgotten the one fundamental fact—that buildings full of people should bear some fixed relation in floor area to the areas of the streets that serve them. This may seem so axiomatic that it need not be said; yet, while most of us shrug our shoulders and talk as though the congestion of our streets were an act of God about which nothing can be done, those who indulge in schemes for relieving it appear to think only in terms of widening a street here and there or of making a more intensive use of the street space we have.

It is evident, however, that if there is a total street area in a district sufficient to accommodate the maximum population of its buildings in their comings and goings, and in the delivery and taking away of their merchandise, the problem is solved.

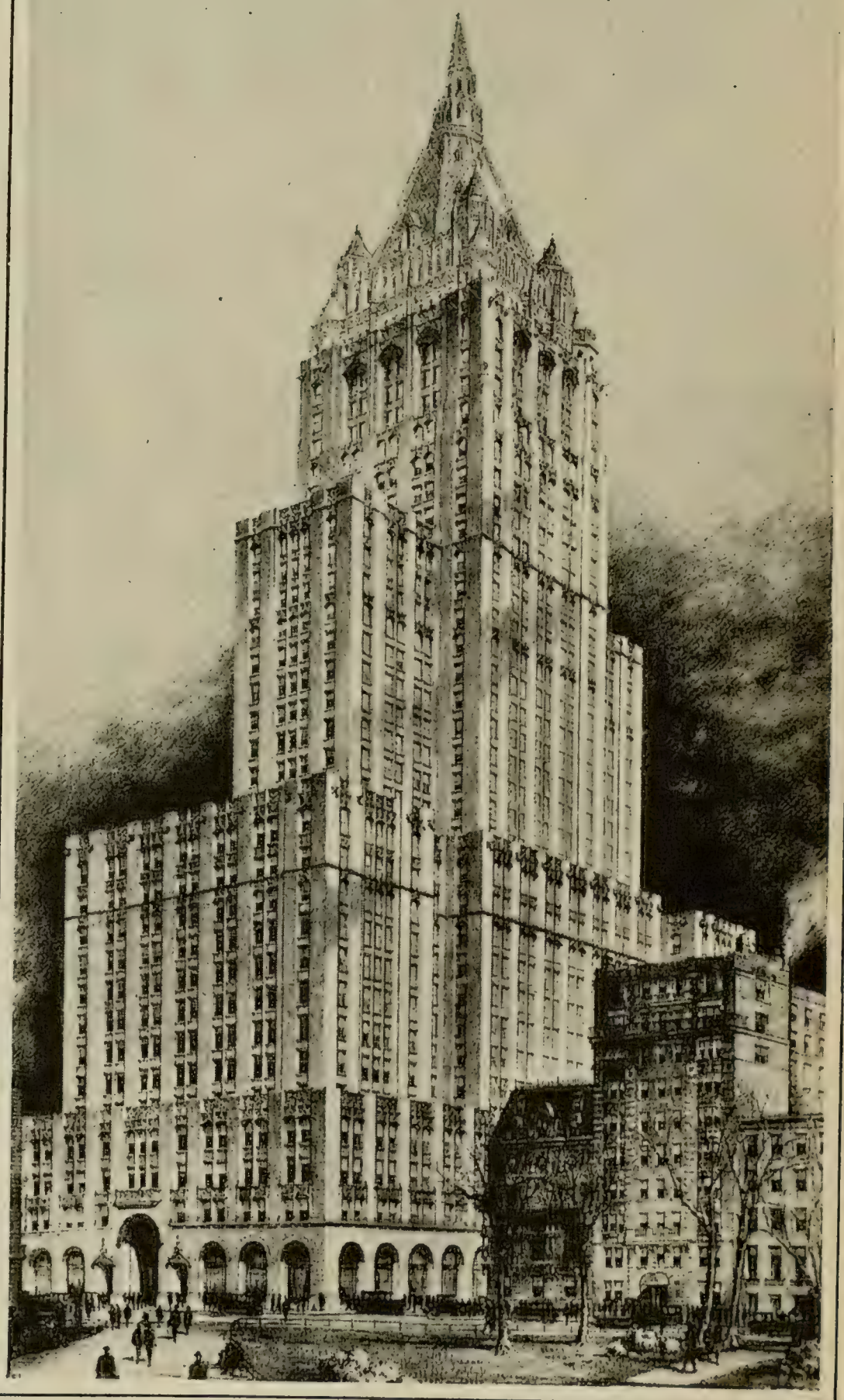
Therefore, as the population of a building is limited by its total floor area, we have only to establish a correct proportion between this area and the street area, and we know that a traffic solution is possible.

Without going into the mathematics of the problem, this will resolve itself into the formula that, taking a street plan as it exists, a certain fixed floor area may be built behind each front foot of property.

This, then, is what I am proposing—to establish by law that for each front foot of property an owner may develop a fixed amount of floor area.

Samuel H. Gottscho photo

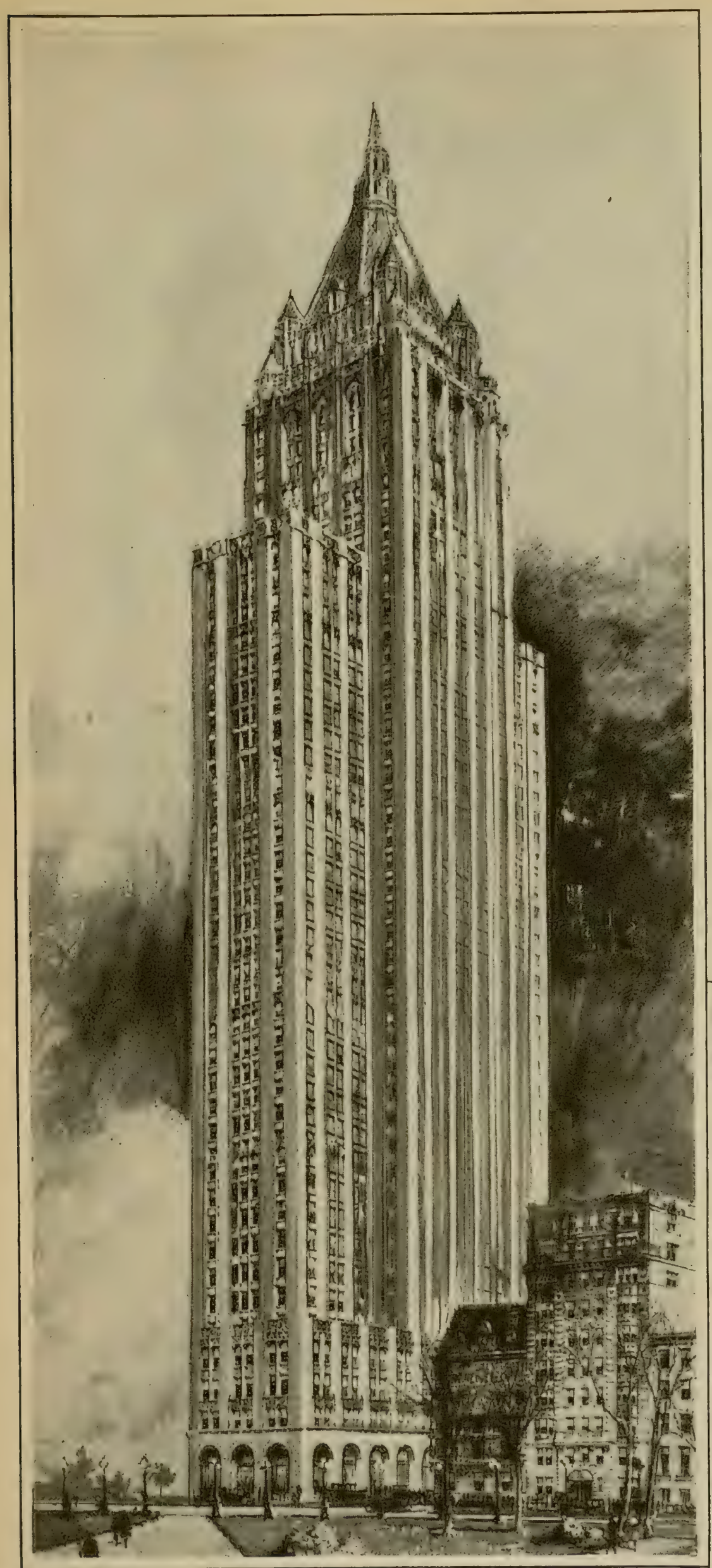
THE photograph shows the Heckscher Building, a New York skyscraper with a narrow tower rising above the main building. The sketch shows how Raymond M. Hood, the author, proposes to bring the towers of such buildings straight to the ground, thus leaving extra space at the base for added light, air, and parking space.



A MODERN New York skyscraper, with successive sections set back in order to conform to municipal regulations which require that new buildings must permit light to enter streets at a definite minimum angle.

I am not concerned with double-decking streets, setting back building lines, installing overhead or arcaded sidewalks or bridges. Such schemes depend upon their being put into operation over a large section of a city before they can become effective in relieving traffic. They demand an almost impossible co-operation between private owners and the public, and they can be accomplished only at tremendous expense to the general public.

This latter fact alone puts these solutions into the realm of improbability, even if they were practical; for a householder in the Bronx



THE same building as Mr. Hood would have built it. In his plan the two lower section widths have been eliminated and the tower heightened. His plan allows the same floor space, with added height and open room around the building.

cannot be made to pay to solve the traffic problem created by a greedy landowner in Wall Street. Neither am I concerned with the æsthetic schemes of those who would lead us back to the charm and beauty of streets lined with quaint, low buildings. The problem of traffic is so serious that it must be attacked, not with the thought of stimulating the soul, but of caring for the body.

The solution I am proposing is merely an amplification of the existing zoning and building laws. Today New York City is zoned for light and air. This means that buildings have been limited in height on the street front, above which point an owner is obliged to set his building back within a sloping plane that permits the light to come into the street at a fixed angle. Light and air in the rear of buildings is provided by very definite formulas establishing the size of interior courts and back yards.

I propose the extending of these laws to zone for traffic. Existing conditions would be accepted and absorbed at the time of framing the new laws, as they were when the zoning laws of 1917 went into effect and account had to be taken of existing buildings that exceeded the new legal limits. Such laws deprive a man of the use of a part of his property, and are in that sense confiscatory; but the principle has been upheld by the courts as an established right of the community for its own protection. I am making this point very explicit, so that it cannot be said that I am proposing an unworkable scheme.

I AM not touching here on the collateral problem of bringing people into and out of a district by the main broad avenues—what is commonly called "taking the crowds through the bottle neck." Very evidently, there must be a number of avenues or ways of approach of sufficient size to fill and empty the bottle. I am discussing the problem of the bottle itself. The problem of the bottle neck is being solved in every city continually.

Let us assume that such a law as I propose has been passed, and for the purposes of this article that in a certain district it establishes a fixed ratio between the total floor space in buildings and the total street area of twelve to one—in other words, with twelve square feet of floor space permitted for each square foot of street space.

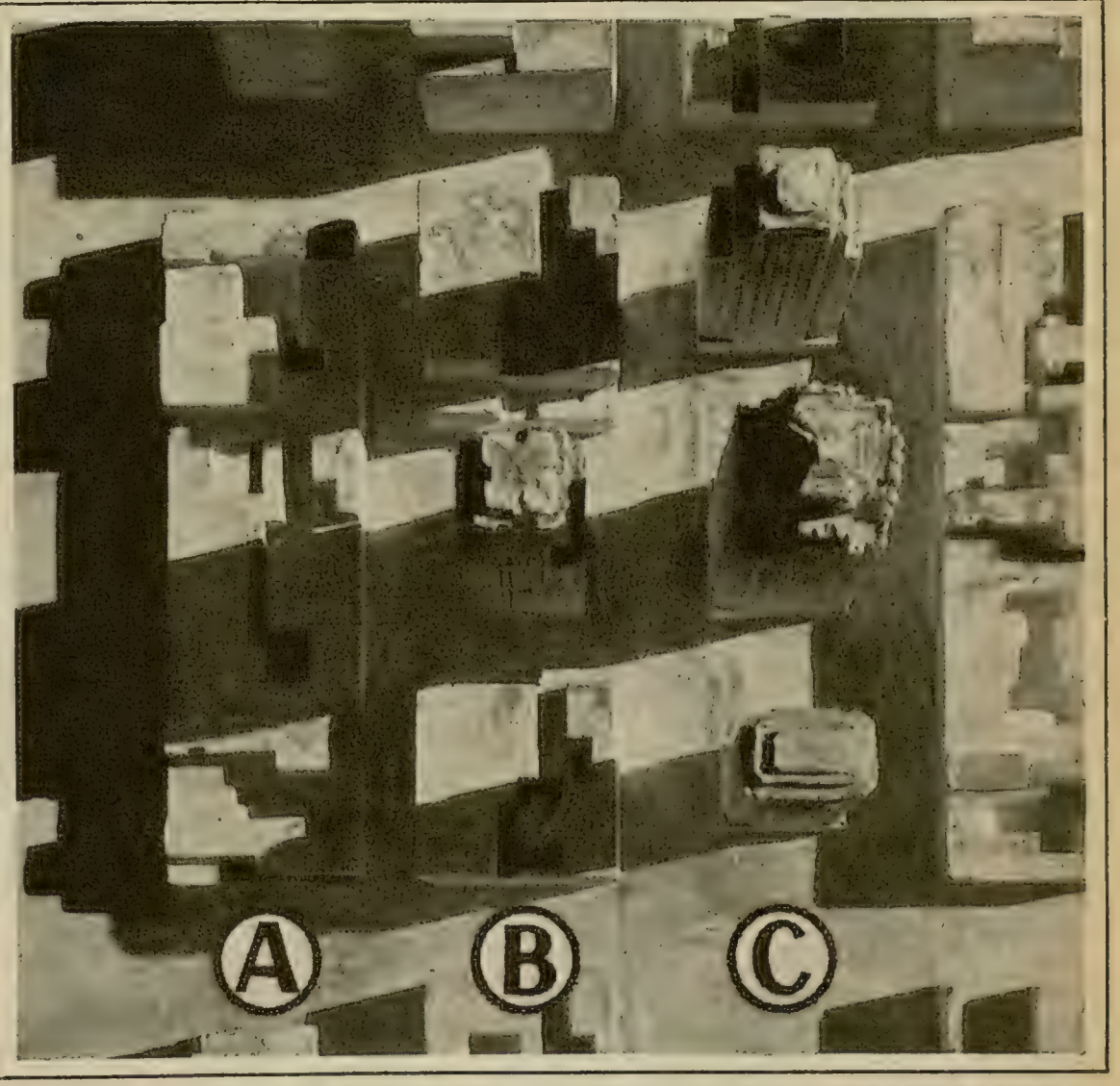
Taking the street plan of a typical part of midtown New York, where a block 200 feet wide by 600 feet long is bounded on the short sides by 100 foot avenues and on the long sides by 60 foot streets, this would work itself out into a formula of 500 square feet of floor space to each one foot of street frontage.

A natural development of this law is immediately suggested, which is, *to permit an owner to exceed his allowance of 500 square feet of floor space to each front foot of property, provided he adds to the street area from his own property in proportion as he exceeds his legal limit of floor area,* thus keeping the ratio of twelve to one constant.

An owner whose street frontage allows him to build 100,000 square feet of floor area then would be able to build 200,000 square feet of floor area, provided that he added one square foot to the street area for each twelve square feet of floor area that he added to his normal allowance. He might add this by setting his building back from the street line; or, if his property ran through from block to block, he might set his building to one side of his property, thus creating another thoroughfare. Again, he might simply build a tower in the middle of his plot.

A study of the photographs and drawings will show the various ways

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The evolution of Mr. Hood's plan, which would be accomplished at the expense of individual property owners:

A. A block of existing buildings in which the courts and back yards are waste space.

B. A block that has begun to open up. One owner has built a tower in the center of his plot, leaving open space around it.

C. The ideal scheme. Three towers occupy a block, eliminating back yards and courts, and leaving ample space for moving and stationary traffic.

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[THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM AND A NEW CITY Continued from page fifty-one]

that a man might operate. The sketch of the Heckscher Building, for example, shows what would happen under the new law; where, in order to exceed his allowance, Mr. Heckscher would be obliged to erect the building with the tower coming straight to the ground, freeing to the public the space facing on Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue.

In the Shelton Hotel the problem would be solved for the owner and the city by building the tower higher and eliminating the low part of the building at its base.

If the new New York Life Insurance Building had been made an immense tower, 150 feet square, 700 feet high, everybody would be better off, the owner, the tenant, the man in the street, and the neighbor.

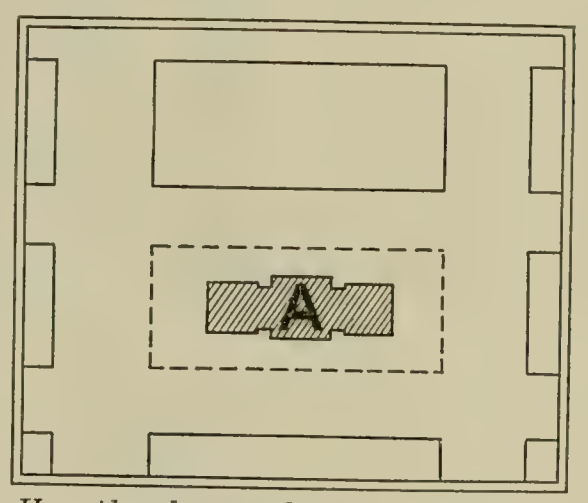
It will be seen that we have now made it to the interest of the property owner to increase the street area at no cost to the city. He has been given the incentive to solve the traffic problem by giving up some of his property to the public. His compensation is a greater return on his investment than he would otherwise get. And the burden of relieving the congestion in the streets is placed squarely on the shoulders of the man who creates and profits by it and not on the general public.

The natural result would be the gradual development of a city of towers. Every owner, save in particular cases such as department stores and theaters, would find it to his advantage to build in this form.

The point I wish to emphasize is that such a change would work progressively. Each operation, as it occurred, would improve abutting street conditions, and the traffic problem would gradually arrive at a complete solution.

Studying the result, another interesting phase develops. The scheme would lead to the gradual elimination of back yards and interior courts. At present, from 30 to 40 per cent of the population work and live on these wretched, badly ventilated, stagnant spaces. In our new city everybody would live on the outside, in the open air and sunshine. Back yards would be turned into front yards.

In fact, the man who builds his tower and gives part of his land to the city may actually be giving no more than he does today in the form of interior courts and back yards filled with litter and rubbish.



How the plan works. The owner, A, is permitted to build 1,000,000 square feet of floor space in a block where the ratio of floor to street space is fixed at 10 to 1. But he wishes to double the size of his building. Therefore he must add to the street area another 100,000 square feet from his property, leaving it around his building, indicated by the shaded portion of the diagram.

There is still another interesting result that would come from this city of towers. Today probably four-fifths of the people live and work within five stories of the ground, in the turmoil of dust, gasoline fumes, noise, and heat that is churned up by the traffic and reflected from the pavements.

Looking down over a city on any day when the air is heavy, this pall of dust, smoke, and gases may be seen like a cloud up to a height of 100 feet. Above that the skyscrapers jut out in the clear air and sunshine.

In our tower city, instead of there being four-fifths of the people down below and one-fifth of the people above, there would be four-fifths above and one-fifth below. Is not this alone worth while?

This open space in the rear of buildings would be eliminated and the people living and working there would have outside light and air.

This plan was published in England last fall and honored by a very violent attack from Raymond Unwin, an eminent town planner and consultant for the English government housing work. He ridiculed it on the ground that it upsets all existing traffic laws and the additional space furnished to the street is worthless.

In reply, I claim that it does not upset the traffic laws. Traffic would travel in exactly the same lanes that it does today, between the same curbs. It opens up these traffic lanes for moving vehicles, however, by taking away the parked car and by furnishing parking and delivery space wherever one of these towers and open spaces exist.

A study of any of the side streets in New York will show that

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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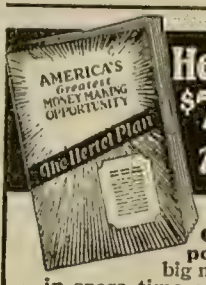

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MEDITERRANEAN

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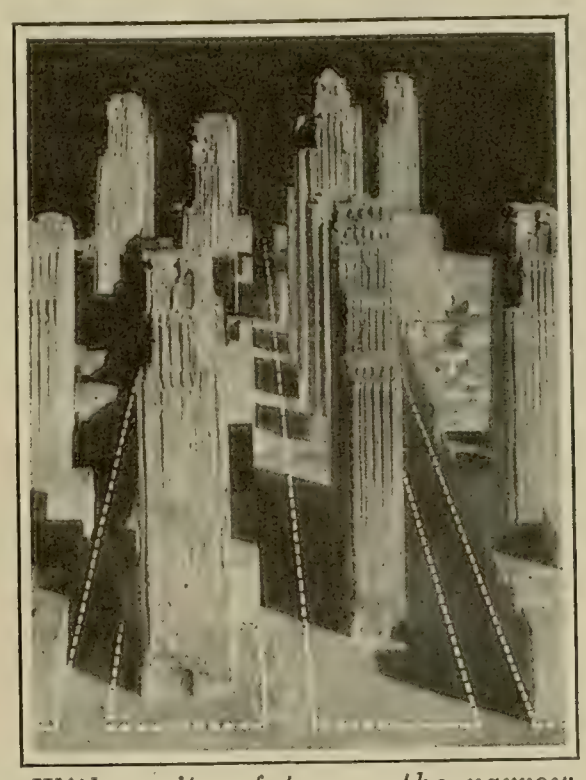
LUCKY TIGER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

from 25 to 50 per cent of the street is blocked during the busy hours by parked automobiles and trucks. A single truck discharging its load will frequently almost completely stop traffic for several blocks.

Where Fifth Avenue, freed of parked cars, could carry three lines of traffic in each direction, it is very rare in the crowded hours that there are more than two lines, and frequently, when two or three busses get together, traffic is obliged to strangle itself into a single line.



With a city of towers the narrow streets, marked by dotted lines, would be changed into the open spaces shown here.

Therefore this scheme, if it improved the city in no other way, would be gradually taking the parked automobiles and trucks from the streets, improving conditions from 50 to 100 per cent. And the fact that the ratio of street space to building floor is constant would serve to hold in check what would otherwise be a continually recurring problem.

Mr. Unwin also objected to the plan on the ground that the tower, carried to a great height, would eventually become nothing but elevators, and so is impractical. New York City has already answered that question. We are finding out from day to day that the tower, even up to fifty stories, is more practical and more desirable than the low building.

Every real estate agent will tell you that the rush of tenants is for the top floors, and that few people, of their own choice, ever go below the tenth floor. The scale of rents, varying from six or seven dollars a square foot per year at the top of a tower down to one and a half on the third and fourth stories, is ample proof of the value of the tower, and the value people are putting on light, air, and freedom from dust and noise.

To one who has worked on high buildings, the elevator is no more a problem. Today our elevator companies are prepared to run two cars in a single shaft, and within a very few years two and even three elevators in a shaft will be the rule, even in buildings with as few as fifteen stories.

This plan should not be confused with that of the French architect, Le Corbusier, who three years ago proposed building a city of towers. I am not proposing to build a city of towers. I ammerely proposing the proportioning of buildings to streets so that the streets can carry the traffic.

One of the by-products is that the city would become a city of towers, and the city of towers is already upon us, developing not only for financial reasons, but with a view to securing light, air, sunshine, everything that makes life worth living. But at present it is developing in so disorganized a relation to street areas that the sister problem of traffic is not being solved but, rather, complicated.

This scheme would prove its worth with the first operation, and would lead to an astounding change in the layout of the entire city in a few years. It would produce, in part if not in whole, a city where the old street plan had disappeared, and the modern city, with sunlight, air, and free circulation, would take its place. And the new plan would have in it the elements for its own development in the future.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Why Prolong the Agony?

My little son is averse to going to school. The other day he made up all kinds of excuses that would make him late so that he wouldn't have to go. After my threatening to tell his Dad on him, he reluctantly started off, arriving at school ten minutes late. When asked why he was late, he replied that he didn't leave in time.

"Well," queried the teacher, "why didn't you run?"

Frank looked at her and said, "Run? Gee, don't you think I get enough of school without running to it?"—Mrs. Wm. J. Smith, 1920 N. Howard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

He'd Learned His Lesson

Little seven-year-old George's next-door playmate, Lucille, was taken ill with scarlet fever. His parents were naturally alarmed and called in the family doctor, who advised giving the boy a "shot" of serum as a preventive against his taking the same disease. The rather painful operation being duly performed, the doctor consoled the weeping youngster by saying: "Never mind, Georgie, you'll soon be out playing again with your little girl friends."

"Not me!" protested George, between whimpers. "I'm off women for life!"—Frank L. Gaines, 829 N. Alabama St. No. 7, Indianapolis, Ind.

Richard Carroll before his first flight.

How Does It Feel to Fly?

DO you demand solidity under foot, yet wonder what it really feels like to go up where the air you breathe must support you? Richard Carroll tells about it in next week's LIBERTY with all the enthusiasm of the flier who has just learned how.

Carroll completed a flying course only a few weeks ago at Curtiss Field, Long Island—the field often used by Colonel Lindbergh and many other famous aviators.

The author gives you the feel of flying, in words. He explains that anyone can, after less than an hour's instruction, work the controls of an airplane.

Carroll has made no attempt at scientific discussion. He gives you no charts, diagrams, rules or figures on airplanes. He merely tells you what he was taught and how he learned to fly. Don't miss this interesting article. Read

"I Learn to Fly"

starting in next week's

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

A Summer Wardrobe from Washington

By Mary Brush Williams

WHAT with the daughter of the Irish Minister jaunting up and down in front of the Mayflower in her roadster painted a patriotic green, and highborn French ladies of the diplomatic circles visiting automobile exhibits of American cars in the hotel rotunda, and British attachés entertaining in the dining room, little old Washington is becoming the capital not only of our own glorious country, but of the whole world.

It is getting to be dreadfully smart in Europe to visit America, and of course on such a trip one goes to Washington, with the result that our town has gradually but definitely come to be thought of as the world center of society and fashion as well.

One visits Mrs. Everett Sanders, wife of the secretary of President Coolidge, in her apartment at the Mayflower, and one leaves cards on the same visit for Mrs. Joe Crail, young wife of the Congressman from California. These and others contribute toward making the hotel rotunda a fashion center when they descend into it and assemble beside the canary cages on the edge of the tea room for their luncheon parties. Here is what Mrs. Borah and others are wearing on a typical occasion, and if the costumes were adopted as a whole, they would almost make a summer wardrobe.

It was at the end of a waning season when these notes were taken, and young girls were even then commenting that spring styles of Washington were summer styles elsewhere. Ladies in another corner were discussing what was to be done about a certain Mrs. So-and-So who sent her acceptance to a smart party she had never been invited to. What was more, they were saying she would go.

Mrs. Borah was not of this group, but of another, and she wore a tweed something or other, which was actually begging by its every fold and line to be taken to Europe as a traveling wrap. If it could not put that over, it would do equally well for a trip through the Canal to California, or overland to Idaho on such a jaunt as it made later in the season, just after its appearance at the Mayflower, and it would also be of service at the journey's end.

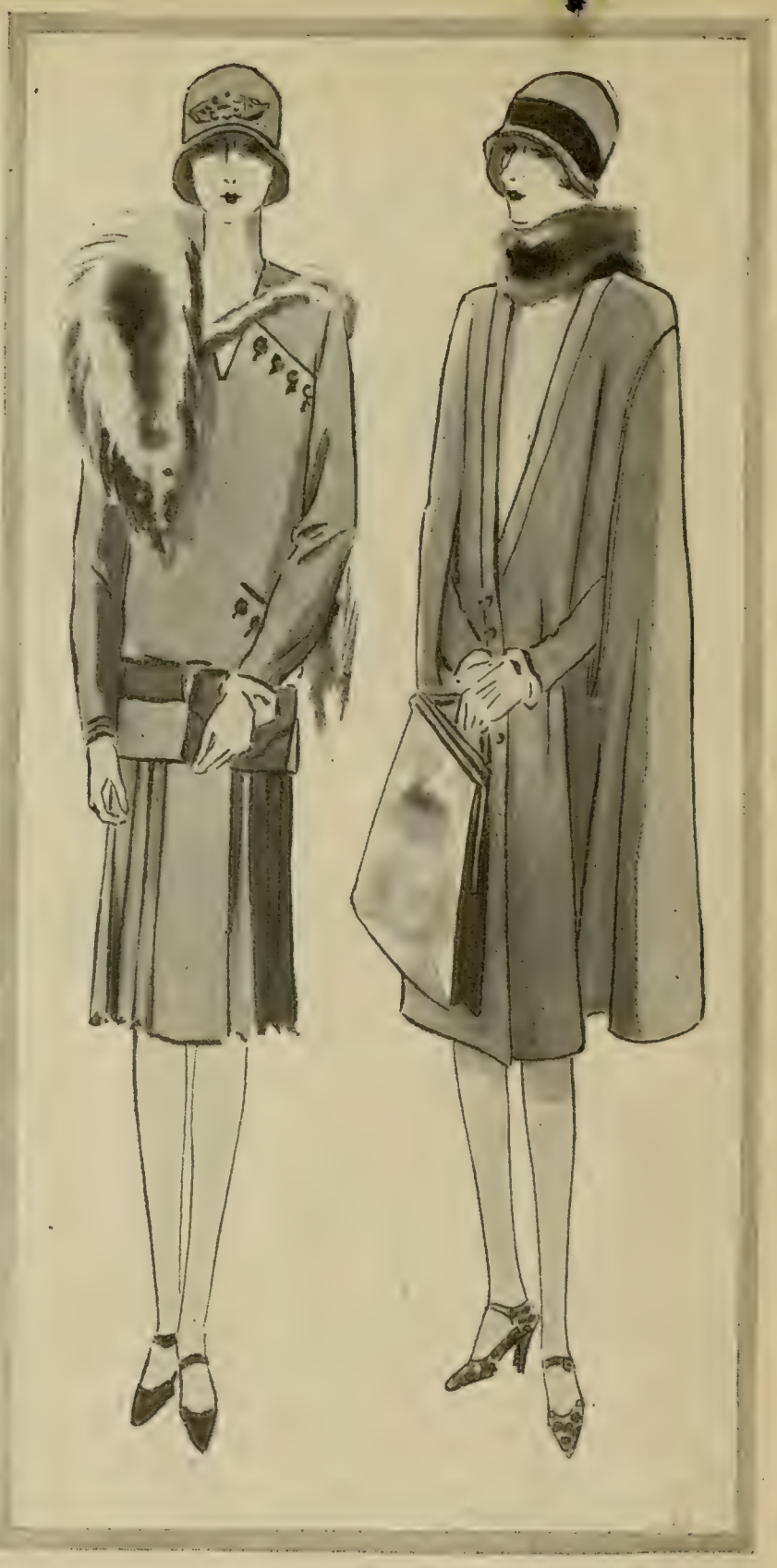
The question is, was it cape or was it coat? This remains unanswered and you will note we avoided the issue by calling it a wrap. The artist further complicated the issue by calling it a cardigan cape wrap. Call it what you will, but it was made like a coat down the front and across the shoulders, with the arms coming through it, also in coat fashion, whereupon the similarity to this form of wrap ceased and it swung into a circular flare, with all of the characteristics of the cape movement across the back.

The important matter is that it was very smart, topped as it was with a close little beige straw hat with two brims. The hat was bound round the crown with a wide band of brown grosgrain ribbon that just about matched the tiny collar of sable round the throat.

The only thing on a large scale in that outfit was the bag. It was altogether feminine, though of great size, made of old tapestry, and it carried all the value that goes with contrast against the front of the wrap, which, viewed from that approach, looked not only like a coat, but like a very masculine one with its long tailored V front which buttoned below the opening. Finishing this costume with a touch that was more than dramatic and became almost theatrical were brown alligator shoes.

Mrs. Joe Crail was about as smart a figure as you hope to meet in her navy blue silk dress in two pieces, almost approaching the effect of a summer suit in outline. It closed with two diagonal lines of buttons and buttonholes. The blouse was belted at a latitude almost identical with the actual waistline, and its lower edge fell over a skirt that had plaits that were of the same width all the way around and were punctuated only with one great box plait in the front. With this costume Mrs. Crail wore a pointed fox collar, and sometimes she supplements it with a scarf. It is the sort of little morning outfit that is invaluable for all demands, from marketing to being guest of honor at luncheon parties.

Mrs. Crail is frequently a gay figure around the hotel in a bright green silk dress printed in scarlet poppies and topped with a scarlet hat. She might stand for the spirit of summer as she walks thus costumed through the green parks among the squirrels and the pigeons.



(Left) A two-piece frock of navy blue silk with two diagonal lines of fastening.

(Right) A coat cape of beige tweed with a circular sweep across the back.

(Left) A white crêpe gown printed in red and black, under a black rep coat. (Right) This evening gown is of black net and jet, with three white flowers.

MISS BETTY BALDWIN wore a white crêpe dress printed with red and black flowers of geometry and not of nature, so conventionalized were they. Using her dress as your textbook, you might proclaim from it that a new letter has come into the mode as the shape on which to model your neckline, for this one simulates not a V, but its predecessor in the alphabet, the letter U. They are now even tampering with the letter W as a style model for throatlines. At least they are putting one V on top of another and letting the ends overlap.

This dress had an all white tucked vestee filling in that U opening, and the rest of the frock (simple in line with a flaring front as its only elaborateness) was belted with a black velvet band. A black rep coat, perfectly straight in line and with a regular tailored collar, completed this ensemble. The collar was even notched, as in a man's suit. The costume possessed the dramatic value of contrast, lent to it by the completely feminine aspect of the dress and the relentlessly masculine form of the coat.

One caught a glimpse of Mrs. Sanders in the early evening on her way to a dinner at the White House dressed in an evening gown of black net covered with black jet embroidery and fastened with three white flowers at the hip.

GAY Young Frocks from PARIS

Paris, June 11.

By BETTINA BEDWELL

THE movies and writers of memoirs seem intent on dragging us back to the turmoil and sadness of the Great War. Not so Paris styles. Paris says, "Let's get gay! Let's be natural, happy, and young this summer."

As I have said before, the fashions of the world today mark a new epoch in dress, and one of the characteristics of this new era is gayety, and maybe even some frivolity.

Some entirely useless charming detail added to your perfectly reasoned and balanced chic costume does wonders toward pepping up the whole. A jewel, a necklace, a scarf, a nonutilitarian cape, frivolous stockings, or giddy slippers are the feminine retort to the stodgy admonition, "Life is real! life is earnest!" Wars, earthquakes, rebellions, and elections come and go, but clothes go on forever, and clothes without gayety are like a dance without music.

Paris favors, this summer, a little heresy against the budget. Paris says, "Get yourself a sparkling printed frock of perishable chiffon, altogether charming, entirely impracticable.

"Or, have a regular riot of brilliant embroidery on some such ephemeral fabric as tulle.

"Or, make more delicate your sartorial ensemble of transparent georgette by the application of quantities of dainty lace.

"Or, again, indulge in color without stint for once in the season.

"Your frock will be twice as effective, if only for half the length of time."

Lanvin's black and white chiffon frock (left) has elbow cuffs of black ruching on tulle.

This Lanvin evening gown is embroidered in gold and silver on a delicate black tulle.

Such things usually cost more and are less durable, but if woman is only once in a while a luxury tax upon man, he is all the more appreciative. A diet of pure reasonableness is a bit too heavy, year in and year out, to give continual pleasure to a he man digestion.

Our first photograph is a high temperature style from one of the very greatest of Paris couturières, Jeanne Lanvin. It is not intended for the serious minded. It is for the young, for the gay, and the toll of the years is not taken into consideration. Lanvin makes this model of white chiffon, dotted with large, blurred, irregular dots of black. The lines are a lesson in the beauty of height and slenderness. The slender blouse is equipped with equally slender sleeves, reaching just to the elbows. From that point hang long festoons of self-material picoted around the edge. Entirely frivolous and utterly charming are the circular caps, made of rows of black ruching on a tulle foundation, which are placed just above the elbows of this model.

An afternoon frock of pink georgette, lavishly trimmed with écru lace, from Martial et Armand.

Shadow plaided chiffon of brilliant red and golden beige makes this afternoon frock from Lenief.

The skirt is cut circular and dipped in four points at the hemline. The girdle is a wide piece of the dotted chiffon crossed in front.

From Jeanne Lanvin also comes the evening gown of black tulle shown in our second photograph. The foundation slip is black taffeta, which rises to a point at the neckline in front. The blouse is as straight and plain as possible, and the skirt is circular and pointed.

Great palm leaves, embroidered in gold and silver thread, cover the skirt. Expensive, perishable, yes; but of ravishing beauty. The girdle is a wide piece of tulle draped around the very nearly normal waistline. Around the shoulders Lanvin puts an exaggerated bertha of black tulle.

OUR third photograph shows a summer bridge, garden, or personal party frock from Martial et Armand. It is made of crêpe georgette in the perfect hot weather color, sunset pink.

The straight, sleeveless bodice of georgette, with a cut-out motif of écru lace outlining the V neckline, is partially hidden by a short jacket with bishop sleeves, sleeves and jacket being trimmed with écru lace. The skirt is shirred at the waistline in front and back, and has a deep hem of écru lace. The girdle is fastened under a buckle of pearls.

Color and pattern give youngness and gayety to our fourth model, an afternoon frock of chiffon from Lenief. It is in red and golden beige in large shadow plaid. The plaid makes a charming pattern, being bias for the sleeves and the deep yoke at the front and back of the bodice, while the waist itself is cut straight.

The circular pointed skirt shows the plaid pattern in bias, and a very long point in back suggests a train. The wide girdle is of red fastened with a topaz buckle.

VOX

"It's a Boy!"

Speaking as War Bird to Doughboy—

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—"B. L." of New York City gave us the best piece of humor I have read in many months when he quoted that story about an observer who telephoned to an anti-aircraft battery: "Six planes have just crossed our lines, headed for the rear! Shoot the *sixth*—it's a German!!"

I doubt if you can publish this when I say that quip is more than humor. It is *fact!* I was one of six that preceded two Germans to our rear!

To this day I have not felt that I was "yellow." I have never actually, within myself, been ashamed of that action.

I did not know what to do!

When we got together, two of the boys were very mad, but the rest of us laughed it off. The only really experienced man pointed out what we should have done and what he meant to indicate by his turn-about action. However, it happened. We'll admit it.

Does that satisfy some of our trench-shoe knockers? If not, this will. I didn't get one Boche plane. In fact, didn't get into actual combat.

Do not let your aviation stories throw out a smoke screen between the public and the colossal struggle in the trenches.

We had all the glory. I often thanked my stars for being in the air service. Discipline—I never had it. My soul and being loathed it. Hardship—we didn't know what it was, and yet the *poilu* and doughboy prospered on it. Give 'em the credit, LIBERTY!

I, for one, shudder at that grind of mud and muck, crummy clothes and stinking trenches — to say nothing of the actual warfare—*and* the second lieutenants!—*G. M. C.*

Maybe Pull Counts as It Is

CHICAGO, ILL. — After reading "The Undergraduate and His Car," by Norman S. Hall, the solution of the problem has just occurred to me.

Whenever the question arises as to whether any given student should be allowed to keep his car, select two tug of war teams, one made up of "profs" and the other of undergrads, tie ropes to each end of the car—and let the best team win!—*J. L. C.*

Miss Dangerfield Thanks You

PIERRE, S. D.—Now LIBERTY is making a bid to get into the high class magazine field. The story, "Lady New Luck," by Clinton Dangerfield, has not been outclassed by any published short story this year. —*A. E. Beaumont.*

ANDERSON, S. C.—"For the Love o' Lil" *does* interest me. I am about as anxious as Sandy.

Please, Mr. Thrasher, don't let *Lil* be sick a week! Let us have the answer without further delay.

I am a mother twice, and twenty-three. So things like this interest me.—*Just Another Cover Fan.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—You don't mean to inform us that Leslie Thrasher bought a *girl's* blanket for *Lil's* little pink (or red) monkey? How else are we to account for the glaring error on your June 9 cover, on which "it" was announced as a boy—and with a *blue* comfort!

We checked maternity wards in several hospitals to prove Les' sin of commission.—"*Pop.*"

BRONX, N. Y.—Your covers are getting monotonous. But the "It's a Boy!" was a corker! It must have been a good job to make that baby's face look like *Sandy's.—O. T. A.*

But Would the Players Keep Their Minds on the Game?

WOODLAND SCHOOL, N. Y.—Those "Show Girl" stories by J. P. McEvoy are *keen.*

John Striebel sure wields a mean pencil, what? With those curves he would make the big league and burn 'em up.—*Foster.*

Now, Margaret, That Last Crack . . .

ASTORIA, ORE.—I'm just asking you whether or not you believe there are, in America, any decent, sensible women left, between the two extremes you've shown us lately, in Viña Delmar's story, "She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her," and Katherine Mayo's article, "Companionate 'Marriage'—and Marriage."

If Miss Mayo's book on India is as absurd and untrue as her recent advice to American girls, no wonder all India is consumed by wrath! That unceasing fertility she deplores there, she would inflict upon American girls, under the command of some vague religious idea. The "birth control" she abhors is found to be a necessity by intelligent people with limited funds. All nations are adopting it.

As for the old compulsion that a wife should, merely because of a marriage service, stick to a worthless libertine for the rest of her life—that's an exploded theory.

No woman anywhere, at any time, ever got anywhere—physically, mentally, financially, morally, or any other way—by condoning an immoral husband or breeding like a Belgian hare.—*Margaret MacKay.*

Oh, We're Often Respectful

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Let the russian emmigrant and officer shake your hands for printing the story, "An Empress in Exile," by Princess Radziwill.

There is nothing new for us russians in this story but the respectful manner and the way it is written is much surprising in american magazine.

I bet you do not even suspect about existance of thousands of russians among your steady readers?—*Russian officer.*

What Should He Have Done?

DETROIT, MICH.—In his article, "Luck on the Wing," Captain Brown neglected to mention the greatest piece of luck he ever had—when he was able to sneak up on the most wonderful fighter of the war and kill him from behind, thereby gaining fame of a sort.

Otherwise he would be unknown.—*Mrs. J. P. Dendy.*

That's Nice

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It may interest you to know that Mr. Viereck is in receipt of two official letters from the office of the Reichs President. In both letters he is commended highly for his interview with President Hindenburg, entitled "Forging Swords into Dumbbells."

The first letter is signed by the Secretary of State, Dr. Meissner, who is the right-hand man of the President. Dr. Meissner, in his letter, speaks of the very happy coincidence of publishing the article on the very day the Bremen fliers were received in New York.

The second letter was written by Dr. Lewald, in charge of the athletic training of German youth. Dr. Lewald writes that President von Hindenburg liked the article very much. He also comments on the fact that the article appeared just at the moment "of renewed friendly relations between America and Germany."—*A. Paul Maerker-Branden, representing George Sylvester Viereck.*

POP

Modern Magic

PHILIP, S. D. — Your article, "White Australia," by Lothrop Stoddard, was very interesting to me because of having made so many friends in Australia through conversing with them in the wireless code from my amateur station 9CKF, located here.

After reading your article Monday night—the Monday on which it appeared on the news stands—I made mention of it to one of my amateur friends, Mr. H. Cooper at Glenelg, South Australia, whose call letters are 5HG, early Tuesday morning. I told him that I would mail a copy of LIBERTY to him.

On Wednesday morning I was again in conversation with him, and to my surprise he told me that the article had been cabled to Australia, and that he had read it in the Adelaide *Advertiser* that day. —*Frank Calclough.*

Well, She Did Her Own Glorifying

KANSAS CITY, MO.—At last! I've been holding my breath all through Robert W. Chambers' pirate stories, and now I can let it out.

Past and gone are all *Nancy's*

bloody fights with pirates, and narrow squeaks when her life hung by a hair. We leave her glorified, sitting on top of all her bags of gold, with a halo around her head—and smiling like the cat that's swallowed the canary at the thought of soon being *Mrs. John Ross. What* a relief!—*Janet M.*

Unbiased?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was surprised to read your editorial, "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments," in which you stated that:

> In view of the horrors of Reconstruction, we do *not* believe the Negro should vote in the South. When he did vote there, he brought civilization almost back to savagery.

Do you realize, my dear friend, that this is a falsehood? During the so-called Reconstruction period, not a single State in the South was controlled by Negroes. Of the Negroes who were sent to Congress, every one was a college graduate except Major John R. Lynch.

If you carefully read the history of the period written by unbiased people, you will learn that all of the savagery was caused by the dominant economic interests of the section that wished to enslave the Negro again and succeeded in doing so by nullifying the Constitution. This was accomplished by terrorism and murder.

Where Negroes did have authority they maintained law and order and helped to inaugurate the public school system which did not exist before.—*George S. Schuyler.*

You're what I call a friend

OLD PIPE, we've pal'd around together for years. You've bucked me up when the other side was getting the breaks. And you've helped me celebrate when we were winning. In return, I've tried to give you a square deal, too. I've bought you the best tobacco I could get—Prince Albert.

You've never had to produce an alibi, Old Pipe, even when you were new and inexperienced. For Prince Albert has given me everything I want in a smoke. Fragrance . . . an aroma that never fails to thrill as I open the tidy red tin. Mildness . . . a genuine gentleness that is always kind and considerate.

Between the two of you, I am perfectly satisfied. I have traded experiment for experience. It's all settled. I don't even have to say "P. A.," except when I'm in a strange town. The man knows my brand. And he tells me that the P. A. fans are the great majority. We can understand that, *eh?*

This tin contains TWO full ounces of what every pipe needs.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

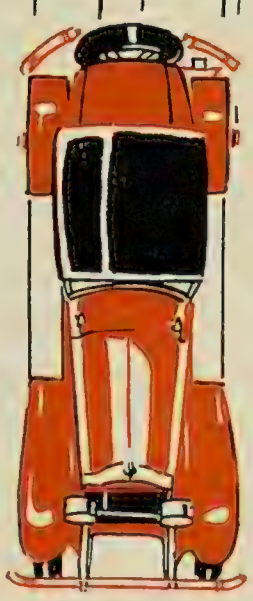
© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

when the speedometer passes "50" -you trust your *life* to your *tires.*

STABILIZED—
to stand the terrific strains and speeds of modern motoring

WHAT would happen if a tire blew out? That's the fear that rides with you on ordinary tires—fear that leaps into your mind when protesting rubber complains of strain on the curves—fear that mounts with the figures on your speedometer. End it! Equip your car with Dayton Stabilized Balloons.

These tires are built for present-day cars and present-day drivers. They have the stamina—the built-in ruggedness—the stubborn resistance to puncture and blow-out that make them more than a match for the most powerful car. They have miles in them that you may never use, but miles that pay for themselves with a priceless measure of added safety.



Such tires could never be the result of mass production. Dayton Stabilized Balloons are built for those who know quality—demand it—tolerate nothing less than the best; motorists who refuse to allow their cars' performance to be hampered by tire uncertainty.

Don't put off getting the full benefits of what your car will do. Drive with confidence on Dayton Stabilized Balloons. Have them put on today.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.
Dayton, Ohio

Dayton STABILIZED BALLOONS

THOROBRED

Makers of Dayton Thorobred Extra-ply Cords for large diameter wheels, the pioneer low air pressure tires of America. Also makers of famous Dayton Maximaire Fan Belts, chosen by 85% of America's automobile and truck manufacturers as original equipment.

Dayton Thorobred Tubes—famous companions to Dayton Tires.

The Life Story of WALLACE REID

The Tragedy of an American Idol

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

(Reading time: 25 minutes 42 seconds.)

ALTHOUGH he was the son of Hal Reid, the famous playwright, Wallace Reid in his early youth showed neither inclination nor desire to be an actor. When, at nineteen, he joined the old Vitagraph Company in Brooklyn, he wished to write and direct; but he was made a leading man. The author here picks up his career when he went to California.

PART THREE

THIS is not, in the main, a history of Wallace Reid the motion picture star. It purports to be a life story of Wally Reid the man. He lived in our own times and the things he did on the screen are well known to most of us.

Therefore I feel that from the time Wally came to Hollywood in 1912 until he died in 1923, we may abandon chronological data and deal almost entirely with the important things that happened to him—important as concerned his own inner life.

That he achieved tremendous success in a series of pictures in which he represented all that was best of the ideal American is a fact we may accept.

Just what that success brought with it and the changes it caused in his surroundings, its dangers as well as its rewards, are the things to consider if we are to get the understanding of Wally that made most of those who knew him love him through thick and thin.

Truth never hurt anybody. Truth cannot hurt Wallace Reid. Rumor has shot far of the mark—both high and low—because of the mystery of the thing. Truth makes it very sad but very simple.

It shows you at last the picture of a boy overwhelmed by odds and going down into the depths, to emerge with a triumph that cost him his life but not his soul.

The important things which happened to Wally in the next few years were, first, his marriage to Dorothy Davenport; second, his elevation to stardom by the public; and, third, America's entrance into the World War.

For that statement I take full responsibility. I don't know that everyone will agree with me. But I am going to present to you the facts as I know them, from observation and from Wally himself, and let you judge.

In doing this, I am betraying no trust. In its way, this life story is my monument to Wallace Reid, who was my friend, and whose death was to me at once the most tragic and the most beautiful thing I ever saw.

At the time that Wally came to Hollywood as general assistant to Otis Turner at the old Universal studio, Dorothy Davenport was already established as a star of the films. Because she was for twelve years the greatest single influence in his life, his comfort and his friend and his bulwark as well as his wife, it is strictly necessary that you know the sort of girl she was, the sort of woman she became.

Hartsook photo

IN the costume he wore as leading man in Joan the Woman.

Brown Bros. photo

The chance of playing opposite Geraldine Farrar in her pictures decided Wallace Reid to continue acting when he wished to stop. He is shown here with her in Carmen. Joan the Woman was another of the films they made together.

When Wally first met her she was seventeen, but she had been some years in the theater and had matured early. The niece of Fanny Davenport, one of the greatest American actresses, the daughter of Harry Davenport, for many years a favorite Broadway actor, she came of stock which helped to make the history of our theater.

At that time she was a girl of more than average loveliness and of striking personality. The personality entirely overshadowed even the charm of her red-brown hair and her dark eyes and her exquisite figure.

The word "personality" is hard to define, but Dorothy Davenport Reid is a synonym. Her chief characteristics as Wally's wife were a clear common sense, an amazing sense of humor, and a deep, selfless loyalty.

DURING the years of their marriage her self-control developed an outer shell which at times made people think her cold. But it enabled her to pass through storm, confusion, and tragedy with a serene dignity and a clear thought which neither the plaudits of the world nor the sufferings of her own heart could shake.

If ever a girl tried to stem a rising tide, Dorothy Reid tried. If ever a woman upheld a man's hands, she upheld Wally's. Her habit

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID]
Continued from page fifty-nine

of reserve grew and she changed from a sparkling girl to a strong and guarded woman in a few brief years; but those who knew her found beneath that calm, white-faced exterior a wealth of tenderness, of humor, of understanding, of fine, sane thinking that made her stand apart from the ordinary run of women.

There is nothing more important to a man than the woman who stands beside him on his journey through life. In that, at least, Wallace Reid was blessed, and he knew it.

It was a pretty romance in the beginning, the romance of Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport, played in the most charming of California settings. They were two young things, with the world before them, and love added a glamour to work that was play half the time.

The meeting came about in this way. Dorothy Davenport needed a leading man. Henry Walthall had played opposite her, and James Kirkwood and Harold Lockwood, and she was rather fussy in the matter of leading men. But the need was pressing and no one was available.

There was, it appeared, a young man on the Universal lot, by the name of Wallace Reid, who had played leads with Florence Turner in New York and was said to be very good looking.

Wally with Dorothy Davenport in their first film together.

The Turner company wasn't ready to start work and it was willing to cut down its overhead by lending this young man's services to Miss Davenport. He wasn't very keen about it, didn't want to act any more, but he was under contract and, if told to act, act he must to the best of his ability.

The first day of the film was disastrous. Miss Davenport was furious. This big, overgrown boy was all hands and feet. He knew nothing whatever about acting. Wally was annoyed because he was once more before the camera, and sulked openly. In fact, it is impossible to deny that they glared at each other across the set between love scenes.

The second day was little better. But the third brought a development which won the haughty little star's respect, and she began to treat her new leading man with consideration.

THERE was, at that time, a process of initiation on the Universal lot. Most of the pictures being made were Westerns; and the cowboys, among them Hoot Gibson, Curly Eagles, and Milt Brown, always took these dude actors from the East, picked out the worst horses they could find, and put them aboard.

Naturally they tried it on young Reid, and with special vehemence, because Dorothy Davenport was their idol, and she openly turned up her pretty nose at this handsome stranger. So, when she arrived on the lot the third morning, the first sight that met her eyes was that of her leading man very much occupied with the nastiest broncho in the stables.

Her interest flamed. She was a horsewoman of distinction and she had no regard for a man who couldn't stay in the saddle, no matter what the horse's ideas on the subject might be.

Nobody knew of Wally's year in Wyoming and they stood back, chuckling, to get a good view of his downfall.

But something went wrong with the scenario. Easy, cool, graceful, the boy from the East took everything this bad horse had to offer—corkscrews, tail spins, and sunfishes—and finally brought him back to the corral sweating and conquered.

He had proved his "staying qualities" and from then on was one of the gang. Also, he was admitted to his star's good graces.

The friendship ripened rapidly. There was no resisting Wally once you knew him. He had found as a pal another young actor, Gene Pallette, and finally the two boys, a trifle lonesome and homesick in this new atmosphere, persuaded Dorothy's mother to take a house and let them share it.

Mrs. Davenport was an energetic, competent woman, as emotional as her daughter was reserved. She had divorced Dorothy's father some years before, and had learned the lessons a woman alone with a young daughter to educate and launch in the world must learn. She was the kind of woman whom everybody on the lot called "mother"—and she did mother most of them, both at Universal and at the Mack Sennett studio, where she herself worked from time to time as a character woman. She had a brusque, direct way with her, but she understood young people, and they came to her with their troubles and their joys.

Wally won her heart instantly and much more easily than he did her daughter's. The little family hadn't been settled in the house a week before he was like a son to her.

She was no matchmaker, and if she had been she might have made more ambitious plans for Dorothy Davenport than this unknown young leading man. But she did see in Wally all the beautiful qualities that go to make romance, and, being incurably romantic, hoped the two would fall in love.

But for a time it looked as though her dreams were not to come true. Dorothy liked the boy, but, being herself all of seventeen, considered him much too young. Her ideal was somebody like Henry Walthall, a man of the world, and not a mere youth with whom she danced and rough-housed and rode horseback.

The three of them—Dot, Wally, and Gene Pallette—built a stable in the back yard with their own hands, kept three horses, and spent most of their time in the saddle. They rode to the studio in the morning, rode home at night, and on Sunday they took a day off and went riding on the many beautiful trails around Hollywood.

BUT if Dorothy didn't fall in love as quickly as might have been expected, Wally did. One day, when they were riding together in Griffith Park, he proposed. And it was, according to Miss Davenport, who in spite of her youth had experienced several, a bum proposal.

"I think he said," she once remarked, "something like 'I guess it would be nice if we got married.'"

Whether it was the lack of romance in the words or whether her heart was actually untouched, it is hard to say. At any rate she told him loftily that they were much too young to consider anything as serious as matrimony.

"And she spurred up her horse and left me flat," said Wally.

But separation did what propinquity had failed to do. Wally went to Santa Barbara for six months with the American Film Company, writing stories, directing them, and acting in them. He acted in order to get the chance to do the other two things.

Perhaps the girl missed him more than she had realized she would. Perhaps she began to see how much those rides and the evenings spent with books and the perfect companionship had meant to her.

Anyway, when he came back and they again began to work together—this time Wally directing as well as starring with her—she saw it his way, and on October 13, 1913, they were married. A quiet little ceremony and back to work the next day.

They worked very hard, but it was great fun.

The beginning of one of the screen's strangest domestic dramas. Wallace Reid and Dorothy on October 14, 1913, the day following their wedding.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

"Lilac Time" is in the Air!

(Reading time: 1 minute, 25 seconds)

FIVE THOUSAND feet up! . . . . Forty whirring, purring propellers singing a song of death. Forty roaring, streak-fast war-eagles making a shambles of the sky. Forty youngsters sporting with fate—for they must live greatly, or not at all!...

Yes, "Lilac Time" is in the air!

Up here, life is nothing. Got to forget it, or you're lost. Danger comes riding at you at ninety miles an hour...."Jeannine! Jeannine! Let me kiss your eyes!"

Down there life is everything—since yesterday. Life, and a world of love—for one boy... One day of love. One day? One minute, for a love like this. And now—"Jeannine! Don't let it break your heart!... *Damn that Fokker. Can't let him get behind me. A loop will do it. Now, Jim, give him the works!* . . . . Jeannine! Jeannine! One more—and I'll come back!"

IN "Lilac Time", with the clouds as their canvas, a famous film company and a celebrated Star have painted *the* epic of Aviation.

The thrills you'll live ten years from now—the thrills that Richthofen and Roy Brown, the man who killed him; Frank Luke, balloon buster of Arizona; and General William Mitchell knew—can be yours today in this vast screen spectacle.

Guided by an astonishing array of talent, including George Fitzmaurice as director, Carey Wilson as scenarist, Gary Cooper as the hero, and Willis Goldbeck as screen adaptor, "Lilac Time," from the play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, was in production for nine full months.

He had courted Death 'til he found this greater love.

Miss Moore herself spent nine hundred hours in its making.

A complete French village was built in all its picturesque detail.

Certainly, one of the most stupendous specials ever filmed. And as a final touch of novelty, synchronized orchestration and striking sound effects have been devised to accompany the showings in certain theatres.

* * *

And now a whole nation is on tiptoe for this one great picture. Millions looking forward to to "Lilac Time." Months before release—people talking . . . eager . . . waiting.

Yes, "Lilac Time" is in the air.

Watch for it!

The Next Motion Picture You Must See!

JOHN McCORMICK presents

COLLEEN MOORE

in "LILAC TIME"

A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

First National Pictures

Take the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"

It takes more than soap and water *to remove* TRAFFIC FILM

TRAFFIC Film is not just a layer of dust on the finish of your car. It is a hard, dull film, which soap and water cannot remove.

You can easily remove Traffic Film and bring back the original lustre of the finish with No. 7 Duco Polish, made by du Pont, the makers of Duco.

Traffic Film is an accumulation of oily, sticky particles of dirt which are constantly settling on your car, on the highways, and even in your own garage. These particles are baked by the sun and the heat, and are cemented together to form a hard, dull film.

No. 7 Duco Polish quickly penetrates and softens this layer of Traffic Film. It "puts the skids under" the dirt particles, and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing with soap and water.

Underneath the Traffic Film your car is still new and gleaming. Its colors are still as bright, its high lights as brilliant, as when it first caught your eye on the dealer's floor.

Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. If you prefer to have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish to restore the beauty of the finish. No. 7 Duco Polish will not only protect the finish against Traffic Film, but will keep it new and gleaming, season after season.

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acid—it is packed only in this can shown here. Leading automobile manufacturers recommend No. 7 Duco Polish and many of them put samples in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit.

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful. No. 7 Auto Top Finish will waterproof the top and bring back its original lustre. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiators and lamps.

Send for this Sample Beauty Kit

Beautify your car at our expense. Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover cost of mailing) and we'll send you the following:

1 Sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough to polish your car once)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Nickel Polish (enough to shine up the radiator and lamps)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough to paint the spare tire or tire cover)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc., Desk L-4, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich. *Canadian Address:* Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents to help pay mailing cost.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Made by
DU PONT, *the makers of* DUCO

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID]
Continued from page sixty

They made two pictures a week. For these Wally wrote the stories, directed them, and played the leading rôle. The ideas of these stories were all Wally's, and in rereading now the brief synopses that he made, they amaze one with the clearness of their dramatic points and the delicacy of their emotional treatment.

"My damn face kept me from getting a chance to be a writer or a director," Wally said, later on.

He honestly felt that way about it, too. Nothing so incensed him as to feel that he was "getting by" because of his looks.

A year after their marriage and about the time they bought their first little home just off Hollywood Boulevard—it stands there now, a small, vine-covered cottage that always gives me a lump in my throat when I pass it—Wally left Universal to go with D. W. Griffith.

He took a cut in salary to do it, and a cut in salary meant a lot in those days, for salaries weren't very big at best and the little house wasn't paid for.

But Wally was beginning to have high ideals of what might be done in pictures, and he wanted to work with D. W.

There he sustained the first and perhaps the only disappointment of his career—and even that proved in the end a golden boomerang. D. W. was getting ready to make The Clansman, which was called on the screen The Birth of a Nation. Henry B. Walthall had been cast as the *Little Colonel*. Suddenly he was taken ill. The Master—as they called Griffith then and as he will be to the end of the motion picture chapter — cast about for an adequate substitute, and his eye lighted on young Wallace Reid, who was again directing.

The Reids in the care-free early years of their marriage.

THAT night there was joy in the little vine-covered cottage. Wally forgot his prejudice against acting. It was worth going back to if he could play such a part under such direction. Why, they actually went out and bought chicken for dinner, and Dorothy cooked it and Wally served it and they celebrated after the immemorial custom of young people.

Costumes were fitted to the boy. Tests were made. They started shooting—and then Walthall recovered. Before 500 feet of the film was actually shot, Walthall was back on the lot and ready to go to work.

It almost broke Wally's heart. They gave him instead the part of the young blacksmith who cleaned out the gang of Negroes. They told him in the end it would do him more good. And it did. Few who saw the film ever forgot the picture of Wally, stripped to the waist, smiling, a white, avenging god of strength among those mad colored men.

But it was difficult to see that then, and Wally only took it because he was so disappointed he just didn't care.

A SHORT time later he was offered the lead with Geraldine Farrar in Carmen.

It was the charm of Geraldine Farrar and his desire to work with her and know her that persuaded Wally to continue acting.

One cannot blame him. Geraldine Farrar was at that time the most brilliant figure among American women. Famous as a beauty, as an artiste, as a wit, she occupied a dazzling position. A thoroughly justified position. A woman of dynamic force and of wide experience, a musician and an actress to her finger tips, she swayed the boy as no other personality with whom he had come in contact in his life up to that time had ever swayed him.

Above all, she did something that he had thought it impossible for anyone to do. She awoke in him an interest in acting as an art. She saw at once the possibilities within him. And she set to work to bring them out. They had from the start one great common love — music.

Wally had never neglected his violin, and after work they spent many hours at her home, or at the Reid home, where Dorothy held gracious sway, playing, singing, talking music and all that it meant to the human race. No further testimony to Wally's real ability as a musician is needed than that Geraldine Farrar allowed him to accompany her and to play violin obbligatos when she sang arias.

It was a friendship that stimulated Wallace Reid in many ways. Her success, the fact that she was some years older than he was and had known most of the world's interesting people, made him accept

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

July Days Are Always Cool In the Tower Rooms of Chicago's MORRISON HOTEL

Tallest Hotel-Structure in the World

At the Centre of Chicago's Downtown Life

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

A Suite in the Tower, Morrison Hotel

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

THE value of your daylight hours, when traveling on pleasure or business, depends so much on undisturbed sleep at night, that a cool hotel room goes a long way toward making your trip a success.

A Refuge from Summer Heat

A guest room in the Morrison tower, fanned by cool breezes blowing straight off Lake Michigan, assures a sound night's rest, no matter what the temperature of the streets below. And no words can describe the glorious panorama of lake, city and surrounding country on all sides of this giant structure.

The Terrace Garden And Boston Oyster House

Far below you, yet distant only a few seconds by micro-drive elevators, lies the center of Chicago's festive life. Here the rare menus of the Boston Oyster House, with a half-century of picturesque history behind it, and the dazzling beauty of the "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden have created the "liveliest 24-hour intersection in the Middle West."

1944 Outside Rooms, 1944 Baths

All rooms are outside, with bath, circulating ice water, telephone, bed-head lamp, and Servidor. A housekeeper is assigned to every room, and all guests enjoy garage privileges. The most central hotel-location has developed subrental revenues at the Morrison that make possible the low rates listed below.

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

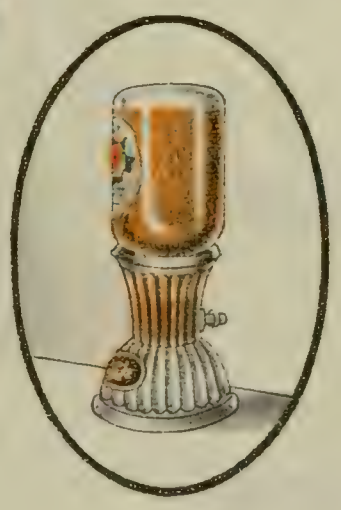
202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00 · 16 Suites, $15.00 · 6 Suites, $20.00

Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"



Bottled by your local Orange-Crush bottler in patented "Krinkly" bottles — every bottle carefully sterilized — under exclusive license and direction of the Orange-Crush Company, Chicago. Also at fountains, from the Orange-Crush dispenser. — A wonderfully refreshing drink!

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Wherever bottled drinks are sold, demand Orange-Crush in the patented "Krinkly" bottle. Also at the better fountains *everywhere.*

Orange-Crush

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID]
Continued from page sixty-two

her words as the utterings of an oracle.

The flattery of her interest gave him a new self-confidence and a new ambition. It made him throw himself into the rôles he played opposite her — in Carmen, Maria Rosa, The Woman God Forgot, and Joan the Woman — with an intensity he had never shown before.

From that series of pictures he emerged a star by popular acclaim.

He had also become a father. Young William Wallace Reid was born on June 10, 1917. We have had many descriptions in fiction and in history of the anxiety of the young father awaiting the birth of his first child. A very wise woman once said to me, "You will know the character of your man and the quality of his love by the way he reacts to his first experience of fatherhood."

© Evans, Los Angeles

Wally with Bill Reid, his son, playmate, and pal.

This test Wallace Reid bore with a strength and sweetness that bound him and his wife with indestructible ties. His tenderness and care and sympathy were unfailing. And from the moment of his arrival in this world, young Bill was his dad's pal.

They had moved from the first little vine-covered cottage to a charming home on Morgan Place in Hollywood, and later built the beautiful estate in the Hollywood foothills where Mrs. Reid and Bill still live. And during the ensuing years that home and little family stood with and by Wally, glorying in his triumphs, enjoying his laughter, fighting his enemies, and suffering in his tears.

AND now we come to that period of Wally's life, so many of the details of which are and must remain confused—a confusion that is like some great symphony gone mad—jazz mad.

I have spoken in a general way of Wally Reid's idealism. Let us see of what, at this period, it consisted. Let us stop and look at the situation in which he now found himself and what he himself was and wanted to be.

The motion picture business in those days was very different from the motion picture business of today. No other stars will ever hold the unique position occupied by Wallace Reid and Mary Pickford. The game has grown beyond that. There are too many attractive men and women, too much competition, too many theaters, too much interest now in the story, the settings, the cast, the photography.

The motion picture fan has evolved, and the days of such enormous personal popularity as came to Wally are gone forever. No one can take Wally Reid's place because that place no longer exists. Like many another monarchy of this century, it has become a republic.

MACAULAY said of Lord Byron, "There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence."

It is no exaggeration to say the same of Wallace Reid.

And in many ways the story of these two gifted and unhappy young artists is not unlike.

At a time when most men have just completed their education, when they are starting out to win by hard work and slow personal endeavor some of the good things of this world, this sensitive, untried, and untrained youth found himself, through practically no effort of his own, a sort of demigod.

Nor can I put it more effectively than Macaulay again said of Byron, at a similar time in the poet's life: "Everything that could stimulate, and everything that could gratify the strongest propensities of our nature, the gaze of a hundred drawing-rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the applause of applauded men, the love of lovely women, all this world and all the glory of this world were at once offered to a youth to whom nature had given violent passions and whom education had never taught to control them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuse to plead for their faults."

Yet the desires of Wally's own heart were different. He had the untarnished dreams of high minded youth. In a letter written while he was away on location about that time, he said:

"There are only a few things worth while in this world—and they are so easy to get. An open fire, books, a little music, and a friend you can talk to or keep silence with. I think that everything you get beyond just that is in the end a burden and a temptation.

"The happy lives are the quiet lives, aren't they? And yet, it is so

hard to be quiet! I think you know how I feel about most things. But sitting up here alone at night thoughts come more clearly. Never to hurt anyone, to do good to others when you can, to keep your own code of honor unbroken, your soul unstained by lust or greed or pride, your mind unsullied by lies and pretense, your body strong and clean—those are the things you must do.

"You believe in God. Sometimes I do, too, though I can't always give Him a name. But always I do believe in good. I know there isn't any happiness possible for me without self-respect, and I could never respect myself if I fell below the standard I *know* to be right."

It was a boy's code, not a man's. The idealism of youth. No definite principles, no philosophy of life, had formed in this thought. His was a mind of unconscious striving for spiritual good, but it was not a trained mind. He felt, rather than thought. All that he had was a deep, natural, inborn desire for right and a great admiration for the fine, upright things of life. His love of beauty was that of the poet.

He clung, all through this time, to those few friends who had combated the worst side of him, who had not hesitated to tell him the truth and to battle the unworthy things that surrounded him. That is in itself no mean test of right intention.

We see, then, a very young man to whom life had been always kind. A boy born with a golden spoon, riding a smooth and easy path. A man of such charm that he was forgiven anything and everything. And there is nothing more terrible, in the end, than to be forgiven for those things which ought not to be forgiven us.

WALLY REID was like *Peter Pan*. He never grew up.

The irrational and yet beautiful idolatry with which he was regarded, his excessive popularity, startled him and bewildered him at first.

"Why?" he said. "Why? I haven't done anything. I haven't accomplished anything."

He had fought no dragons, beaten no enemies, conquered no obstacles, given nothing great or useful to humanity. And those, in his estimation, were the things on which one should rest.

At first he tried to laugh it off. His modesty endured. Too much modesty—a sort of false humility which would not allow him to do many things he should have done, such as protecting himself from certain people and separating himself from certain environments, for fear that somebody might think he had grown conceited.

There was a peculiar thing in him that dreaded above everything else the infliction of pain, or to see another humiliated. It was all but impossible for him to say no—almost impossible for him to shut his door upon anyone, refuse to see anyone, or to do anything that gave people even momentary unhappiness.

Consequently the house on Morgan Place and the big new home in Hollywood, with its swimming pool and its charming gardens and spacious rooms, became open houses. Wally was such a good fellow. Always had a smile and a ready handclasp, always made you feel happy and welcome and at home.

Merriment was the order of the day. Wally played like the boy he was, and, because of that boyish quality in him, that play seemed innocent enough and had drifted far into dissipation before he or anybody else realized it.

People were always "dropping in." Dorothy Reid, with her quiet dignity and sound sense of values, tried again and again to shut the doors. But you couldn't do it with Wally there. The whole world was welcome to what he had. Just a lucky break he'd happened to get it instead of the other fellow. You had to share what you had with those less fortunate.

The thought was beautiful. But, like many beautiful thoughts, its application was not practical. The privilege it accorded was abused. He never had any privacy, no regularity, and not half enough sleep. His popularity was like a sea, swirling about him, and his marvelous physique upheld him so that he could not see any bad results. Never alone, never with time to rest and relax and read, as he loved to do. And almost no time to think. More than that, it broke him away from the men and women who might have given him something worth while.

He was working early and late at the studio. Big stars don't work now as they worked then. Two or three pictures a year, with trips to Europe between and vacations at Palm Springs and a few months in New York to see the plays.

Wally made eight or nine pictures a year and he worked long, hard, hot hours, and he did in those pictures an amazing amount of actual physical labor. James Cruze, who directed many of them and who was one of Wally's closest friends, says that no man in pictures has ever worked as hard as Wally worked, or burned up so much energy, or given so much of his best qualities to the pictures as Wally did in the first years of his stardom.

And he played as hard as he worked. He was always an extremist. He lacked balance, and the stream that swept him along never gave him time to establish any.

Degastoni photo

In their first home. Wallace Reid was an accomplished violinist.

ALONG with his charm as an actor and his unquestioned ability as a musician, Wallace Reid had a pronounced gift for poetry. Two of his poems follow:

LULLABY

You cry for your daddy, Baby o' Mine—
Can't you see that I'm crying, too?
You're asking me and I'm asking God,
For I'm just a baby like you.

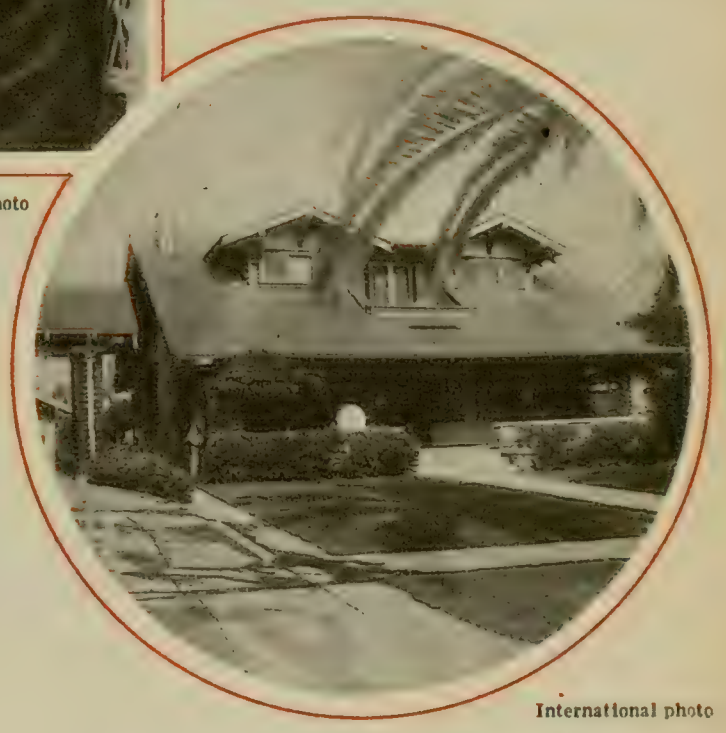
You want to know when, O Baby o' Mine,
He'll be coming home to you.
And O how I'm longing and longing, dear,
To be able to tell you true.

I want to sob with you, Baby o' Mine,
But I must be brave for us three—
For you with your childish sorrow, dear,
For daddy, who's fighting—and me.

So come to my heart, dear Baby o' Mine,
Let me comfort your baby woes.
And we'll trust in God to stay with the Flag
And with daddy, wherever he goes.

MY STAR

It does not matter that you are
So far above me,
Since I see you only as a star,
Nor ask that you should love me.
Far from the darkness where so oft
I do abide in pain,
I gaze in heart-torn hope aloft
To see you once again.
Sometimes I think that from afar
A man may look upon a star
And see it bright—
A beautiful, consoling light—
And know at last that God must be,
Who made some Star for each to see.



International photo

The Hollywood bungalow to which Wally took his bride.

There was, first of all, a great deal of money. At least it seemed a great deal of money to a young man who knew absolutely nothing of the value of money and cared less. Money meant nothing to Wally Reid, except the things he could buy and the people he could give it to. He immediately did too much of both, as is often the way with young men who are generous to a fault, who love life passionately and want to get the most out of it, who cannot understand business in any way, shape, or form.

LIKE his father before him, Wally spent money, when he had it, for the things that captivated his imagination or stirred his fancy. He was equally apt to buy a new gown for Dorothy—his taste was unerring—a new electric railroad for Bill, or a new roadster for himself.

When he didn't have money, it didn't worry him in the slightest. Whether he went to the studio in the morning with five dollars or $100, he came home without a dime. And as far as he was concerned, it didn't matter.

Never in his life had he had any training in the handling of money, anything to teach him its value. If he got thirty dollars a month and "cakes," that was fine and he was happy. If he got $2,500 a week, that was fine, too, and he was happy, in a different way.

I once saw a little black book in which Wally kept a sort of haphazard record of the money he had loaned to people. The names in it amazed me. But all you ever had to do was to ask and Wally gave.

He saw the other fellow's viewpoint too well;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID
Continued from page sixty-five]

his sympathies were too easily stirred; he was too deeply tolerant of all kinds of faults and suffering.

"Gosh," he used to say, "I'm nobody to judge anyone!"

Then there was fame. In a boyish sort of way, he loved it. But he handled it in a most peculiar and dangerous fashion. When people pointed him out, when he was circled by adoring throngs, small or great, he instantly tried to come down to their level.

He felt abashed by their admiration. It overawed him. And, to make himself comfortable again, to be sure that he didn't give anybody the idea that *he* thought he was grand or important, he acted like a small boy who is afraid the other boys will "give him the razz."

He was a great mixer, but he was never allowed to mix on equal terms. Somehow, he always became the center of everything. He did everything so well. His conversation was so amusing, his buffoonery so fascinating, his charm so drastic, that it always ended by Wally doing the entertaining while the rest sat and admired. This was not, I know, of his choosing. But it inevitably happened.

There is nothing more dangerous to a man than to be separated from the equality of at least some of his fellow men, to lose that give and take, that easy and natural criticism and sympathy, which is possible only between equals. All during this period of his life Wally was unfortunate enough to have a court, a gang of admirers, none of whom were his equals.

The happy family group of Reids before the shadows lowered over Wally's career.

HIS predicament was due partly to lack of time. He was busy, he was terribly overworked, he was careless. He took what came nearest to hand. And the nearest to hand was a gang of flattering sycophants such as surrounded Louis XV.

The strong, cold winds of honest male companionship with men of his own class and mental caliber did not blow upon him—only the breezes of perfumed words and self-seeking adulation.

I do not believe that anyone who did not actually see it will ever quite understand the woman angle of Wally's life at this time. It is a difficult matter to deal with. This is a biography which must in many ways touch the living, and, since they must not be hurt, the subject is one of extreme delicacy. But unless it is honestly dealt with you cannot get a fair estimate of the hurricane of temptations that were sweeping the boy.

He was not a man who cared especially for women. He had sowed no wild oats. He had passed through one sweet and worthy young love affair to a happy and complete marriage. As a woman who possessed and valued his friendship, I know how deeply he revered women, how he desired to idealize them. From them he expected and wanted the best, and he hoped that they would want the best from him.

The three women to whom he gave a permanent feeling of love and trust were his wife, a woman of exceptional fineness and strength; his mother, as deeply spiritual and idealistic a soul as ever lived on earth; and myself — and I was to him a combination of pal and sister, and he never once asked me to soften my judgment or to temper my thoughts of him or anything he did.

He always said that we were the only persons who always told him the truth, and to the very end he gave us all that was best and most loyal in himself.

But many women did their best to destroy in him that idealism.

No man, not even Byron himself, has ever been so besieged by the attention of women. Let me tell you a few instances that may startle you, but that will make you concede my point.

There was, for instance, the beautiful society woman, a leader of the most exclusive smart set in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Her beauty was a tradition, her name a power, her position unassailable. And yet for a year she sent Wally a continual stream of pictures of herself which nobody but her husband should have seen. They were beautiful pictures, calculated to tempt St. Anthony himself.

She sent him a key to her apartment, which nobody knew she kept. She gave his valet a diamond ring worth thousands of dollars to admit her to Wally's dressing room, and once there she exercised all her grace and splendor and knowledge of men to win his passing fancy.

The palatial home in the Hollywood foothills which Wallace Reid built when fame brought him fortune and which Mrs. Reid and his son now occupy.

One day when Wally and Dorothy and I were leaving the studio to go to their house for dinner, we found a girl hidden under the robe in the back seat of the car. I stepped on her, as a matter of fact, in getting in. I have never seen anyone more exquisite. Bronze hair and great violet eyes and the body of a wood nymph.

Her father was an officer holding high rank in the United States Army and her mother was one of the most noted women in Washington. No one knew where she was. She had run away from a fashionable boarding school, sold her jewelry to buy a ticket and come West to see Wally. And, let me tell you, when I say she was irresistibly lovely, I mean just that.

Dorothy and I—Wally washed his hands of her from the start in much annoyance—had a time with that child. We didn't know who she was or where she came from. She secreted herself under Wally's bed, she haunted the studio and the house, exquisitely dressed, her big eyes full of tears. When we finally found out her father's name and wired, he came West to take her home. She got off the train at San Bernardino and telephoned Wally that she was going to kill herself. But she didn't.

Then, the beautiful ex-Follies girl, who had married a multimillionaire, and was famous on Broadway for the damage she had done to masculine hearts. She came to Hollywood, too, with a wardrobe from Paris and a bag of tricks I've never seen equaled. She succeeded in winning a visiting prince, but for all her subtlety she failed to win Wally.

THIS is the merest cross-section, the tiniest fraction, of the sort of thing Wally Reid, a boy still in his early twenties, went through day after day. I do not condemn those women. I know nothing of their problems.

Perhaps they didn't understand. But certainly they did all that a woman can do to undermine a man's moral fiber and the pressure of their pursuit and flattery must have told.

Through it all, Wally Reid started in merely to have a good time, to enjoy life. Young, hot blooded, full of laughter, of excitement, of the love of speed, he stepped into the current. And the current bore him along to dissipation, and from dissipation to disaster.

But if the most hardened moralist, the sternest critic, will sit back very quietly for a moment and try to estimate the strength of that current of sudden wealth and fame upon a boy of twenty-five, perhaps he will be more ready to weep than to condemn.

If his critics will try to put themselves for one moment in Wally's place honestly, they will only be sad that one so young and fine should have been subjected to the pressure of such a pace. After all, it is part of the prayer Jesus gave us, "Lead us not into temptation."

What was it Macaulay said of Byron? "He lived as many men live who have no similar excuse to plead for their faults."

And he condemned himself more harshly than could anyone else in the world.

Then came the World War.

I still believe that the beginning of the end for Wallace Reid was when he didn't put on a uniform. I will show you that he never quite forgave himself.

And then, long afterward, worn out by illness, by overwork, by remorse, by the pace of pleasure which had caught him up, weakened by flattery and indulgence, he met his arch-enemy for the first time. And the death struggle began.

How Wallace Reid fought this losing struggle will be told in the concluding chapter of his life story next week.

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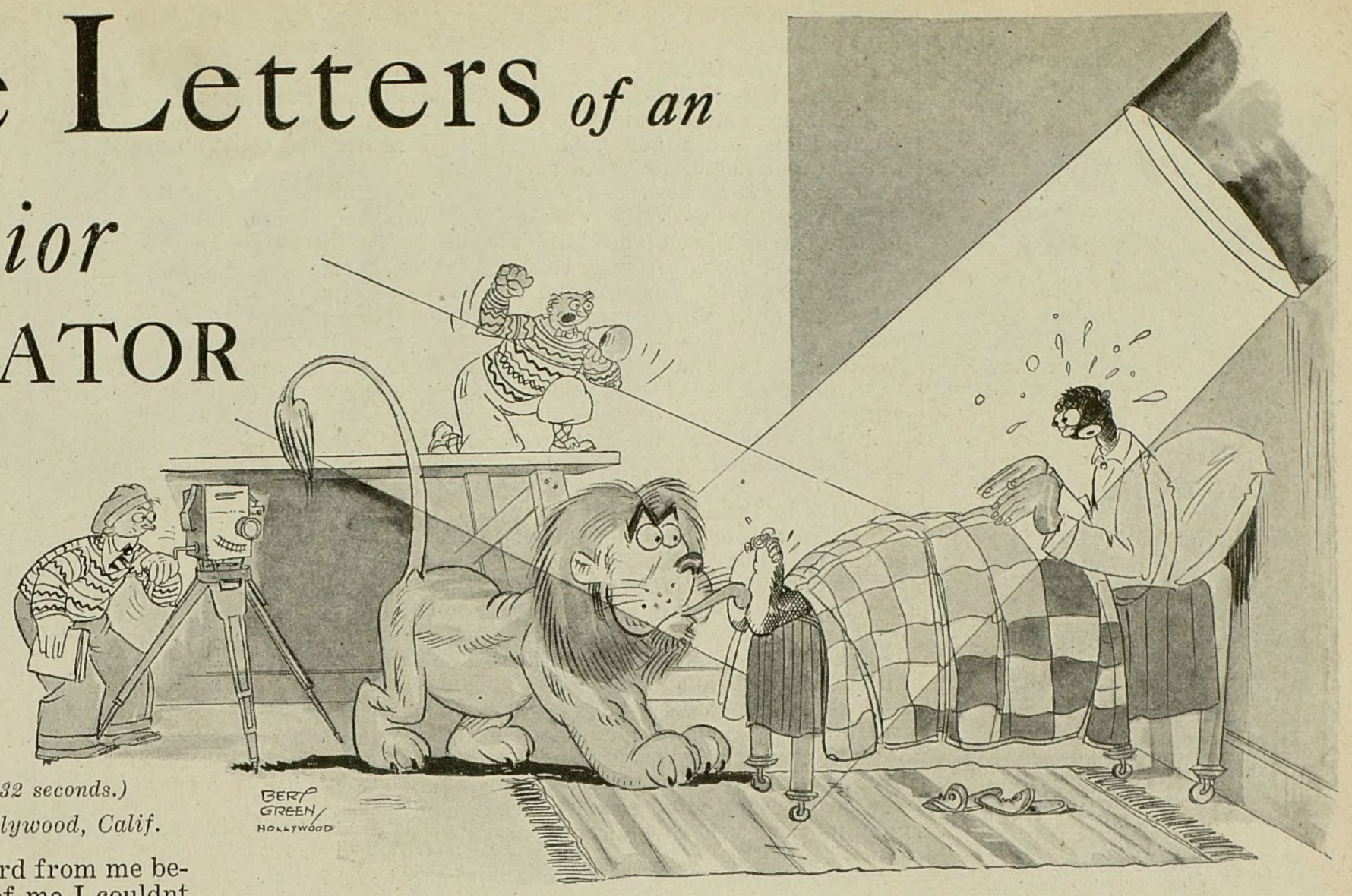
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Dark Spot in Hollywood

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN



The lion is supposed to walk up to the niggers feet and begin lickin em.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 32 seconds.)

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR MARG.

You would have heard from me before, but for the life of me I couldnt think of your last name. Now please be your pulse, anybodys apt to forget little things once in a while. Gosh, I know a broad that was so absent minded that she got three divorces when she was only married twice. Grin that off.

Nobody is responsible when theyre in love. Its like bein run over, a state of coma, like walkin in your sleep. Just to show you, I was out with a feller the other night what was punishin the giggle soup so much that he got a bit fermented. He was a bridegloom. He called up his wife and said, Lishing Darlink, I cant get home tonight! And she says to him, she says, what the devil are you talkin about. ITS FIVE THIRTY IN THE MORNING NOW. . . .

He was Irish, but he certainly was fuller Scotch.

Marg what a spot this Hollywood is. It makes New York look like London on a Pittsburg day. Oh what a climate. You can get a coat of tan hanging out the clothes. They make hook rugs out of your overcoat. You dont need anything more on than a rist watch, and believe me some of the girlies dont even wear that much for fear of gettin overheated.

Talk about your sport clothes, this is the place where they glorify the American frail. What they dont know about color schemes out here would make a N. Y. interior decorator think he was linin a coffin, and I dont mean a BOOTLEGGER eather! The fluffs live in sport clothes. They go to bed in em, AND WHAT I MEAN.

On the level Gorgeous, the girlies are ALL KNOCKOUTS. They have IT, and plenty. The place is full of the most lovely rascals you ever laid a crockery glim over. And can they drain the shaker. I ask you? A quart of gin lasts about as long with them as a cup of gas does in a Fifth Avenue buss.

Speakin of dressin up, you should lamp the way the wimmin dress the kids around Hollywood. It would slaughter you. They dress em up like a winder display. The poor kids nearly choke to death. Theyre always hopin that some director will ketch em on the street and choose em for the movies.

Why theres a woman down the block thats been dressin her kid up in poke bonnets and short dresses for the past twenty five years. The kid must be eight feet high, with a face like an ingrown wart. When that kid gets in the movies, Im goin to play Rip Van Winkle without a makeup.

I feel sorry for some of the frails that come out here to vamp there way on the silver screen. Theyve scratched and dug and gone with runs in there cotton sox in Kokomo to put on the dog in Hollywood. Some have lathered and built up the sweet sugar daddy back east to go West, and most of em cant get enough dough west to go East. If some of the frails that live in hall bed rooms here could look back at the apartments they left on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago and Park Ave, New York, they would never look at a movie again.

Its a hard road Marg, dont you think it aint. If it was EASY gettin in the movies, ID BE IN IT. But theres hundreds of gals here with faces and figures that would make Calvin, Lindy and the Prince of Whales hock the family jewels at once. But as actresses, theyre better plastered.

The public are just as goofy about the movies out here as they are anywhere else. They come for miles to try and catch the big timers on the street. Why, theres a restaurant on Hollywood Boolevard where the stars go to put the egg on once in a while. The people know that, and the place is always full. When there are no stars in the place some woman will say to one of the waitors, Well waitor, who have we got today. So the waitor looks around and says,

OVER at that third table on your left with her back turned is Greta Garbo. And right away the woman says to her friend, Gee, aint she fat. I thought she was Sweedish but she looks Spanish to me. I wonder if thats a wig shes wearin?

Then the waitor says, See that man sittin under that palm over at the right! Thats King Vidor, the fello smoking the cigarette. He has to smoke them cigarettes because he wrote an add for one of the cigarette companies while he was directin the Big Perade. And right away both the wimin look at each other and said Gosh, aint he handsome!!!

Then at another table a couple of janes were rubbering around when the waitor says, Are you looking for someone? And the fluff replied, Oh no, we were just lookin to see if any of the movie stars were here. So the crackpot waitor says, Why sure, that man facing this way over at that table on your right is Emil Jannings, youve seen him on the screen???

Both wimin nearly fall off the stool stretchin their neck. Then one says to the other, He certainly is a wonderful actor, but Im surprised to see him eatin with his knife. I never knew that he was balled headed. Then the waitor chimes in and says, Oh yes, hes been balled headed since he was six weeks old. His father used to run a delikitessen store over in Dautschland.

The truth is Marg, that Greta Garbo, King Vidor and Emil Jannings havent been in the place in six months, if ever. But the waitors make up a bunch of fibs for which they expect a good tip, and the people go back home and tell the folks that they was eatin at the same table with So and So. Will somebody please page P. T. Barnum, theres one born every second.

THE only thing you cant get out here is good scotch. Sure you can, if you want to go on the line good and plenty. But the best stuff we get comes from the revenoo agents. They take it away from the wise guys what they pounce on in raids.

I was out to a party in Beverly Hills the other night to a revenoo agents house who was throwin a drinkin bout for a bunch of guys in the movies. Charlie Coe says it was a comin out party, he said everybody came out feet first, and I guess he was right.

Everybody what came in was presented at the door with a bottle all for hisself. One of the ladies what was a bit kicked up got up and sang, and oh, what a sweet voice. I thought she was caught under the car. I asked her if she knew The End of a Perfect Day, but she

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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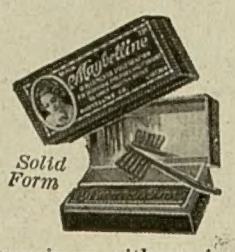

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

said No, but I've had some WONDERFUL NIGHTS.

I asked her why she was drinking so much, and she said, She was so lonesome since her gold fish died. Could she drink? All I did was service her.

Then Mal. St. Clair the cartoonist and director got up and sang a song to Lew Cody. It was called Where Moonshine Comes From Is a Secret Still. What a wow that was.

Gregory La Carva the feller what directed Lew Fields told me a pip of a story over at his house. Its hard to tell because it should be acted, but here goes.

A GUY by the name of Ziltch was sittin readin the paper upside down. He had a terrible hangover. He was staring at it for an hour. His hands were shakin and the leg what was crossed was tremblin awful. Finally, his wife said, Ziltch. And he jumped a foot.

Darling, she said. I have been watching you for an hour! Look at your eyes! Look at your hands! Look at your feet!! Your a mess. You are out of your mind. Im goin to take you to a doctor, a specalist.

What kind of a specalist, he murmured.

A Brain Specalist, she replied. Get your hat.

They then drove to the doctors office. When they got up in the antiroom she said, You sit right there until I come out. Ziltch sat down, he shook like a guy about to be hung.

A half hour later his wife came out. She said, You may go in now.

Ziltch staggered in. Sat down, was pale as a bed sheet and felt like a Mexican Jumpin bean.

The doctor sat for fifteen minutes without opening his head. Then he turned and said,

Ziltch!!

Ziltches pants nearly fell off.

The doc said Ziltch, you look terrible.

Ziltch looked dumb.

The doc handed him a big stiff drink.

Neither one spoke for fifteen minutes. At last the Specalist turned and said,

Ziltch are you prepared for the worst?

Ziltch nodded his head.

Ziltch, he said, you will have to stick your wife away, SHES BEEN NUTS FOR SIX WEEKS!!!!

What lions gwine to lick whose feet??????

Listen Marg. I was out to one of the studios to try and get a job in the movies. A friend of mine let me in and I was watchin em take one of the comedys. Gee, it was swell.

Heres the story—an old gag but good. A couple of swell guys were tryin to win the same girl. One guy grabbed her and went off and got married. He took her to his Ritzy dump out in the country.

The other guy got sore. He thought he would play a joke on em, so you know what he did? He went out and got a coupla lions and turned em loose in the house. Yeh, a nice little joke thats supposed to be.

Well, anyway, one of the lions in wanderin around the house gets up in the servants quarters. The colored butler is in bed sleepin, his feet are stickin out. The lion is supposed to walk up to the niggers feet and begin lickin em.

Heres the business Marg. They got molasses on the soles of the boogies feet so the lion will keep on lickin em, see?

Of course when the dinge wakes up and ketches the lion lickin his pedals you can imagine what happens.

Well I got out on the set when they were ready to shoot the bed room scene. They had a bit of a tough time tryin to get a boogie to play the part. Finally, they had to put in an add, here it is.

WANTED, colored gentleman to go in the movies. Pleasant job, swell surroundings and very good pay. Must be large man and fearless.

Apply Quickie Fillum Studio, Hollywood.

THE next day along comes a big buck nigger all set to carry away the job. The director takes him on the set and tells him all he has to do is lay in the bed and go to sleep. The nigger started to grin all over. Then, says the director, when you get to sleep the lion comes walkin in the room and begins lickin your feet what you have stickin out of the bed.

The nigger turns around quick and says, WHAT LIONS GWINE TO LICK WHOSE FEET??????

And the director says, Why theres nothin to it! This is a tame lion! He was brought up on a bottle.

The boogie looked at the director, turned white and says, SO was I brought up on a bottle, BUT I LIKE MEET NOW!!!!!!

Now listen Marg, I wish you would tell your girl friend with the crockery eye to quit writin me about gettin her a job in the movies. They dont need any female Ben Turpin out here.

Well, I got to go now and run over to the police station. They just made a raid on a prohibition meeting. They were all plastered. The sergeant says they took out so much nose paint that the hole force is cock eyed now.

Wishing you the same,

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I was goin over to the Grand Canyon this week with Emil Jannings but he couldnt get his new Ford started.

Maybe in two weeks this baby will have that movie job. We'll see.

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